Soft Shoulder

Ani DiFranco

I don't keep much stuff around I value my portability but I will say that I have saved every letter you ever wrote to me the one you left on my windsheild outside of that little motel is in the pocket of my old gigbag from back when life was more soft shelled

Letters littered with little lewd pictures drawn by the ghost of Woddy Guthrie who would use your big thick hand just to draw one two for me

And I think of your letters as love letters which is how I think of songs in that it is the writing of them that tend to carry us along and I dance to one of your old tunes with my true love on our wedding day and your voice sang the way my heart would sing if it finally knew just what to say

Two people pulled over on the same night to look up at the same stars they both found their wheels were spinning in a soft shoulder when they got back into their cars and they missed fate's appointed rendezvous and then a whole lotta time went by and finally they were done worshipping the landscape and they put down their hands and moved into the sky

And they had barely said hello and it was time to say goodbye goodbye