

# Carolina

Ben Gibbard

Every scream went bleeding through these paper walls  
And all the make-up in the world couldn't hide the scars  
I leave today, I'm packing light: a suitcase, some toiletries  
The rolling hills and willow trees of Carolina wait for me

You never learned, the rules have changed since we were nine  
This isn't school, boys don't assault the girls they like

The taste of blood, the claim of love  
These two will here on cease to be  
Sprouting from your fists and tongue 'cause Carolina waits for  
me

Fields of grain go whipping by from the window seat  
I'm drifting in, I'm drifting out catching up on sleep  
I couldn't get indentured since the very crest of 17  
I left my keys and broken dreams 'cause Carolina waits for me

I will never forgive a single day  
Mile markers seem to call my name and say,  
"You're safer now through every town, we'll light your way in r  
eflective green"  
All the way, the entire state of Carolina waits for me