

New Auburn

Big Red Machine

Every time I drive up on 53
I'm seein' sideways up ahead of me
There's little lakes, there's little fountains
There's little molehills made out of mountains
There's little prayers that I perceive

Every time I drive up on 54
It goes past Mick's and Dick's general store
There goes the signal, it's dropped for miles
There goes the static at the top of the dial
Every wildland screened in
By only a hundred years of white men

Who am I to witness? Who am I to see?
Who am I to notice? Which way a tree
Falling alone falls, silently?

Half a mile later just, past the sign
There's a Winnebago, an Econoline
I smell the lake on up a ways
I know the exit, the parking place
We used to swim out in the sun
We were swimming out there under the heavens
We were too young to have been unforgiven

Who are you to listen? Who are you to care?
Just someone who knows me from anywhere
Where do we come from? "Out of thin air"
I hear you whisper in the back of my hair