

The Bitter End

Carlene Carter

A silent girl, about 15
Had a vivid vision and one track dream
Her simple life felt incomplete
No roads to follow, no signs to seek

She leave her home far behind,
Maybe some change for the better
So sweet and kind, a southern girl
Little did she know

On a trail of clues, hard as light
On a man she loved and now she cried
Trail of tears, caution to the wench
Follow the heart to the bitter end

Follow the hear to the bitter end,
The bitter end

She found herself lost one night
The road back home, no where in sight
She tripped she fell, scattered and torn
Crippled by fear and chilled to the bone

She turned and looked back to where she had been
Carried on a cold Oregon wind
Southern girl little did she know

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