

# Trace

Caroline Herring

First of many flowers  
Growing close behind the wall  
Flax and seed, want and need  
The wonder of it all  
There's a place in that garden  
We've both been there, darling  
I won't forget  
That day we met long ago

Woods of miles and acres  
Winding through the hills  
Moaning of the barnyard dogs  
And barbed wire fences  
There's a place in that countryside  
You'll build a house so deep and wide  
I can see the stones  
The fires and thrones of long ago

Long ago  
Rooms of abandoned houses in my mind  
Long ago  
Back porch living suit me fine  
There were paints of blue and green  
I was somewhere in between  
Mama rings the dinner bell  
Women and men  
Move towards the sacred sound  
Of a chiming metal wind  
Daddy he flips a dime  
How will we survive this time

Long ago  
There were sharecropping farmers on the land  
Long ago  
All that's left are rusty nails in your hand  
There were walls of yellow hue  
Yeah, I learned a thing or two

The Trace winds 1000 ways  
The Natchez drew it well  
Their hallowed bones the native ones  
Ours a merchants' trail  
There are places in that road  
Where lie the seeds we sowed  
I won't forget  
That day we met long ago  
Long ago