

Shepherd

Caroline Rose

You're gliding down the silver spoon
And catching glints of fluorescent beams of light
And hiding in my back pocket
The small, white rose I stole from the grocery store

And imagining you sitting there
A long, blank stare, flashing blue to red to the right
And if I make that drive on past the pike
Can't make wrongs right, though I'm bound to try

Well, the simplest of words are those that burn
The longest in our minds
And unless I follow through
I'll fall to you and hell, well, we'll tow away with time

You dig out a hole to pull your past into
I've covered these wounds for too long
I've passed my dues
You sayin' you try to forget
But it just comes right back to you

Oh, no, oh, no, no, no
Lord, I'm comin' home

The aimless has the hall inside my home
The darkest of nights spent alone, alone
And my head hurts so bad from crying
But I ain't sad, no, I ain't sad at all

The blush gives out a wailing moan
Towers of steel and glass and better stone, and better stone
No, no, I ain't sad at all
I just like watching nameless people walk the streets

Now there ain't much left to say to you
We're both different people as we both know
And maybe we'll get a motel room
Split the bill in two and both go home in the mornin'

I'd give everything I own to volunteer
I could smell you that you were here before I was here
Oh, and Lord knows we are bound to follow through

It's true, it's true, it's true
I'm still in love with you