

The Speed Of Soul

Carrie Newcomer

I found her sleeping in a Kansas truck stop
In the corner booth
She'd been waiting there for months
And that's the truth

She looked at me with wary eyes
She'd heard all my lies
She was not surprised
She only looked at me
And shook her head

Come back, come home
I'm gathering the crumbs and the stones
Been travelling faster than my soul can go

One subject line, one click away
But at the end of the day
I couldn't even say
The things that I had done

So I spent the morning sweeping floors
I didn't want much more
Than to do just one thing at a time
And call it mine

Come back, come home
I'm gathering the crumbs and the stones
Been travelling faster than my soul can go

Before songs were grooves and lines
Caught in jars like fireflies
The only place a song was held
Soft or razor-sharp
Was is in the heart

Mr. Gatling made a Gatling gun
He said it would end war
Who could send some mother's son through such a door?

But the bullets move at the speed of cold
Drones do as they're told
And the men go home at night and kiss the wife
And watch TV
And never see all those souls untethered floating out to sea

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Faster than our souls can go
Faster than our souls can go