

The Trip

David Rawlings

Whistles blowing, people get on trains
Without knowing where they're going
Someone's daughter, someone's sister
Someone's teacher going down the road

With a body and a handkerchief
And a hatchet from an unspeakable crime
But there's no one waiting for them
There's no judgment down the line

Banjoes ring and chickens squaw
And little babies crow
And winter leaves and the spring unwinds
And summer comes again, you know

Pink is the color of my true love's dress
And black is the color of her heart
But I could never leave old Virginie
And so we'll never part

Ebony face, ebony nails
Ebony coffin on the rails
Moving south, C-O-D
Going home to mother

Some said for valor, for glory
For treasure, for pride
Sometimes brother hates brother

So take a trip wherever your conscience has to roam
It's much too hard to try to live a lie at home

My boots are cracked with road dirt and asphalt
Spit and broken dreams
Chewing gum and safety pins
All would hold me in at the seams

My pegs are loose
My screws too tightly wound to get in tune
But I still try sometimes
On those golden summer afternoons

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There's a picture of an old black man in a beaver hat
He wears a hidden smile and a pair of white spats
Don't pretend you didn't notice his stare
You're edgy and sweaty and loaded for bear

The Skeleton's Dance tonight
Bring your bottle and your boots
And your mandolin that Bianca Alatorre
Tried to shoot

Ah but what's a bullet hole or two between friends?
And who can say when the well goes dry

Or where the story ends?

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It's much too hard to try to live a lie at home

Hotel lives and hotel wives
That come and go with the sheets
But what's a marriage
If it can't be held up to kitchen heat?

Once I knew each valley and that beautiful shore
But I don't go to the summer fair much anymore

So take a trip wherever your conscience says to roam
It's much too much to try and live a lie at home

Your harmonica is blown, baby
Throw it away
Your denim shirt is ragged
And your dirty collar is frayed

I tried to play my horn for you
But I couldn't seem to find a note
So I picked up pen and paper
And this is what I wrote

Go take a trip wherever your conscience has to roam
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