

## Oh You

Greg Brown

With your measured abandon and your farmer's walk  
With your "let's go" smile and your bawdy talk  
With your mother's burden and your father's stare  
With your pretty dresses and your ragged underwear  
Oh you

With your heart-shaped rocks and your rocky heart  
With your worn-out shoes and your eagerness to start  
With your sudden lust on an old dirt path  
With your candle-lit prayers and your lonely bath  
Oh you

Now you stand at the station and you look at the sky  
And the train rolled in and it went on by  
You had packed up your suitcase, you had saved up the fare  
And you don't know why, but you're still standing there

With your pledge of allegiance and your ringless hand  
With your young woman's terror and your old woman's plan  
With your sister's questions and your brother's tears  
With your empty womb and the forsaken years  
Oh you

With your barroom poems and your Sinatra songs  
With your twenty notebooks each five pages long  
With your secret hideout made of leaves and mud  
With your pocket knife and your roaring blood  
Oh you

Well, your children look at you and wonder  
'Bout this woman made up of lightning bugs and thunder  
And they take in what you can't help but show  
With your name that is half yes, half no

With your jealous eye and your wish to do right  
With your hungry arms and your sleepless nights  
With your joy in the circle and your stories to tell  
You walk around jangling the keys to your cell  
Oh you

Now it looks like rain and it's all gone gray  
And in a while there'll be another sunlit day  
And you won't remember the half open door  
Or the train that won't even stop there any more  
For you