Whippoorwill

Greg Brown

If you ever leave, and I imagine you will,
It'll just be me and the whippoorwill -
Just we two, and the evening star,
If you pack your suitcase and go get in your car
And drive down the road
In the mud or the dust, over to the river,
KC or bust. If you ever go, I'll be here still,
Getting annoyed at the whippoorwill.

Getting annoyed, unable to sleep, the dust too dusty,
Or the mud too deep. I'll follow your dust,
Or I'll follow your tracks over to the hard road,
And I'll bring you back.

If you won't come back, I'll stay on your trail,
Up through heaven, or down through hell.
I'll miss this old place, I'll miss these old hills.
But I sure won't miss that whippoorwill.

You are dearer to me than the birds or the stars,
Sweeter to me than the hills and the flowers.
Long as I have you I can take anything.
So let love be home, and let the whippoorwill sing.

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