

## Findlay, Ohio 1968

Indigo Girls

Findlay Ohio, 1968, poking hot tar bubbles  
With a stick on the driveway  
Grammy's a Republican, Nixon is her man  
In 2 years time, Ohio will be up in flames

I like the smell of the trash and leaves  
Burning in the cans  
Roger is the boy next door he's a wanderer, he starts  
With his hands...

Cathy's the outcast we're nice but we steer clear  
Everyone says watch out for her mom  
The word is she's crazy she's always drinking beer  
Cathy's dad never came back from Vietnam

I like the smell of the trash and leaves burning in the cans  
Roger is the boy next door he's a wanderer  
He starts by holding my hand

Scared, curious, raised up nice, but furious  
What happens to a fence-scaling girl  
If you catch your pants on top, first you're stuck and then you  
drop  
You'll look back and first you feel the thrill  
And then...

I wasn't into poetry, but Sexton changed all that  
"The awful Rowing" past in tow and sinking slowly  
Listless and listing the things that I leave behind,  
So unkind, the pull of history

We drove in a station wagon, wheels soft slapping  
Trenton on the turnpike  
The smell of the refineries rushes back to me  
And how I loved the lights

Scared but curious, raised up right but furious  
What happens to a fence-scaling girl  
If you catch your pants on top, first you're stuck and then you  
drop  
You'll look back and first you'll feel the thrill