

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