

Outskirts

James McMurtry

Light snow falling
On the muffler shops and the lumber yards
The streets are slick as glass
Ditches lined with stranded cars
The tow trucks are busy
Dealing with the evening rush
I might have picked a better day
I probably shouldn't expect that much

(I'm just) On the outskirts
Of an old familiar town
With a misty darkness coming down
On the fringes
Outside looking in
She says Well now where you been
Didn't expect you back again
Trying to get out of the wind
Are you now

Standing on the doorstep
Something doesn't feel the same
Strange car in the driveway
I guess I really can't complain
I wonder should I even knock
Or Just head out on my way
And It's an awkward moment
Staring at the floor
Filling up the ashtray

Cold coffee
Styrofoam cup from the Stop 'n go
Throw it in the floorboard
Catch the weather on the radio
Freezing rain
Continued on through the morning
Travelers' advisory
I'll give a little more warning next time