

# I Can See Your Tracks

Laura Veirs

Oh, I can see your tracks  
But I won't follow them  
I'll just hope for rain  
Some kind of crazy wind

To erase them, chase them  
Into oblivion

Oh, I can smell the smoke  
From your fire, babe  
But I'll leave you alone  
And sleep in this lonely cave

Pray for the storm to  
Scrub this dirt away

Oh, I can hear the snakes  
Creeping 'cross the scene  
I'm quaking in my boots  
But you won't hear me scream

I'm halfway down to New Orleans  
You're halfway down to New Orleans