

Other Streets And Other Towns

Mary Chapin Carpenter

The whippoorwills were crying in the falling rain
Far away a whistle hailed a passing train
Out in the country summer was almost gone
The fields were turning rusty and the hills were turning brown

Now I think of you when summer stars are on the rise
I think of you with a bottle of wine and lazy eyes
Playing rock and roll songs on an old guitar
Getting drunk and sleeping out in my backyard

Now sometimes I just lie awake and I hear the wind
Blowing through the seasons of my heart again
My dreams are mostly lost and found on other streets, in other towns
But babe, you know, I still look out for you

The cars were all abandoned on the city streets
When snow had left us stranded then we used our feet
And wound up drinking whiskey in a crowded bar
And now when it starts storming I wonder where you are

'Cause you said that I was crazy to believe in you
You said to never trust a man who sings the blues
Well trust and that old guitar was all you'd ever need
If you found a way to love the girl in me

Other boys I knew were just like shiny dimes
Tossed and spent, they came and went a hundred times
Nothing was as rough on me as giving up on you
Now it seems like every bar in town's got boys who sing the blues