

The Saving Things

Mary Chapin Carpenter

A journal that keeps all confessions
Hope like the rarest of possessions
A light that's left on by the door
A feeling of needing nothing more

A cup of coffee, a vintage locket
A bandana in your jean's back pocket
A song you know backwards and forwards
At the top of your lungs here comes the chorus

The sound of rain on a roof that sings
The first day in ages that feels like spring
Arriving at the end of your wanderings
Don't forget, don't forget
The saving things

A photograph taped to a mirror
The proof that once we all were here
Scent of smoke curling from a candle
Next to the souvenirs on the mantle

A stranger's smile, an old friend's laughter
Letting go of what does not matter
A radio's murmur in a midnight kitchen
The things that you notice when you stop to listen

The gems that shine from a passed down ring
Love letters tied up with a string
Wildflowers fit for a king
Don't forget, don't forget
The saving things

The things you see when you close your eyes
Abandoning every old disguise
The past and all the days that made us
Again and again are the things that save us

The sound of rain on a roof that sings
First day in ages that feels like spring
The place at the end of our wanderings
Don't forget, don't forget
Rock'n'roll, poetry and symphonies
The infinite number of infinities
And the beauty in just about everything
Don't forget, don't forget
The saving things