

## This Shirt

Mary Chapin Carpenter

This shirt is old and faded  
All the color's washed away  
I've had it now for more damn years  
Than I can count anyway

I wear it beneath my jacket  
With the collar turned up high  
So old I should replace it  
But I'm not about to try

This shirt's got silver buttons  
And a place upon the sleeve  
Where I used to set my heart up  
Right there where anyone could see

This shirt is the one I wore to  
Every boring high school dance  
Where the boys ignored the girls  
And we all pretended to like the band

This shirt was a pillow for my head  
On a train through Italy  
This shirt was a blanket beneath the love  
We made in Argeles

This shirt was lost for three whole days  
In a town near Buffalo  
'Till I found the locker key  
In a downtown Trailways bus depot

This shirt is the one I lent you  
And when you gave it back  
It had a rip inside the sleeve  
Where you rolled your cigarettes

It was the place I put my heart  
Now look at where you put a tear  
I forgave your thoughtlessness  
But not the boy who put it there

This shirt was the place your cat  
Decided to give birth to five  
And we stayed up all night watching  
And we wept when the last one died

This shirt is just an old faded piece  
Of cotton, shining like the memories  
Inside those silver buttons  
This shirt is a grand old relic

With a grand old history  
I wear it now for Sunday chores  
Cleaning house and raking leaves  
I wear it beneath my jacket

With the collar turned up high  
So old I should replace it

But I'm not about to try