

250,000 Miles

Patty Griffin

Oh, where is the daughter that I carried?
Gone to where the desert meets the sea
Far from where our family's bones are buried
Where mother moon walks arm in arm with me

A lady's maid for ladies who are waiting
She paints the toes, prepares a stranger's tea
What came before she must forget or bury
Or carry deep inside her silently

The red lipstick faces in the alleys
Their echoes and their shadows wind and wind
My daughter lives in still a deeper valley
And I fear I am running out of time

Oh, where is the daughter that I carried?
Gone to where the fears of men obey
While mother moon hangs silently but is waiting
Two hundred fifty thousand miles away
Two hundred fifty thousand miles away