

Wildflowers

Soccer Mommy

Wildflowers don't grow in the city
My heart turns gray and shriveled now
I want to be who I wasn't
I want to dance in my field of blue
A child running for nothin'
I watched you go, my feet were glued

I found God on Sunday
Morning, layin' next to you
My arms stretched out like Jesus
White sheets nail me down to the bed
My heaven burns on Monday
With a broken heart and an aching head

Wildflowers don't grow in the city
I dreamt the sidewalk broke in two
The earth was calling to me
A vine stretched down Fifth Avenue
It came in through my window
Carry me home like you used to