

Traveler Blues

"4th Of July"

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By John Popper

Well she hated the 4th of July,
Bombs bursting in the air, and she'd never know why.
She'd keep me up all night, too terrified to cry.
Oh yes, she couldn't stand the 4th of July.
And when the thunder clapped, she'd run to me afraid.
She tried to be brave, but she couldn't figure out
The terrible sound it made.
I knew better, but she couldn't see...
and when the thunder clapped, she'd always run to me.
[Chorus:]
Don't you be scared, don't you start to shake
Go back to sleep because I am wide awake
I am here, I'm not going anywhere tonight.
Feel my hand, I'm gonna hold you 'til the early light.
Oh yes, she loved the world on a crisp, autumn day.
The leaves would turn her color, the children were at
play.
Sit on hilltops with her, she'd smile as if to say
"You couldn't touch the world when autumn came this
way!"
And I do believe her soul was rich and blue.

We taught each other lessons, lessons that we knew.

When we kept growing, there was nothing we could do.

But I loved her and I know she loved me too.

(Chorus)

And I don't think she cared one bit for getting old.

The senses all get dimmer, the limbs just get cold.

One day she looked at me through a grey-haired eye,

And I didn't know she was telling me good-bye.

Now you can call me a sentimental fool,

but I learned more from her than I ever did in school.

I still get apprehensive. I still remember why

when the thunder claps when it's the 4th of July.

(Chorus)

Oh yes she hated the 4th of July

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