

"Automobile"

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Creeping down on Franklin Street Bare feet on cold concrete Walking to the corner stone Where she recalls her own world war She can hear the automobile Driving in the frozen rain Headed for the memory of all these people Gathered on a hill Oh I think they stand there still Waiting for someone to carry them home And they always will

She got in the automobile Driving to the place where the bombs went off Teacher says you ought to look down But you're looking out At all the fire's turned to ash Songs have burned like paper trash The flames that ate the phonograph Are nipping at you now

Drifting in a dreamless sleep Curled up on a cold car seat Startled by an earthquake sound She wakes to watch the moon fall down She got in the automobile Driving in the frozen rain Headed for the memory of all these people Gathered on a hill I think they stand there still Waiting for someone to carry them home And they always will

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