

## James McMurtry "Charlemagne's Home Town"

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I've got it all to myself now  
Crack the window just a hair  
Dark and close, the way I like it  
Black tobacco chokes the air  
I keep to myself, I lack the language  
I measure out my life with coffee grounds  
The trees are the color of ashes  
In Charlemagne's home town

I said I didn't fear the distance  
As if I'd ever been that tough  
I can hear your voice across the water  
But that's nowhere near enough

Won't you fly across that ocean  
Take a train on down  
Because the night's growing lonesome  
In Charlemagne's home town

The fortune teller told me nothing  
That I wouldn't have found out on my own  
She read my palm and she took my money  
She looked at me with eyes of stone

She said the odds are long and stacked against us  
Still we try because we must  
To keep from leaving our senses  
Long forgotten in the dust

Like the bones of some saint  
Beneath a church floor  
Who must have died for lack of light  
The color snapshots I sent you  
All came out in black and white

There's a lonely child on a snow white pony  
On a carousel in the market place  
He sits on that horse and he looks right through me  
A shadow falls across his face  
What will I do when my glass is empty  
What will I do when it all comes down  
What will I do when it comes to nothing

In Charlemagne's home town

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