

Jeffrey Foucault

"Cross Of Flowers"

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There's a cross of flowers at the roadside
Where some fool bought it two years back
There's an orchard gone to hell
Beside a burned out one room shack
There's a thousand sparrows falling
In a thousand shades of black
I'm coming home

There's a steeple on the skyline
Like a single iron nail
There's a windmill doing nothing
And a low moan on the rails
Where the coal train takes the corner
And the light begins to fail
I'm coming home
I'm coming home

There's a red barn in the half light
And a white frost on the shade
And in the bars down off the main drag
They're drinking down what they got paid
And I wonder in all my leaving
If I ever could have stayed
I'm coming home

There's a junked out car in the tall grass
It ain't ever gonna sell
And Jimmy's raising daughters
And Jack's out raising hell
And I always said I loved you
I never said I loved you well
I'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home

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