

Jeffrey Foucault

"Northbound 35"

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Northbound 35
Through the iron hills
Under infidel skies
It's two hundred miles to drive
You won't be home

I saw an elsebound train
On the overpass
In the driving rain
Every ticket costs the same
For where you can't go

CHORUS:
Mustang horses, champagne glasses
Anything frail anything wild
It's the price of living motion
What's beautiful is broken
And grace is just the measure of a fall

So I rolled into your town
I passed the smokestacks
And the ore docks down off of Main
And the sky spun around
With her diamonds on fire

We fought all night and then we danced
In your kitchen
You were as much in my hands
As water or darkness or nothing
Can ever be held

CHORUS

It's just flashes that we own
Little snapshots
Made of breath and of bone
And out on the darkling plain alone
They light up the sky

It's 51 and driving south
Ain't it funny

How things'll turn out
I never even kissed you on the mouth
When we said goodbye

CHORUS

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