

Carpenter Mary-Chapin

"I Am A Town"

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I'm a town in Carolina, I'm a detour on a ride
For a phone call and a soda, I'm a blur from the driver's
side
I'm the last gas for an hour, if you're going 25
I am Texaco and tobacco, I am dust you leave behind
I am peaches in September and corn from a roadside
stall
I'm the language of the natives, I'm a cadence and a
drawl
I'm the pines behind the graveyard and the cool
beneath their shade
Where the boys have left their beer cans, I am weeds
between the graves
My porches sag and lean with old black men and
children
My sleep is filled with dreams, I never can fulfill them
I am a town
I'm a church beside the highway where the ditches
never drain
I'm a Baptist like my daddy, Jesus knows my name
I am memory and stillness, I am lonely in old age
I am not your destination, I am clinging to my ways
I am a town
I'm a town in Carolina, I am billboards in the fields
I'm an old truck up on cinderblocks, missing all my
wheels
I am Pabst Blue Ribbon, American, and "Southern
Serves the South"
I am tucked behind a Jaycees sign on the rural route
I am a town
I am a town
I am a town
Southbound

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