

Laura Story

"I Can See Your Tracks"

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Oh I can see your tracks
But I won't follow them
I'll just hope for rain
Or some kind of crazy wind
To erase them
And chase them into oblivion

Oh I can smell the smoke
From your fire, babe
But I'll leave you alone
And sleep in this lonely cave
And pray for
A storm to scrub this dirt away

Oh I can hear the snakes
Creeping cross the scene
I'm quaking in my boots
But you won't hear me scream
You're half way
Down to New Orleans
You're half way
Down to New Orleans

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