

Mary Chapin Carpenter "Goodnight America"

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I'm standing at a traffic light somewhere in West L.A.
Waiting for the sign to change then I'll be on my way
The noise, the heat, the crush of cars just robs me of
my nerve
And someone yells and blasts their horn and pins me
to the curb

I'm a stranger here, no one you would know
My ship has not come in but I keep hoping though
And I keep looking past, the sun that sets above
Saying to myself, goodnight America

And I'm driving into Houston on a rain slicked Texas
road
Land so flat and sky so dark, I say a prayer to float
Should all at once the Sanasito surge beyond it's banks
Like Noah reaching higher ground I'd offer up my
thanks

'Cause I'm a stranger here, no one you would know
I'm just passing through, I am therefore I go
The moon rose in the east but now it's right above
As I say aloud, goodnight America

Midnight, it's hard to see the stars
Out on a highway near Atlanta
Full of strip malls and used cars

First light just roll your window down
And smell the salty air
Perfume of Charleston Town

I'm looking with a pilgrim's eyes upon some promised
land
And dreaming with my heart outstretched as if it were
my hand
And I'll hit the cross Bronx just in time to beat the rush
hour lock
I've got no clue what time it is from this world's busted
clock

I'm a stranger here, no one you would know

I'm from somewhere else, well, isn't everybody
though?
I don't know where I'll be when the sun comes up
Until then sweet dreams, goodnight America

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