

Mary Chapin Carpenter "I Am A Town"

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(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

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 twenty-five
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

Their sleep is filled with dreams, I never can fulfill them
I am a town.

I am a church beside the highway where the ditches
never drain

I'm a Baptist like my daddy, and 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 cinder blocks, missing all my
wheels

I am Pabst Blue Ribbon, American, and "Southern
Serves the South"

I am tucked behind the Jaycees sign, on the rural route

I am a town

I am a town

I am a town

Southbound.

