

Nanci Griffith "Michael's Song"

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There's a light out on the freeway says, "It's time to go"
I'm wasting my time counting stains on a barroom floor
Thinking 'bout my hometown and the friends I'll leave
behind
Mostly 'bout the man who writes his songs with smiling
rhymes
And I'm holding on to a smoky view of his dreams in
the midnight light

Michael counts his songs in the years of wasted miles
I used to think he was really part of that fantasy in
rhyme
Looking back on all his tunes of butterflies and
sunshine
There was only one about the man he kept inside
About the time he crossed the line and let a tear come
to his eye

I used to hide out in his pretty smile
Hope it would shine me through the morrow
Until I learned the way it feels to be the man
Who sings the world a smile
Without a soul to share his sorrow

The light here at the freeway, well, it's turning green to
gold
The stains on that barroom floor, ten miles back down
the road
Thinking 'bout how that old bar brought Michael back to
mind
How I can sing his blues and be smiling here inside
I guess a weary soul will always sing, Michael's smiling
rhymes

I used to hide out in his pretty smile
Hope it would shine me through the morrow
Until I learned the way it feels to be the man
Who sings the world a smile
Without a soul to share his sorrow

