

Martha Scanlan

"The West Was Burning"

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Was the year the west was burning, I
was on a mountain sleeping I
woke up a-dreaming
about you
I was walking down a road of dust and bones and ash
and following a burning set of tracks that led to you

I still see the fire in your stare
I still think I coulda burned up there

Out the window there are fields of wheat in Kansas that
roll out forever under ever underneath the sun
if I could lie there for a moment I
could feel your arms around me I
could feel the spinning round the spinning
sun

Roll on through the wheat and roll on by
Touch of green against a deep September turquoise
sky
(you and I)

When all the glory you could somehow shove inside
a bottle doesn't seem to fill the empty cup inside
your soul and all the winding roads you used to
follow never seem to get you halfway where you
want to think you need to go

Times of trouble, times of grace and ease
Mama always said there'd be days like these

And if wishin' was a-walkin'
and a-thinkin'
was a-talkin'
I'd be walkin', and a-talkin'
back to you
And if I could be a river winding down a mountain I
would twist and curl and turn and tumble
down to
you

Tell you stories told by mountains and tall trees

Tell you maybe this is one of these

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