

## Angus Stone

### "Soft Shoulder"

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I don't keep much stuff around  
I value my portability  
But I will say that I have saved  
Every letter you ever wrote to me  
The one you left on my windsheild  
Outside of that little motel  
Is in the pocket of my old gigbag  
From back when life was more soft shelled

Letters littered with little lewd pictures  
Drawn by the ghost of Woddy Guthrie  
Who would use your big thick hand  
Just to draw one two for me

And I think of your letters as love letters  
Which is how I think of songs  
In that it is the writing of them  
That tend to carry us along  
And I dance to one of your old tunes  
With my true love on our wedding day  
And your voice sang the way my heart would sing  
If it finally knew just what to say

Two people pulled over on the same night  
To look up at the same stars  
They both found their wheels were spinning  
In a soft shoulder  
When they got back into their cars  
And they missed fate's appointed rendezvous  
And then a whole lotta time went by  
And finally they were done  
Worshipping the landscape  
And they put down their hands  
And moved into the sky

And they had barely said hello  
And it was time to say goodbye  
Goodbye .....

