

Charlene Kaye

"Bound Red Gideon"

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I'd been road bound, drunk on summertime
When you up and left
Saying doubts about me'd slow been surfacing
Like grass through the cement

Hotel held a bound red Gideon into which I sunk my
teeth
Searching for love unconditional, dreaming without
sleep
Alone, you see
With answers few and far between

Are you taking sips of loneliness and mouthfuls more
of grief?
'Cuz I don't know just what I'm looking for
A town or a person, a painting, a face
A song on my stereo telling me good love is on the way
Oh, me of such little faith

There's no sense in wondering what was meant or what
will be in time
But time and time again, i think of you and hope you're
doing fine
Apart and free
Just a ghost, how you're meant to be

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