

Alli Rogers "Iowa"

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People change, families grow
There are hands I am holding
That I didn't know
Back when home was a place
And I thought that growing up was a phase

There are wrinkles on my hands
That weren't there
When I started making plans
And plans change

Iowa, I don't know how to leave you
Don't know how to tell you goodbye
Iowa, I am a field after harvest
Sowing under a new sky, Iowa

My soul is weathered but green
When a storm passes over the roots are unseen
Until all is laid bare

And the hope that I needed was already there

Iowa, I don't know how to leave you
Don't know how to tell you goodbye
Iowa, I am a field after harvest
Sowing under a new sky, Iowa

And there are wrinkles on my hands
That weren't there
When I started making plans
And plans change, but you haven't changed

Iowa, I don't know how to leave you
Don't know how to tell you goodbye
Iowa, I am a field after harvest
Sowing under a new sky, Iowa

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