

## Patty Larkin

### "Booth of Glass"

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Booth of Glass  
by Patty Larkin  
I change my dollar for a dime  
Walk the shoulder  
To the pay phone line  
By the roadside bar  
On a neon night

I pull up my collar in the wind  
Warm my hand  
And the pocket tears again  
I hear a jukebox start  
It's got a bass drum heart

Just once  
Just once I'd like to find you  
Just once  
Just once I'd like to find you  
Home

Rain comes pouring down again  
I wach a kid  
Cross the highway where it bends  
By the all night mart  
He disappears into the dark

A man and woman step outside  
More like they stumble out  
Looking for a ride  
I see a face light up  
He takes a drag on the cigarette stub

Just once  
Just once I'd like to find you  
Just once  
Just once I'd like to find you  
Home

Out on the South Dakota plain  
They watch the sun set  
And watch it rise again

They got no Great Divide  
Nowhere in the world to hide

2,000 miles and half a dozen days  
I drop that dime  
Like I'm dropping down to pray  
It's all a distant past  
Calling from a Booth of Glass

Just once  
Just once I'd like to find you  
Just once  
Just once I'd like to find you  
Home

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