

Peter Mulvey

"Out Here"

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Out here when you light a smoke on the porch
You can hear the paper burning.
The moon is the only light,
In the silence you can hear it turning.
Down over the ridge by the highway,
You'll hear the cars, they come and fade.
It's like that out here,
You can hear things for miles else, and miles away.
Out here I make the only human lights,
I am the only human sound.
It's my privilege to lie awake at night
And think of what I have lost, and hope for what might
be found.
Out here you'll find out who your friends are
When the darkness comes and kills the day.
There's an ache in every corner of the heart
For the ones who are miles away.
Out here there's always work to be done
And I do what I can.
Came down to a choice,
Love or run...I ran.
Winter will come and get ahold of my heart and
squeeze,
And I will long for your touch.
Wonder what kind of fool am I when I leave it,
If I loved it so much.
I would call you on the phone,
And I would struggle for the words to say,
"I swear that I am working on the things
That keep me miles away."
Out here it's not as bad as I tell it
You got your rocks, you got your rivers, got your trees.
Nothing comes easily,
But what comes has brought at last a little peace.
Out here it's so silent
You can hear your heart talking.
One day that heart might tell you which way to go,
You might start walking.
You know that I will (9x)
Out here when you light a smoke on the porch
You can hear the paper burning.
The moon is the only light,

I hear it turning.

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