

## Lynn Miles

### "Rust"

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Every line in your face is a road you've been down  
It's a freight train you hopped  
It's a night in a strange town  
It's a joke that you told, it's a tear that rolled on  
A sad story you heard, or a lover who's gone.

It's the scars on your hands  
The hard work that you've done  
It's the skin that you touched  
All the wars that you've won.  
It's the baby you cradled, it's the letters you wrote.  
It's the time you held on, it's the time you let go.

And the footprints you leave are perfect and deep  
And your soul is a place that is tough but it's sweet  
And the shadow you cast is straight and it's true

But the lines and the scars are what I love about you.

The rust in your voice, that's the dust and the rain  
It's the choices defended again, and again, and again  
It's the life that you've led  
It's the friends come and gone  
It's the highways and the truck stops  
And the cold grey dawns

And the footprints you leave, they are perfect and deep.  
And your soul is a place that is tough but it's sweet  
And the shadow you cast is straight and it's true  
But the lines and the scars and the rust are what I love  
About you.

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