

# The Bitter End

Carlene Carter

A silent girl, about 15  
Had a vivid vision and one track dream  
Her simple life felt incomplete  
No roads to follow, no signs to seek

She leave her home far behind,  
Maybe some change for the better  
So sweet and kind, a southern girl  
Little did she know

On a trail of clues, hard as light  
On a man she loved and now she cried  
Trail of tears, caution to the wench  
Follow the heart to the bitter end

Follow the hear to the bitter end,  
The bitter end

She found herself lost one night  
The road back home, no where in sight  
She tripped she fell, scattered and torn  
Crippled by fear and chilled to the bone

She turned and looked back to where she had been  
Carried on a cold Oregon wind  
Southern girl little did she know

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