

# Miracle Of Living

Darrell Scott

He left Boston in December for New Mexico  
Determined to forget all of the faces he'd known  
A little lonesome and a world of troubled mind

With a bed roll on his shoulder and a banjo on his knee  
He would hitch a ride with truckers  
He believed them to be free  
Eighteen-wheelers roll a little further down the line

He did not meet a girl in Richmond nor in old San Antone  
His vision of the Southwest would be realized alone  
Alone to wonder  
how his life had gone thus far

As he walked along the highway  
He felt a power from inside  
He found a miracle of living  
In having nothing left to hide

He walked Carlsbad to White Sands  
For forty days and nights  
But it only took ten minutes for that man to realize:  
Lord, it's lonesome everywhere

Now he's living back in Boston teaching English in high school  
Glad to have bi-weekly wages  
Glad the kids all think he's cool  
He's a man who has learned from where he's been

He keeps a bottle full of white sand on his table down the hall  
And a worn map of New Mexico thumb-tacked on the wall  
Oh, you never know  
He may need to go again

As he walks along the hallway  
He feels that power swell up from inside  
And finds a miracle of living  
In having nothing left to hide

Oh, it's a miracle