

Headed For The Country

David Allan Coe

Lightly tripping through
The misty dripping morning
Up the stairs to see if she was home
When I found a note
That she'd wrote with a pen
Attached upon her door
And the two weeks stack of daily papers
Said goodbye to someone that I love

And it looks as if she's headed
For the country once again
Far from the city sidewalks
The neons and the rain
Back to the grassy meadows
To run barefoot through the wind
They tell me that she's headed
for the country once again

I miss her sermons of
Seek and ye shall find
Truth is just a bluebird flying blind
And a special prayer for those
Whose mind should ever flow
One for the weary, for the sick
And the passing of the good