

Digging for Your Dream

Indigo Girls

I'm trying to remember the very last time I felt a simple
Thing going past. Was it the day in north Georgia you were
Trying to take her back. She sees the day lilies for sale sign
And the tears spring to her eyes. You turned the car around
You headed back down that track.

She's had a heart attack but the bottle of jack sits on the
Counter like the devil she knows. He beats her up as she fills
Her cup and the embers of a dying fire glow.
You see how she looked in her school yearbook.
Her friends signed the margins all around, would you stay in
Touch you know I'll miss you so much and I hope we get out
Of this town.

Every day that you get up and force your cards. You're
Playing your story in fists and starts. You take your prospects
And your pick axe and you trudge down to the stream.
And you bloody your hands digging for your dream.

I went looking for the answers from someone I heard believes th
at life gets easier. You learn how to breathe or you lern how t
o grieve the past.
You study the masters and their books giving in to the barbs an
d hooks.
Till you execpt it with grace when your true love doesn't last.

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