

I Can See Your Tracks

Laura Veirs

Oh, I can see your tracks
But I won't follow them
I'll just hope for rain
Some kind of crazy wind

To erase them, chase them
Into oblivion

Oh, I can smell the smoke
From your fire, babe
But I'll leave you alone
And sleep in this lonely cave

Pray for the storm to
Scrub this dirt away

Oh, I can hear the snakes
Creeping 'cross the scene
I'm quaking in my boots
But you won't hear me scream

I'm halfway down to New Orleans
You're halfway down to New Orleans