

# Nashville

Noah Gundersen

Packed up my piano and a suitcase full of clothes  
And I went looking for a better place to hide  
Ride across the border in a broken down sedan  
With a bottle and a rifle on my mind

On and on and on and on the miles stretch for hours  
The radio keeps spitting out the tunes  
Every other song is just another tired rhythm  
Another tired lover's tune

It's a long, long way back to Nashville  
Where I come from, where I been  
It's a long, long way back to Nashville  
But I promise I will see you again

Through the ice and fog this morning the sun is coming up  
I'm standing on the shores of the hudson bay  
Over glass fired violet, silence, silence  
Calling up the day

And every man is an island, an island  
In his own special way  
There's a white ghost out on the water, the water  
With one good song and nothing else to say

It's a long, long way back to Nashville  
Where I come from, where I been  
It's a long, long way back to Nashville  
But I promise I will see you again  
In heaven