

Empty Handed

Robben Ford

Empty handed
Grabbing at the air
Finding nothing there
But my desperation

Carolina missing
Say West Virginia bound
I never heard the sound
Of her frustration

Pictures framed, in an earthquake, fall to the ground

When I meet the sunrise
I'll wear it on my shoulder
And nothing will keep me from you

This horse is branded
Breaks for parts unknown
Makes his way alone
Taking chances

Carolina gone
With no plans of returning
This memory will be burning
As she once more dances

There's no starlight on this dark night
And it's cold on the ground

When I meet the sunrise
I'll wear it on my shoulder
And nothing will keep me from you

When I meet the sunrise
I'll wear it on my shoulder
And nothing will keep me from you