

The Good Intent

Rosanne Cash

I sailed in on the good intent
With all intentions clear
A man without a mystery
A vision brought me here
The ocean gave me room to roam
But the shore is calling out
So I will marry, built a home
And see what that's about

Children came by the dozens then
Drifting south like rain
I worked the soil, I used the gun
The waves have to turned to grain
I tried to love this Arkansas
With black and bleeding hands
But I will not survive this life
But I'll become a man

My brother sold my mother's house
I never shed a tear
I could watch the world in smoke
There's nothin' for me here
I've seen behind the darkened veil
That's all I want to know

So I'll sail off on the good intent
To my true happy home
Yes, I sail off on the good intent
Never more to roam