

Johnny

Sarah Jarosz

Johnny's on the back porch
Drinkin' red wine
He knows that it could be
The very last time
He raises the glass up
To his lips
And wonders

How could a boy
From a little bay town
Grow up to be a man
Fly the whole world round
And end back up
On the same damn ground
He started

You might not get what you paid for
You know that nothin's for sure
And an open heart looks
A lot like the wilderness

Lately, he's been thinkin'
'Bout the meanin' of time
The small amount we're given
Must be some sort of crime
Yet the little we have
Feels like too much
Most of the time

He takes another sip
Of that blood-red wine
Just waitin' on the stars
That will never align
A little luck
A little love
A little light
And you'll be doin' just fine

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And an open heart looks
A lot like the wilderness

So open up your heart
Take it out
And put it back in
Signs are all around you
Let it begin

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