

PINK FLAMINGOES

One thirty in the morning
At last the gig is over
You're all stoked up with coffee
As you wave and close the door
In your younger days you'd drink all night
Then sleep it off in someone's basement
A lot of years have come and gone
You can't do that any more

Your next gig's in New Hampshire
Some town not far from Boston
Four hundred miles to travel
When the normal world's asleep
Your guitar's in the back seat
And the banjo's right beside her
Billie Holliday on the radio
With a voice to make you weep

[chorus (and between verses)]

*Driving past the pink flamingoes
The bicycles and pickups
The christmas lights in august
No one ever took them down
The shutters and the shingles
The trim that needs a paint job
The folks you'll never get to know
As you roam from town to town*

In the mountains of Virginia
Out along the Shenandoah
A thousand cabins watch you
From their thousand bits of land
In the crystal air of winter
You can smell the wood fires burning
And the curling smoke from chimneys
Is a ghost or a waving hand

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Pennsylvania's Route Eleven
Runs along the Susquehanna
And watches as she wanders
Shining bright behind the trees
The dawn in early summer
Coming up across New Jersey
Brings a salty tang of ocean
To the river's morning breeze

All the back roads of New England
Are flooded now with moonlight
You cross a dozen rivers
All with names you'll never know
You see the mountains sleeping
Yellow lights way up on hillsides
Four thirty in the morning
And too many miles to go!

Gotta find a home to go to
Some place that you can settle
...You tell yourself that story
At least ten times a day
It nearly happened one time
But it seems you just weren't ready
You said you wanted "freedom"
As you turned and walked away

- B. Black

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