

Emmylou Harris, Bobbie's Gone

(Emmylou Harris)

Beneath her clothes her heart is breaking
Spends her mornings making lines
Though her pain is real and aching
All she owns are borrowed lines

Doesn't know which side to be on
Though she's trying every door
Only needs the floor she sleeps on
All she asks is a little more time

Bobbie's gone to California
I won't see her anymore
Bobbie's gone to California
Like she did the year before
And the year before

The day she left her shirt was clinging
To her back wet with rain
I watched her leave heard her singing
A song she wrote when Christmas came

Bobbie's young but getting older
The face she shows is not her own
Winter's near it's getting colder
California's called her home again

Bobbie's gone to California
I won't see her anymore
Bobbie's gone to California
Like she did the year before
And the year before

The mirror gives back no reflection
Of shadow she will not see
It understands she needs protection
Of what she swears she has to be

Bobbie's nights are empty tables
Hold her 'til she's made to leave
Bobbie's dreams are empty fables
She makes herself believe
To be free

Sometimes she cried because of visions
Of what she loved had all been sold
There's not much left no one to listen
To the echoes that she holds

How could I tell her when she's fading
She run out of a place to be
There will be no one waiting
For the poetry of her soul

I won't see her anymore
Bobbie's gone to California
Like she did the year before
And the year before