

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, Goodnight America

I'm standing at a traffic light somewhere in West L.A.  
Waiting for the sign to change then I'll be on my way  
The noise, the heat, the crush of cars just robs me of my nerve  
And someone yells and blasts their horn and pins me to the curb

I'm a stranger here  
No one you would know  
My ship has not come in  
But I keep hoping though

And I keep looking past  
The sun that sets above  
Saying to myself  
Goodnight America

And I'm driving into Houston on a rain slicked Texas road  
Land so flat and sky so dark I say a prayer to float  
Should all at once the Sanasito surge beyond it's banks  
Like Noah reaching higher ground I'd offer up my thanks

Cause I'm a stranger here  
No one you would know  
I'm just passing through  
I am therefore I go

The moon rose in the east  
But now it's right above  
As I say aloud  
Goodnight America

Midnight,  
It's hard to see the stars out on a highway near Atlanta  
Full of strip malls and used cars

First light,  
Just roll your window down  
And smell the salty air perfume of Charleston town

I'm looking with a pilgrim's eyes upon some promised land  
And dreaming with my heart outstretched as if it were my hand  
And I'll hit the cross Bronx just in time to beat the rush hour lock  
I've got no clue what time it is from this world's busted clock

I'm a stranger here  
No one you would know  
I'm from somewhere else  
Well isn't everybody though

I don't know where I'll be  
When the sun comes up  
Until then, sweet dreams  
Goodnight America