

# Nanci Griffith, Michael's Song

(Nanci Griffith)

There's a light out on the freeway, says it's time to go  
I'm wasting my time counting stains on a barroom floor  
Thinking 'bout my hometown and the friends I'll leave behind  
Mostly 'bout the man who writes his songs with smiling rhymes  
And I'm holding on to a smokey view of his dreams in the midnight light

Michael counts his songs in the years of wasted miles  
I used to think he was really part of that fantasy in rhyme  
But looking back on all his tunes of butterflies and sunshine,  
There was only one about the man he kept inside  
About the time he crossed the line and let a tear come to his eye.

I used to hide out in his pretty smile,  
And hope it would shine me through the morrow.  
Until I learned the way it feels to be the man  
Who sings the world a smile without a soul to share his sorrow.

The light here at the freeway, well, it's turning green to gold,  
The stains on that barroom floor ten miles back down the road.  
Thinking 'bout how that old bar brought Michael back to mind,  
And how I can sing his blues and be smiling here inside...  
I guess a weary soul will always sing Michael's smiling rhymes.

I used to hide out in his pretty smile,  
And hope it would shine me through the morrow.  
Until I learned the way it feels to be the man  
Who sings the world a smile without a soul to share his sorrow.