

Allison Moorer, She Knows Where She Goes

She never says a thing about a bad situation,
Some say that's all she knows,
She looks for the question to the answer of the prayer,
She knows where she goes,
Her worldly possessions could vanish without a trace,
Just some dishes, some pans, some clothes,
And so she's turning the pages of an undying faith,
She knows where she goes,
Her window is open, the weather comes in,
The door way (missing word) as it blows,
She stairs through her memories in the places she's been,
She knows where she goes,
She's so full of fire but she carries no torch,
She (missing word) for those,
And she can walk out the swing door and never leave the porch,
She knows where she goes,
She washes her hands in the cold dark water,
Turning from something she knows,
She longs to be free, but her reflection has got her,
She knows where she goes;
oh she knows where she goes