

Bebo Norman, Curtis Creek

We planned to leave early
And to pack unheavy
Because the truck was getting full.
But the same old fear
At the end of the year
Wouldn't let us leave so soon.

The Blue Ridge Mountains were calling,
The rain was falling,
The wind was in our faces.
And above the sound
Of the engine I found us
Arriving at those places.

I've heard you say a
Thousand times
That we could never leave
This town,
But where were you last night
When the sun went down.

The rain proved steady
And as our packs wore heavy
With the weight of our survival.
The woods rang loud
With the love of our God
And the sound of our revival.
The summer wind turned colder
As the day grew older,
The night would soon surround us.
The Curtis Falls
Had a view of it all
As the snow fell all around us.

I've heard you say a
Thousand times
That we could never leave
This town,
But where were you last night
When the sun went down.

I was singing alone,
You were standing on the side.
And the water so warm
As you walked the mountain side,
And you washed my feet and cried.

Well, the days passed quickly
And our time was over
Three souls the same in sorrow.
But the Reds and rain
Put an intimate stain
On the start of our tomorrow.

And soon our pieces will scatter
In a world of anger,
The only thing to free us
Is the part of man
That we don't understand
That found a place between us.

I've heard you say a
Thousand times
That we could never leave

This town,
But where were you last night
When the sun went down.