

# Blues Traveler, Price To Pay

Standing here with a tale to tell  
I might as well tell to you  
Nothing near Wagnerian  
As Terminator Two  
It's an old one about a little dirt farm girl  
Who wanted to get out for good  
She'd do anything to keep that dream  
She'd do anything she could

Who was she  
To feel so free  
With her heart on her sleeve  
She just couldn't believe...  
There was a price to pay

Her very first chance to escape that year  
Came when the circus had come to town  
She wound up in bed and quite madly in love  
With some rubber nose juggling clown  
He promised he'd return for her come next spring  
And he swore that he wouldn't forget  
Needless to say come the following May  
More than her appetite was getting wet  
And when the carnival finally came again  
She was packing her bags to go  
And with a dusty old ticket that she'd bought in advance  
She went down to the crazy show  
She proceeded unheeded and quite undefeated  
To the trailer behind the tents  
And her heart began to soar at his trailer door  
She was gonna go wherever he went

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She waited there until after the show was over  
Then she waited and waited some more  
Many hours later, the sun was up already  
And her watch said 8:04  
He arrived at last at about half past  
With a girl under every arm  
But all of this in itself could have been innocent as hell  
But what began to cause her alarm  
Was when he reached into his pocket for a pen and a pad  
And he signed her an autograph  
And for a second it looked as if he might recognize her  
Then he patted her hair and laughed  
When he locked the door behind him like she'd always been  
She was standing alone in the dirt  
And her eyes were so dry that she began to cry  
And something began to hurt

Who was she  
To feel so free  
With her heart on her sleeve  
She just wouldn't believe

She wanted to tear the hair out of her head  
Yeah and she wanted to wish that she was dead  
But a voice in her just would not let her drop  
And her heart began to break but it didn't stop

"Run all your races  
And don't you fear  
You and I  
Are getting out of here  
And we'll survive  
That I guarantee  
Cause you don't need much  
When all you have is me"

She listened to the little voice inside her  
And then she hit the road  
Free at last and with just a tiny scar  
And finally on her own  
No one knows what became of her  
All we know is she got away  
And though there really ain't no guarantees down here  
I like to think she did okay

Who was she  
To feel so free  
With her heart on her sleeve  
She just wouldn't believe

That there's a price to pay  
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