

Don Williams, Maggie's Dream

Maggie's up each morning at four am
By five at the counter at the diner
Her trucker friends out on the road will soon be stoppin in
As the lights go on at Cafe Carolina
Maggie's been a waitress here most all her life
Thirty years of coffee cups and sore feet
The mountains around Ashville she's never seen the other side
Closer now to fifty than to forty
Maggie's never had a love
She said she's never had enough
Time to let a man into her life
Aw but Maggie has a dream
She's had since she was seventeen
To find a husband and be a wife
Maggie knows the truckers most by first name
What they'll have to say and what they'll order
And they take her in their stories to places far away
And leave her with the dishes, dreams and quarters
And she relies upon the jukebox on the lonely afternoon
When the business starts to slow down she plays the saddest tunes
And she stares off down the highway and she wonders where it goes
Nobody to go home to and it's almost time to close