

Girlyman, Kittery Tide

There are times when I want to pick up and say goodbye
To the oldest friends I've known
Jump in the car with no street map
No long sleeve shirts or shoes to pack
Just the sound of you and my guitar

I can't wait 'til the day
You come running to say
Those summer nights are here to stay
We can run far away
Not tell a soul for a day
Carry me, oh freedom's delight

'cause I've spent times locked in grooves
Trapped in mama's old black shoes
Or my papa's, folks' and friends'
Always wanted a way just to have my own say
And walk the untrod path 'til the end

I can't wait 'til the day
You come running to say
Those summer nights are here to stay
We can run far away
Not tell a soul for a day
Carry me, oh freedom's delight

As the map tore in two
I swore and vented like a fool
Watching miles tick, road signs fly
But I was running from myself
There was no one else
Who could know that better than I

I can't wait 'til the day
You come running to say
Those summer nights are here to stay
We can run far away
Not tell a soul for a day
Carry me, oh freedom's delight

As the light changed to red
I wrapped the scarf tight round my head
I was cold as the Kittery tide
There was not much more to see
So I turned back quietly
And crossed back to the other side

I can't wait 'til the day
You come running to say
Those summer nights are here to stay
We can run far away
Not tell a soul for a day
Carry me, oh freedom's delight