

# 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