

Girlyman, Montpelier

Driving alone on this North Country road
In the middle of the day,
Hundreds have died where I now ride
on the highway.

The car is slipping on the road in the rain
And this slips through my brain
Five stars, Eisenhower
And Montpelier is three miles away

I woke up in the night, and I couldn't sit still
So I got in the car and left town
I was hoping to see the sun rise over me
But instead, the rain kept coming down

The car is slipping on the road in the rain
And this slips through my brain
Five stars, Eisenhower
And Montpelier is three miles away

You were riding alone on a paved city road
In the middle of the day
When a truck turning wide struck your blind side
And dying, there you lay

The car is slipping on the road in the rain
And this slips through my brain
Five stars, Eisenhower
And Montpelier is three miles away