Indigo Girls, Andy

Andy do you love me do you think about it will you say
Turning brushwood into blazes turning summer grass into hay
Turning sharply past the graveyard to the lakefront with the black waves licking up the stones
To the swayed back screened in front porch who could ever stay the weight of flesh and bones

Andy aren't you tired from the sun and rain and river soaking you
From the beer cans on your dashboard and the bullet hole glass spiderweb staining your rear view
I have watched you watch an empty road is it only her upon which all of you's depending
To fill your twenty hour work day while all the fences in this county still need mending

And in the night I do my checking and fix the broken part with visions of rare beauty
But in my heart I know I'm second forever fixed in your pursuit it is my duty

Andy will you toss me a little scrap of something I can taste
Instead of dust from all the leaving and the smell of summer lying here to waste
Under the burnt pyre of all the cast away the tiny shoots will spring like questions will you take me
Out to the fenced field sprinkled with horses, wild in resistance to the taming will you break me
Will you break me