

Indigo Girls, Little Perennials

Back in the long stretch of loneliness
I have come to call a living,
I'm getting something for all this love's labor,
even when I am forgetting.

Oh we oh oh little perennials
where'd you come from?

Daughter of my father's second cousin,
loyalties, I got em by the dozen.
We share a past, we share a blood relation
and that's as good as an invitation.

Oh we oh oh little perennials
where'd you come from?

I'm in the North Carolina Mountains,
just to the west of where I met my calling.
If you look south to the foothills of these mountains rising,
that's the place where it feels good falling.
That's the place that I know.

I look for words to fill the empty spaces,
all the life revealed in these back stages.
I reach for names like little puzzle pieces;
oh perennial, come to me.

Oh we oh oh little perennials
where'd you come from?