

# Indigo Girls, Starkville

If you were here in Starkville, the townie boys would love the way you stare.  
If you were here in Starkville, the local girls , they wouldn't have a prayer.  
I spent a reckless night inside the wonder of your everlasting charm,  
now I'm haunted by geography, and the flora and the fauna of your heart.

At the dawning of some road worn day,  
I called you on a whim just to say-  
"The morning birds are singing";  
but I could not do them justice, so I hung up and fell back to sleep.

I'm in love with my mobility, but sometimes this life can be a drag;  
like when I noticed your nobility and how my leaving only held you back.  
I remember one occasion- you were drinking, -when you asked me to the coast,  
but I was hell bent on agony back then, so I missed the boat.

At the dawning of a road worn day,  
I called you a whim just to say,  
"My regrets become distractions when I can not do them justice";  
then I hung up and fell back to sleep.

When I was down in Starkville, I was hiding out inside some Comfort Inn  
from a local gang of troubadors, when the homecoming queen -she come riding in.  
I slipped out of my room into the rain and I went running for my health.  
The headlights turned to moonlight, and finally I was running by myself.

At the dawning of this road worn day,  
I call you a whim just to say,  
"The morning birds are singing";