

Lucinda Williams, Bus To Baton Rouge

I had to go back to that house one more time
To see if Camellias were in bloom
For so many reasons it's been on my mind
The house on Belmont Avenue

Built up on cinderblocks off of the ground
What with the rain and the soft swampy land
By the sweet honeysuckle that grew all around
Were switches when we were bad

[Chorus:]
I took a bus to Baton Rouge...

All the front rooms were kept closed off
I never liked to go in there much
Sometimes the doors they'd be locked
'Cause there were precious things I couldn't touch

The company couch covered in plastic
Little books about being saved
The dining room table nobody ate at
And the piano nobody played

[Chorus]

There was this beautiful lamp I always loved
A seashore was painted on the shade
It would turn around when you switched on the bulb
And gently rock the waves

The driveway was covered with tiny white seashells
A fig tree stood in the backyard there are other things I remember, as well
But to tell them would be just too hard

Ghosts in the wind that blow through my life
Follow me wherever I go

I'll never be free from these chains inside
Hidden deep down in my soul