

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, Between Here And Gone

Tonight, the moon came out, it was nearly full.  
Way down here on earth, I could feel it's pull.  
The weight of gravity or just the lure of life,  
Made me want to leave my only home tonight.  
Now I'm just wonderin' how we know where we belong.  
Is it in a photograph, or a dashboard poet's song?  
Will I have missed my chance to right some ancient wrong,  
Should I find myself between here and gone?

Now I could grab my keys, clear out in my truck,  
With every cent on board bringing me their luck.  
An' I could drive too fast, like a midnight sleeve,  
As if there was a way to outrun the grief.  
Now I'm just wonderin' how we know where we belong.  
In a song that's left behind in the dream I couldn't wake from.  
Could I have felt the brush of a soul that's passing on,  
Somewhere in between here and gone?

Up above me,  
Wayward angels,  
A blur of wings and grace.  
One for courage,  
One for safety,  
One for "just in case";

I thought a light went out, but now the candle shines.  
I thought my tears wouldn't stop, then I dried my eyes.  
And after all of this, the truth that holds me here,  
Is that this emptiness is something not to fear.  
Yeah, I'll keep wondering how we know where we belong,  
After all the journeys made, and the journeys yet to come.  
When I feel like giving up instead of going on,  
Somewhere in between.

Yeah, I'm just wondering how we know where we belong.  
Is it in the arc of the moon, leaving shadows on the lawn?  
In the path of fireflies and a single bird at dawn,  
Singing in between here and gone.