

Mary Chapin Carpenter, One Small Heart

Call the folks, leave a note, lock the
Doors and windows
Pack the truck, here's to luck
Here's to how the wind blows
Now lose the map and compass
Now read the signs obey the lines
Follow all your hunches
'Cause now it's just the open road
One small heart and a great big soul that's driving

Radio singing low just like a true companion
L.A.'s lights wavy bright, they follow like a lantern
Then morning comes and desert sun
Rises like redemption
Another day to make your way from answer
Back to question
Out here on the open road
One small heart and a great big soul that's driving

No set of directions, no shortcuts
Just some empty soda cans,
Some cigarette butts
The key to traveling light is to
Not need very much

Late tonight you'll see the lights of a
Thousand stars above you
And at a roadside stop you'll
Call to talk to a voice
Back home that swears to love you
But at the sound of the tone you'll
Hang up the phone
And peel out of that joint
You might try again God knows when;
At least they got the point
They lost you to the open road, one small heart
And a great big soul
That's driving, driving
Out here on the open road
One small heart and a great big soul that's driving