

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, Other Streets And Other

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

The whippoorwills were crying in the falling rain  
Far away a whistle hailed a passing train  
Out in the country summer was almost gone  
The fields were turning rusty and the hills were turning brown

Now I think of you when summer stars are on the rise  
I think of you with a bottle of wine and lazy eyes  
Playing rock and roll songs on an old guitar  
Getting drunk and sleeping out in my backyard

Now sometimes I just lie awake and I hear the wind  
Blowing through the seasons of my heart again  
My dreams are mostly lost and found on other streets, in other towns  
But babe, you know, I still look out for you

The cars were all abandoned on the city streets  
When snow had left us stranded then we used our feet  
And wound up drinking whiskey in a crowded bar  
And now when it starts storming I wonder where you are

'Cause you said that I was crazy to believe in you  
You said to never trust a man who sings the blues  
Well trust and that old guitar was all you'd ever need  
If you found a way to love the girl in me

Other boys I knew were just like shiny dimes  
Tossed and spent, they came and went a hundred times  
Nothing was as rough on me as giving up on you  
Now it seems like every bar in town's got boys who sing the blues