

# Nanci Griffith, The Power Lines

(Nanci Griffith - Pat Alger - James Hooker)

Nobody seems to care about you  
With your tool case by the roadside  
There beneath the power lines  
Or the pallor of your skin  
Paled beneath fluorescent lights  
In a Greyhound station's cruel midnight  
Where you can't afford the ride

Chorus

Oh, the power lines  
They go from sea to sea  
They carry voices  
Love from him to me  
The power lines you fall beneath  
Are the rainbows you can't climb  
And you will not climb the power lines  
You are lost beneath the power lines

There's nowhere that you haven't been  
And no place that you call your home  
There's no place that you cannot go  
With the gift within your hands  
And the tools to build another's dream  
That connects them to the power lines  
You do not feel your need

Chorus (Twice)