

Nanci Griffith, These Days In An Open Book

Shut it down and call this road a day
And put this silence in my heart in a better place
I have traveled with your ghost now for so many years
That I see you in the shadows
In hotel rooms and headlights
You're coming up beside me
Whether it's day or night

These days my life is an open book
Missing pages I cannot seem to find
These days your face
In my memory
Is in a folded hand of grace against these times

No one's ever come between your memory and me
I have driven this weary vessel here alone
Will you still find me if I leave you here beside this road
Cuz' I need someone who can touch me
Who'll put no one above me
Someone who needs me
Like the air he breathes

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I can't remember where this toll road goes
Maybe it's Fort Worth maybe it's a heart of gold
The price of love is such a heavy toll
That I've lived my life in the backroads
With your love in my pocket
If I spend the love you gave me
Tell me, where will it go?

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These days your face
In my memory
Is in a folded hand of grace
You're a folded hand of grace
You're in a folded hand of grace
Against these times