

# Pam Tillis, Calico Plains

(Matraca Berg/Mike Noble)

Sweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky  
Sweet seventeen with a faraway look in her eyes  
She said, "I feel like a bird in a cage  
But come September I'm flying away"  
I said, "I'm gonna miss you"; then I made her promise to write

Since we were tall as the corn in the spring  
We shared every secret, shared every dream  
So anxious to grow in the new summer rain  
And bloom like a rose on the calico plains

How could she hear as we laughed on that warm summer night  
The tiny heart of the baby she carried inside  
I stood beside her when September came  
Watched her get married and caught the bouquet  
And like those hand me down dresses she gave me  
I made her dreams mine

From a seat by the window on wings made of steel  
I stared at the patchwork over the fields  
Where young tears that once fell like warm summer rain  
Were turning to snow on the calico plains

Sweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky  
Closer to thirty but farther away in her eyes  
She holds her babies like she holds her dreams  
Each night she kisses and rocks them to sleep while  
She reads the letters she makes me promise to write

Sweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky