

Robert Earl Keen, The Traveling Storm

In a year that is not now
From a place unknown
I travel on the mountain roads
Looking for someone

Sewn inside my vest, a letter
Tells me where and when
In my purse a sacred dagger
On my horse I run

Restless girl beside the water
Tending to a fire
Kissed a boy and then another
Suiting up for war

Heard a broken band of gypsies
Singing ancient songs
Gave all my silver to a beggar
Still he wanted more

Oh the town of stone and timber
Celebration reigned
No one there seems to remember
Why they carry on

Crowded 'round a man of marble
Speaking foreign tongues
There the stone began to crumble
And the crowd did moan

In the unforgiving morning
Caravans of shame
Turn south to the dry land highway
I turn to the sea

Like a snake so quick and deadly
Sleepless, coiled and cool
The one I seek is making ready
Waiting patiently

Pity not the weary traveler
He lives in his mind
He is friend of wind and weather
And from fire is born

Pity then the cool betrayer
Waiting patiently
No precaution made will save him
From the traveling storm