

Sherrie Austin, Dreaming Out Loud

She laid down in clover
Clouds rolling by like a marshmallow parade
Gone dreaming, angel with a dirty face
The wildest flower the good Lord ever made
Well her teachers called her problem child
Her parents never understood
Silently she held her breath
She knew one day that she would be

Dreaming out loud
Free to fly high and proud
She's living for the day
When she'll hear the people back home say
"Hey, look at her now"
Dreamin' out loud
Look at her now

She left home, one summer
Flying toward the bright lights of a city far away
Now she's singing like a neon nightingale
In every road house and honky tonk caberet
Through all the noise, the come on lines
The guitars ringing in her ears
She takes the stage and for one more night
The world around her disappears
They used to say girl come back to reality
But she'd smile and say it's too quiet there for me

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Dreamin' out loud
Look at her now