

Livingston

Mary Chapin Carpenter

A change of clothes was all I carried
there were three of us to do the driving
the sky turned black outside of Laramie
the rain poured down all over Wyoming
took two long days and four full tanks of gas
to get to Livingston
In between the silences and the feeling grateful
I had so much time for remembering
late nights around someone's table
something deeper about those gatherings
more than once I've been far, far away
and thinking about Livingston
On the way back home I will stop awhile
ease this truck onto the shoulder of the road
it's a long straight line that goes for miles and miles
and it's as lonely as a Great Plains Conoco
I came to say goodbye and to hug you
but I wasn't brave enough to say that
so I said see you soon and I love you
I think you understood me from way back
from the very first time we ever sang our songs
late one night in Livingston
On the way back home I will stop awhile
ease this truck onto the shoulder of the road
it's a long straight line that goes for miles and miles
and it's as empty as a Great Plains Conoco
I see you standing tall and kind of squinting
in a field outside White Sulphur Springs
don't need a cowboy hat, just a '33 Gibson
and a little more time to make it ring
as the sun turns red and the sky turns treasure gold
on the long way back to Livingston

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