

She's Far Away
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

She's far away. She will stay,
Through the darkest seasons.
Feeling lost, feeling frost.
Leafing through her reasons.
She will go to Woodstock,
She will hitch a ride,
Army surplus knapsack
With some paperbacks inside.
But 'til then she's far away,
She's at her granny's house in Kansas,
Watching for tornados in the sky.
She's far away. She will play,
On her cousin's cello.
She'll escape, she will scrape,
Parts of Mellow Yellow.
She will find the music,
Deep inside the wood.
Lying down beside it,
And devouring it for food.
But 'til then she's far away,
She's at her granny's house in Kansas,
Watching for tornados in the sky.
She's far away. Every day,
She will walk for hours.
Writing songs, righting wrongs,
And renaming flowers.
She will see the windstorm.
Willing it to blow.
Knowing in the instant,
When the time has come to go.
But 'til then she's far away,
She's at her granny's house in Kansas,
Watching for tornados in the sky.