

Route 23

Words & Music by James C. Burns

I'm out here on the 23. Burning off the memories.
Of everything that ever went bad.
With every tree and every bend. The mountains turn and sunset ends.
And I still don't know which way it goes.
So I drive, drive, drive until it shows.

Music plays a song that resends everything I felt since then.
But I don't know which way is home. So I drive alone.

If crying tears could get me through the night?
Then I'd cry the tears and make it feel alright.
But I've been sitting this way here for years.
And I fear. It's now beyond the tears.

I'd like to think that things are new.
The words I hear, the things you do.
All seem to indicate some change.
But every then and now again. I'll catch a look, I'll catch an end.
And see that it really is just a game.
I've been down this road before. I have seen the barroom floor.
And it took too much to get up on my feet again.

So I'm driving down the 23. Burning through the memories.
Of things, that went south and north before.
Even the good often's a chore, But Nothing outweighs the good.
I think that's how it always should
But the bad can sometimes reap a deep reward.
And blow up all the good things that we store.

So I'm driving down the 23, Wishing you were here with me.
So I wouldn't think I'm better off alone.
But I look across at the empty seat.
I feel the simple love released. The road open's wide right before.
So I turn off the radio drop the windows, let it blow,
The wind flying through my hair.
And the ache in my heart has disappeared.
And nothing gets me in the breeze. Driving down the 23.