

Thanksgiving Ride Home

Tired fields, dirt that's brown
Corn stalks lying on the ground
Out my window the world I see
Proud land and communities
Gray sky hanging up there in the air
Geese flying high without a care
Taking highways both big and small
Got to think I drove 'em all
Getting back to my home
All of those roads lead to Rome

Late November, harvest's in
Pies will be cooking in a warm kitchen
One of apple and one pumpkin
Looking forward to seeing the twins

Pumping gas in some forgotten town
Pizza joint, local kids hangin' 'round
Hands deep in my pockets, keeping warm
This flannel shirt's pretty well worn
A few snowflakes falling, see my breath
Hope I don't catch my death
Late afternoon and losing light
Sun rays are long, fading to night
Thoughts are wandering through my head
Thinking 'bout the past and the time ahead

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Hours and hours on the road
But it's not a chore and it's not a load
A pause in the year for homecoming
Arlo and I we start to sing
Land and sky gray and bleak
Miles to go before I sleep
Phone booth at a diner, New York State
Calling grandma, I'll be getting in late
Swirling snowflakes falling down
I don't even know the name of this town

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