

Highway

Lyrics by Peter Fischman © 1997

In a swamp along the highway
Tall trees stand bare stripped of bark
While overhead the herons built their nests,
The trees grey light, the nests brown dark.
The herons wheel away in summer,
Each nest stands open to the weather
Until the spring, when heron flocks return
To raise their families together.

Chorus:

This is how the story goes, now and then.
If you listen, you can hear.
We may meet again, who knows where or when,
With the turning of the year.
We may meet again, who knows where or when,
With the turning of the year.

Fallow field along the highway,
Corn stalks scattered on the dirt.
Last summer's bounty harvested and sold,
The cold, cold ground remains inert
Until the spring. The sun shines longer.
The earth responds to warmer weather.
Corn stalks decay. The plowman makes his way,
Mixing the stalks and soil together.

Chorus

Cycle of seasons, tempest, and time:
Effects of planetary motion
Around the sun. The bluest blue moon
Still tugs the tide around the ocean.

Drivers all along the highway,
Mostly on their way to work,
They're moving in and out across the lanes
This one polite, that one a jerk.
Most, like me, work in some building
Completely cut off from the weather
And at days end we barrel 'round the bend
All homeward bound, alone, together.

Chorus