

Nanci Griffith, There's A Light Beyond These Woods

There's a light beyond these woods, Mary Margaret.
Do you think that we will go there,
and see what makes it shine, Mary Margaret?
It's almost morning, and we've talked all night,
You know we've made big plans for ten-year-olds,
you and I.

Have you met my new boy friend, Margaret?
His name is John, and he rides my bus to school,
and he holds my hand.
He's fourteen, he's my older man.
But we'll still be the best of friends,
the three of us, Margaret, John, and I.

Let's go to New York City, Margaret!
We'll hide out in the subways
and drink the poets' wine, oh,
But I had John, so you went and I stayed behind.
But you were home in time for the senior prom,
when we lost John.

The fantasies we plan, I'm living them now.
All the dreams we sang when we knew how,
well, they haven't changed.
There's never been two friends like you and me,
Mary Margaret.

It's nice to see you family growing, Margaret.
Your daughter and your husband there,
they really treat you right . . .
but we've talked all night
And what about the light, that glowed beyond
our woods when we were ten?
You were the rambler then.

The fantasies we planned, well, Maggie,
I'm living them now.
All the dreams we sang, oh, we damn sure knew
how . . . but I haven't changed.
There'll never be two friends like you and me,
Maggie, can't you see?

There's a light beyond your woods, Mary Margaret.