

April On The Prairie

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From the **All Come Home** CD

Chasing the horizon, slowing the setting sun
A silver jet airliner made a quick mid-western run
The seatbelt light shown softly as we started our descent
And I dreamed of what lay waiting below the firmament

The foothills rolled below me on Indiana's western coast
And rose to meet Chicago, the city I love the most
It's always been a problem coming in this time of year
But tonight the road before me trumps the atmosphere

The winds of March can fool you
Their moods swing on a dime
But April on the prairie
Will get you every time, get you every time

Headed south out of Chicago, bypassed Kankakee
When a wash of ancient memories poured all over me
Put the pedal to the metal, turned up the radio
And the night was filled with stories from thirty years ago

There were eight musicians standing and another one underground
They met out by the crossroads and listened for the sound
Of voices raised together, of instruments in tune
Of songs they'd all forgotten and howling at the moon

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Lucky is the old man revisiting his youth
Comes back with a box of memories and a little bit of the truth
But the only thing that matters when all is said and done
Is when we weigh our aspirations against what we have become

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