

Melissa Etheridge, Shriner's Park

I wonder what you're doing in the night out there
Is a sad summer breath tangled in your hair
Can you hear the lonely engines screaming through the town
There's no where to run when the darkness comes down

Is there a song inside of you that you tried to forget
Like your fake ID and your mom's cigarettes
Does it take you back...Is the vision intense
You and me in Shriner's Park...Trying to make some sense

You were just seventeen but your laughter was mild
You liked my dreams you thought I was wild
Is there a rhythm in your step now that reminds you of a dance
Do you push it all away cause you never took the chance

You'd sneak out your window when I'd come for you
I'd be waiting in the street light on 8th Avenue
You'd slip into my car...We'd drive down past the fence
You and me in Shriner's Park...Trying to make some sense

Did you feel like you were crazy when they sent you far away
Did no one have the answers when you hung your head to pray
You could not let yourself dream...Never dare believe
You could ever be more than you were born to be

Do you lock up your house like you locked up your past
If I were to call could you free me at last
Could you slip into my car...Could we drive down past the fence
You and me in Shriner's Park...Trying to make some sense