

Barry's Song

Words and music Bob Reid

I think tonight of my sweet Louisiana.
As the winter snows come creeping from the North.
The sun is barely peeking up over the horizon
As I watch Vancouver's tides shift back and forth.

Now, my mama came to see me back last summer.
And, she said "things back home were really 'bout the same."
The freeway's coming through the swamplands that I hunted.
Carrie Ann just went and changed her name.

She said a lot of folks were asking how I's doing.
Then she stopped and said "well, really just a few."
And some think I'm a coward and some think I'm a fool.
A couple wish that their boys were here too.
Instead of laying in the graveyard by the school.

It hasn't been too easy giving up a home.
Though the people that I meet are warm and kind.
I just can't help missing that golden Delta moon.
And, wishing folks just weren't so goddamn blind.

And some think I'm a coward and some think I'm a fool.
A couple wish that their boys were here too.
Instead of laying in the graveyard by the school.

Still, all in all I wouldn't change my mind.
I'm just wishing folks weren't so goddamn blind.
I'm just wishing folks weren't so goddamn blind.