**One Day I Went Out Walking**
*Nancy McCallion*

One day I went out walking
on the lonely road to town
in the cracks where the river used to flow
a stranger held me down
I used to laugh so loudly
so happy to please myself
Now I’m constantly looking for what I might fear
and I scarce see anything else

I could have stayed at my father’s house
where dry winds press you down
I was the pearl of my mother’s dreams
cast upon the ground

My mother is a bitter wife
blaming her man for what she’s not done
losing her passion to her fears
and living through her son
I will not run to my mother
I know what she would do
She’d say that I brought it upon myself
for living like I do

I dreamt I took myself a knife
And laid him out but good
where any drunken fool could come
and do with him what  he would
And let the dry wind hold him down
where none could hear him cry
And let the stranger understand
he’s just as weak as I

Copyright Nancy McCallion, 1996, from This Is My Round and Nancy McCallion, self titled