**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  
  
  
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