

I've Never Been

Words and music by Keith R. Carney

Feels like the winter will come early this year.
I've got to clear these fields or we're through my dear.
But I'll steal this moment just to watch from a distance
As the sun goes down behind my house.
My wife lights a candle in the window.

Not so long ago we moved to the prairie.
I told my wife to wait a year but she wanted to come.
My father pressed on me to work in the city.
Congestion never suited me.
And my heart needs reflection and spaces.

The stillness of the fallen snow is peaceful;
Although, I've never seen the mountains in Colorado.
I also wish someday to stand next to the ocean
Somewhere on the beaches of San Francisco.
Everywhere I've been seems to keep me wanting
For where I've never been.
All these places I've never been...
I've never been.

Winter bars us in with the feeling it won't end.
Spring, raise your lazy head or we'll soon be dead.
I've come to love all the creaks in my floor.
I look to them to lift me up
When days feel abandoned and barren.

I think we've both forgotten why came to this place
Of neighbors-miles-away and dust-in-your-face.
I have to reach to find a reason that would calm her heart.
Abandon only comes to mind.
And my face hides unspoken intentions.

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