

Findlay, Ohio 1968

Indigo Girls

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Indigo Girls Fans

"Findlay, Ohio 1968"Findlay Ohio, 1968, poking hot tar bubbles

With a stick on the driveway

Grammy's a Republican, Nixon is her man

In 2 years time, Ohio will be up in flamesI like the smell of the trash and leaves

Burning in the cans

Roger is the boy next door he's a wanderer, he starts

With his hands...Cathy's the outcast we're nice but we steer clear

Everyone says watch out for her mom

The word is she's crazy she's always drinking beer

Cathy's dad never came back from Vietnam

I like the smell of the trash and leaves burning in the cans

Roger is the boy next door he's a wanderer

He starts by holding my handScared, curious, raised up nice, but furious

What happens to a fence-scaling girl

If you catch your pants on top, first you're stuck and then you drop

You'll look back and first you feel the thrill

And then...I wasn't into poetry, but Sexton changed all that

"The awful Rowing" past in tow and sinking slowly

Listless and listing the things that I leave behind,

So unkind, the pull of historyWe drove in a station wagon, wheels soft slapping

Trenton on the turnpike

The smell of the refineries rushes back to me

And how I loved the lights

Scared but curious, raised up right but furious

What happens to a fence-scaling girl

If you catch your pants on top, first you're stuck and then you drop

You'll look back and first you'll feel the thrill

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