

NEW HAMPSHIRE

There's a place in the deeps of New Hampshire
On a dirt road that winds through the wood
Where I go when I need to recapture
The sound of my breathing,
The beat of my footsteps,
And the pulse of my blood.

The people that I know there receive me
Like a soldier come home from the wars.
They sit me right down and they feed me
And send me out walking
In the cool of the evening
In the sweet out-of-doors.

Now I choose to live here in the city,
Where the broken glass gleams on the curbs,
Cause I like the excitement
That keeps me up nights
But it sure does a job on your nerves.

So when I've been on the heels of adventure
And neglecting my air and my food,
I head out for the peace of New Hampshire,
Which I need to restore me,
Which I hope will wait for me
By the side of the road.