

Olympia

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I fell in love with this old town back in 1953
In the old brown house on Bigelow, I recall a cherry tree
Climbing up into its branches, eating cherries by the score
Hidin' out 'til supper, thinkin' how it'd be to soar
above the clouds - I'd like to do that now -CHORUS

Mmmm, Olympia - Makes me wanna sing
I got sand in my pockets, rain in my hair and mud on my jeans
Mmmm, Olympia - You're growin' up too fast
Gonna stretch out my arms, turn my back to the freeway, let
the memories last

My father ran a used car lot, I remember how he tried
But that small town business broke his heart, and one November
night, he died
Mom worked for the government along with half the town
Living for retirement, and waiting for the sound of her own voice
So little choice CHORUS

Instrumental

That town remains an anchor now, no matter where I roam
With roots deep as a willow tree, it is the family home
I've looked down on the clouds, I've seen a thousand
towns or more
But the tears come to my eyes when I am standing on the shore
and smell the tide - I'm satisfied CHORUS

Notes:

I lived in Olympia for many years, and most of my relatives still
live there. It's my "other" hometown.