

STOPLIGHT ON BISCAYNE

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I left a gloomy day in Delray for the Broward County line
At a truck stop south of Hallandale, I saw that weathered sign:
"Two miles south on Highway 1 and west to 95."
If I took that road, I knew I might not make it back alive

'Cause I remember that night—all the things that I felt.
Ev'ry mem'ry rekindles the pain.
So I sit here with the cold wind and the rain
At a stoplight on Biscayne

One mile to the interchange, but I am frozen still
By a bitter, poison truth I've had to swallow like a pill.
A day was never bleaker than the day that brought me here.
I should go back while I have a chance and softly disappear.

But I remember that voice—all the sounds that I heard.
Ev'ry mem'ry rekindles the pain.
So I sit here with the thunder and the rain
At a stoplight on Biscayne.

Should I turn this car around
And just forget this ever happened?
Should I lie and say,
"There's no harm done."
Should I tuck my tail and run?

In the lightning flash, I see a look I never thought I'd see
In the eyes there in the rear view mirror staring back at me.
Only six or seven seconds and that signal's turnin' green.
If I decide to turn this steering wheel, I'll soon be coming clean.

I remember a face—all the things that I saw.
Ev'ry mem'ry rekindles the pain.
So I sit here with my pistol in the rain
At a stoplight on Biscayne.