Somebody’s Daughter

Barry Dean / Luke Laird / Tenille Townes

I drive home the same way
Two left turns off the interstate
And she’s always standing at the stoplight on 18th Street
She could be a Sarah, she could be an Emily
An Olivia, maybe Cassidy
With her shaky hands on the cardboard sign
And she’s looking at me

Bet she was somebody’s best friend, laughing
Back when she was somebody’s sister
Counting change at the lemonade stand
Probably somebody’s high school first kiss
Dancing in a gym where the kids all talk about someday plans
Now this light’ll turn green and I’ll hand her a couple dollars
And I’ll wonder if she got lost or they forgot her
She’s somebody’s daughter
Somebody’s daughter
Somebody’s daughter

Did she give up wondering where the cars all go?
Can she even tell that I don’t know what to say?
So I just nod my head and wave
Well, no one’s going to ask what she wants to be
Or why we’re both stuck here at the mercy of geography
And whether it shines or rains

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Oh, I don’t know the reasons why
I’m the one who’s driving by
And she’s the one on the corner of 18th Street