

# Cornfields And River Dreams

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In Middleville, were the river flows  
Thornapple whispers, through the trees we choose  
A quaint little village, where the sun sets low  
But I was was one of six, with heart full of hope

I remember the laughter, under summer skies,  
Chillin' in the cornfields, where our freedom lies.  
Parties in the moonlight, the scent of sweet corn,  
We danced like the fireflies until the early morn.

**Oh, we ran through the fields, where the corn  
stands tall,  
No fear of the sirens, we were having a ball.  
In the shadows we'd hide, between laughter  
and shouts,  
Those nights played a song, that I can't live  
without.**

Navigating the whispers, and the tips of their tongues,  
As one of the few, we figured where we belonged.  
They called me by my name, but so often stared,  
In a world of brown faces, we knew we had dared.

We'd sneak out to the river, to dip our toes in,  
The water felt cool, against the heat of skins.  
I'd share dreams with my friends, about leaving  
this town,  
But those fields held our hearts, they never let  
us down.

**REPEAT CHORUS**

Bitter was the journey, lost in the crowd,  
But inspired by the fire, we raised our voices loud.  
Hope was like a river, flowing strong and free,  
Grateful for these memories, they live inside of  
me.

Looking back now, from the roads I have roamed,  
Middleville shaped me, this little town I've grown.  
The charm of the cornfields, and the river's sweet song,  
Forever in my heart, is where I belong.

### **REPEAT CHORUS**

So here's to the memories, as the sun sets low,  
In Middleville, my heart, forever I'll go.  
From parties to river dreams, it all comes alive,  
In this quaint little village, my roots will survive.

Roger Carroll-May(ASCAP)

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