

Ryan Adams, Pa

Pa drove to town yesterday to pick up a friend
He found the locker she lay in
He drove to old man Ed Somerton's place
To finally disappear
He got there round about twelve
And he stayed 'till three
And the sun left him down in the valley
But the moon met him up in the hills by the lake
Reflecting the (?)
Suppertime came and . . .

'Sis answered it
'Sis left his food on his plate
At the end of the table right next to mom's place
But nobody'd sit
Telephone rang about six
I answered it
I felt the news through the floorboards
Like a long Southern bone (?), like a wreck on the
lake (?)
Like a joint (?)
Sh-lalalalalalala
Sh-lalalalalalala
So I drove to town yesterday
To pick up his bed
I found the locker he lay in
I drove to old man Ed Somerton's place
To find me some peace