

1. Pretty Mary Jo with a bloody broken nose left her clothes out on the line/ Came hollerin and screamin that her old man was beatin up on her that night/ I said damn his hide I'm-a skin him alive and send his ass straight to hell/ Have him buried on Sunday by the ringin of the old church bell// It weren't the first time for Mary Jo to knock on my door with a black eye and a busted mouth/ The sheriff and her husband they was both second cousins and blood runs thick down south/ I'd get a dial tone each time I'd phone to get that bum thrown in the can/ But that sheriff is crooked I'm-a take the law in my hands// Mary Jo's weepin in the kitchen with my old lady fixin sweet potato pie/ While I'm a county away diggin a **SHALLOW GRAVE** for that fucker to lie// I had it stashed in the drawer with a bottle of gin the sheriff let him go but I ain't him/ I'm gonna make sure he never hurts Mary Joe again// I found him leanin on the railing a piece of straw trailin out his crooked teeth/ I know I don't look tough but it don't take much to rile up me/ He thought I was jestin till my Smith & Wesson left a hole in his gut/ Now I'm-a have to drag him all the way to my truck// Mary Jo's smokin in the kitchen with my old lady fixin sweet potato pie/ While I'm a county away diggin a shallow grave for that fucker to lie// There's a mound of red clay bout 20 miles away from the town of Hattiesburg/ If you know what's good for ya you'll steer clear brother he got what he deserved/ If that goddamn sheriff starts gettin careless enough to snoop around/ I'm-a make sure that damn sheriff is never found// Mary Jo's talkin in the kitchen with my old lady fixin sweet potato pie/ While I'm a county away diggin a shallow grave for that sheriff to lie

2. **WHEN THE DUST SETTLES** once the storm has stirred the bricks from the home we'd built/ Flesh and bone was all you'd known till our stars got crossed but still/ I will find the nerve to call you once again/ My friend// If I beat on our door don't let me in my sorrow and sobriety cannot last/ Leave your man his head in his hands cold dead flowers on the welcome mat/ If I beat on our door just let my shadow crawl like a ghost upon the steps/ Elizabeth// You were the first to rattle my cage to let the bird inside escape/ To kiss my skin to do me in with a long distance call from the Garden State/ You were the first wild pony that ever I did ride/ my bride// When the dust settles the other woman I'll never breathe her name again/ Or kiss her sailor's mouth unbutton that blouse that came undone at the

Starlite Inn/ If it be your will like the wind I'll just blow along/ Hell I'll be gone// When the dust settles and all the stars come dripping from the sky/ Into your motel room with the ghost you knew as you man lying by your side/ Will you paint your door with a desperate shade of blue?/ What will you do?

3. Well you're a little bipolar and you get on my ass/ bout drinking malt liquor and smoking too much grass// You're no Johnny Cash woman what'd you say?/ You ain't the man in black and I won't be treated this way/ You always run your mouth but you never talk sweet/ Getting a kind word outta you honey's like pulling teeth// You always nag and moan Jesus gimme a break/ I got a black eye the last time you couldn't have your way// You're goddamn **CRAZY** clinically depressed/ bit of an anger problem, but you're my lover nonetheless/ You're my woman and you're my man/ you make me smile honey when nothin can// You smoke like Willie and you drink like Merle/ You folksingers sure know how to impress a girl// Your sister married a lawyer got a house on the beach/ We got a roach-infested room in an apartment on 2nd Street// Your daddy hates my guts your mama thinks I'm fat/ I'll watch your figure for you darlin don't you worry bout that// You never listen to me sorry what'd you say?/ You leave crumbs in the bed and destruction in your wake// You're goddamn crazy you're only bicker and brawl/ You're passive aggressive with a laundry list of character flaws/ You're my woman and you're my man/ You make me smile honey when nothin can// You look pretty in the morning you've got a real sweet voice/ I couldn't help but love you honey I had no choice/ It's lucky you're funny good thing you've got class/ Come on, love me or leave kiss me or kiss my ass// You're goddamn crazy but you're all I got/ I'll love you till you're covered in liver spots/ You've always been my woman you'll always be my man/ You make me smile honey when nothin can

4. I spent two years in Virginia it's not bad but I've got this twitchin in my feet/ I've been lookin into Texas or I might pack up my guitar and go to Nashville Tennessee// I spent a year in Pennsylvania it was cold and dark and generally ugly/ I've been ramblin like a cowboy but it never seems to help is there a home somewhere for me?// **OH, RESTLESS HEART** stop travelin let me stay a while/ I got dinner on the stove I got laundry to fold/ I got these babies to hold and you are wild// Come in and sit down let me hold your keys/ You've been

runnin round and round why don't you settle down with me?/ We've been workin on the roof we've been plantin in the yard/ These are the things that people do why is sittin still so hard// You've got a highway where your house should be and wings instead of hands/ You've got the patience of a gypsy a proverbial "ants-in-pants"/ You see I had a couple kids and went and bought a house/ I can't keep runnin like I used to won't you slow down?

5. Billy Prescott was a boy of some great renown in our sleepy small farming town/ His mama was good lookin and his daddy straight shootin seemed like the cottonwoods was calling his name// I hear there's a **BODY IN THE QUARRY** and I'm loaded and restless and high/ Take Route 49 to where the river runs dry would you like to go see him tonight// He smoked reefer and went swimmin his body went missin the undertow was stronger than he/ For 14 days they was searchin till all hope was broken his mama only wanted to see him again// I hear there's a body in the quarry and the liquor has hit me just right/ Drinkin Kentucky Red by the dry riverbed and hope we see him tonight// Mary Jo and me was drivin like Carolina lightnin when I tried to get under her shirt/ With whiskey burning our throats we parked by the road and made it down to the water's pale light// I hear there's a body in the quarry and there's a harvest moon out tonight/ If the stars are too bright we can shoot out the lights and join him in the quarry tonight

6. I've got a story not the kind I like to tell no one winds up lookin really good it doesn't end well/ I'm gonna set the record straight bout how I sealed my no good 2 timin husband's fate// My husband Billy loved them bottles of Old Crow I used to try to keep him sober but that ended long ago/ Billy left the house bout 10 o'clock to sit at Cady's bar and by 3 he was so loaded Cady sent him back to his car// That old Chevy didn't stand a chance when Billy's out his mind he clipped half a dozen cars then he flew through a traffic light/ I don't know where he was headed but the sheriff caught his scent the sheriff knows that old Chevy like his own 2 hands// It was a short chase Billy landed in some brush the sheriff said hey Billy tell me buddy what's the rush?/ Billy knows me and the sheriff used to have a little fun so instead of putting up his hands he pulled out his gun// He was indecent he was dirty he was never home by 12 let me tell you how it broke my heart the way he'd sleep around/ He never stepped foot in a church he was the scourge

of the town so tell me how is it a sin to shoot a **SINNER** down?// In his stupified state Billy wasn't much a shot the sheriff knocked him to the ground then he dragged him to his truck/ Billy said you motherfucker you've been messin with my wife the sheriff said you better shut it boy I'll lock you up for life// When he hadn't had to much to drink he was a clever man I was callin on the sheriff when Billy split the can/ I saw him walkin toward the front door but I didn't hear the bell I knew it wouldn't end well// He brought his pistol cocked and loaded I was in my dressing gown I ran back into the bedroom but the sheriff had stepped out/ There were footsteps in the hallway I dropped onto the ground I grabbed the sheriff's gun and shot my old man down

7. **PACING THROUGH THE GARDEN** waitin for something to bloom/ For the roses to bud for someone to give em to/ For all those love songs I wrote to come true// Waitin on an angel with dust on her heels/ A waitress from Decatur in a motel south of Mobile/ But the phone ain't speakin the only ringin's in my ears// Pacin through the garden prayin for the light of day/ For the talent I once had but pissed all away/ Baptized in hellfire, the bottle led me astray// I've had to live out these songs one too many times drinkin down sorrow as cheap as bad wine/ They used to come so easy now I wrestle every rhyme// Pacin through the garden waitin for something to bloom/ clawin at the soil by the dead light of the moon/ But it's gettin late in the season the last days of my youth

8. **THE OLD PLOW** is comin his teeth break the earth/ The last winter frost beats you down breaks you down/ The weatherman sounds from your old radio/ Says it looks like rain// Seeds fill the scars that will heal into rows// And no one would grow without a tear in your heart a tear in your eye/ In the hardest of times does it help you to know just a little more rain/ And you could grow/ But you just grow old

9. He was sittin with a cigarette tryin to get a light he was flirtin with the waitress like he does it all the time/ He was tellin her that anarchy's a personal decision and he's right// He was drummin all his fingers on his dirty Levis jeans had a little extra energy for shufflin his feet/ Didn't see me in the shadows he was almost standin close enough to reach// I can't stand it any longer I pretend that someone's callin I get up and walk right by him but he doesn't seem to notice me/ I'm lookin at my

phone I didn't see you till I ran into your beer// That'll get me noticed oh yes they'll all notice what a **MESS** I am and feel a little sorry and a little bit embarrassed/ I'll be runnin hopin that my wet white t-shirt doesn't expose my broken heart// But you gotta go back oh yes I gotta pay the tab oh no and remember how I left my bag and jacket/ and my phone's dead all wet I can't call for help this is bad and so sad// So I walk into the bathroom where I try to recompose could I be a little tipsy soakin beer up through my clothes?/ I smell like a distillery I'd really like to leave but oh no// So I gather all my wits I walk back into the bar there's a man there with a mop who I'm tryin to ignore/ I'm lookin straight ahead I slip in my own puddle and I'm crashin to the floor// So I get my jacket and my bag pay the godforsaken tab and walk with all due haste to the door/ I didn't know you were behind me but you tapped me on the shoulder and said honey be careful drivin home/ You must have a weird sense of humor you must watch romantic comedies I must have had a slight concussion because I find myself handin you my keys

10. You're my black-eyed Betty I'm your uptown boy/ I'm your primary income sugar you're my pride and joy/ I'll leave the money on the bureau split before your red dress is on/ I'll be gone **LONG GONE**// I ain't always been no black-eyed Betty I had a sweetheart when I was young/ But the war took my man and the bank men took my home/ Now it's pubescent Casanovas like you and wannabe Don Juans/ But one day I'll be gone long gone// You're my black-eyed Betty I'm your hundred-dollar man/ Your senses must be crackin that ain't no heat that you're packin boy you ain't worth a damn/ If you keep on flappin your lips I'll call the sugar daddy downstairs with the gun/ And you'll be gone long gone

11. I was young when the bank men took our land sold it to some richer man out of Baltimore/ And so my father and his second wife Annette with a newborn at her breast could barely weather the storm// You never know what you have till it's gone the right words till you've said it wrong// **THE SLIGHTEST BREEZE** to blow along can knock you down//

Now Bernadine she was a tomboy from up the road we'd catch cicadas and skip stones count the passin railway cars// She was wild as them ponies up by Kemper Creek beautiful and free no man could tame her heart// A broken heart tell you've loved someone// My father found work at a meat packin plant further north his family to support still barely scrapin by/ I would dream of rusted skies and sparrow cally Bernadine in torn overalls her hand in mine// The truth that you've known so long// I spent years in a town of smoke and steam till I got word that Bernadine had taken ill one day/ So I took a train to find the farm that the bank men stole stripped for a laundromat and liquor store and the nurse at the hospital said I was too late// Some ponies don't stay wild for long//

12. I swore I'd burn this town with a single match that I'd brew my coffee with the embers and the ash// I'll keep the engine runnin and I'll stick up the clerk just put the money in the bag little man and nobody gets hurt we'll see if Lady Luck's a debutante or a flirt// Cause when the money ran thin there weren't enough to go around the rich still got richer and let all us poor folk drown/ Now when you're penniless and hungry it ain't hard to understand what makes a **LAWLESS** woman and a lawless man// Back in Calhoun County a bullet grazed my cheek but we made it out the back door by the skin of our teeth we've been losing ground and I been losing steam// If you were thinkin of quitting I think you missed your chance we been seen in three dry counties and there's seven lawmen dead I couldn't let em put a price on your pretty head// When the mercy ran thin there weren't enough to go around we couldn't steal enough money to buy our wretched souls back now/ We saw no riches or glory how could you reprimand this here lawless woman and this lawless man// Let the Lord forgive me when my days are done if I was born a rich girl I would have never hurt no one

13. **DON'T LET YOUR DREAMS GET YOU DOWN** you've gone too far to turn back now/ Just put your shoulder to the wheel and if it takes a hundred years// If your heart is heavy and you feel it start to rust and like some crooked Midas you kill everything you touch/ Put a seed in the ground from the bitter fruit you've found and see what rises from the dust// Don't let your dreams get you down wipe the sweat from your brow/ Put your shoulder to the wheel and if it takes a hundred years