

Hopeless Tender

State Radio

Here in the old country she
Grew up just as they said
Trying to make up for what was missing
As the land faded to red
Here in the old country hair falls
Coarsely round their necks
Having your wit about you
Can hurt more than it protects

So let the sugar cane ashes
Fall to your feet
Let it pile up around you
Til your in it waist deep
And when it all changes
And the harvest is large
Let it pile up to your shoulders
That dealt all them scars

With every fiber of his muscle
He bare down on her back
The cane would rip the air of its breath
And turned the sun black
She fall down to her knees
With out so much a whisper
Please save the child
Who knows not what she dreams

Red moon turns a red horizon
Words burning to leave the tongue

Here in the old country moon
It turns a blood red
A warning to all those
Who dare to forget

But burning of cane fires
Gives us the winters keep
And a barricade of burning tires
For those who dared to sleep

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