

Wendell Walker

Andy Shauf

Wendell Walker was a friend of mine
We'd stain our teeth in the summertime
And with lips of purple, the winter would roll
Past the boarded windows into our souls
And shake our weary bones
Now this past winter was the coldest in years
It's hard to explain if you've never lived here
But it locks your doors and starts your mind
Thinking in circles just to pass the time
And breaks your weary heart
Now Wendell Walker was a man of God
But he didn't care much for his sober mind
And when the cold mixed in he was turned around
Heard the voice of God and the angels sound
A message just for him:

"My son, my son, she is the devil's child
Won't you save her while you can
Cut down the other man"

Now Wendell Walker was a friend of mine
But he married too young in the summertime
Their hearts weren't ripe so they fell apart
And I found myself with a joyful heart
As our secret lives began
We found our moments in between the hours
When Wendell Walker drove his car to town
But one day he found a letter that I wrote for her
On the top of her dresser and in his winter mind
He heard the voice of God say:

"My son, my son, she is the devil's child
Won't you save her while you can
Cut down the other man"

With the voice of the lord ringing in his ears
And the note to his wife that confirmed his fears
He sat down on the edge of the bed
Read the letter again to see who'd sent it
But it was signed 'forever yours'
He stood up slow like he'd just been hit
Walked into the kitchen where his wife was sitting
He said, "my mother called on the telephone
She says she needs some help so I'll be back in the morning"
And he grabbed his heavy coat
My phone rang while I was watching the news
She said the house was ours to cure these winter blues
So I made my way, and we turned the blinds
And Wendell walked in just in time
To see our secret die and say:

"My son, my son I'm gonna have to cut you down"
He pointed his rifle to my eyes
But his hesitating hands
Were shaking from the cold
So I pushed his gun away
Just as he found his strength

And the bullet kissed her lips
And I cried:
"My god, my god what have I done?"
And he reloaded his gun
And he put it in his mouth
And I stood in the room that I'd created