Joanna

Blitzen Trapper

This is my story, and it won't take long
My name is Joanna, and I have done wrong
I was a young girl, no more than thirteen
Killed me a bad man for what he had seen

Lives out on the west coast, down by Coos Bay
My mamma went workin' every night and day
The crocus were bloomin' for to welcome the sun
Trailers ranged out along the old highway 101

Now that year at the shipyard, the iron works they
Laid off the night crews and sent them away
And there's Donny Dakota, yeah, from just down a way
Gettin' drunk on a Sunday, yeah, down by the bay

Had a face like a dark cloud, and his voice like the storms
With no work at all, boys, yeah, he just stayed home
Yeah, he'd wandered the trailer park where I lived
Banged on the wall just to scare all us kids

One day I came out, and in the sunlight I stood
Told him to fuck off, boy, like no one else would
He took a fist full of my hair, and dragged me around
To the back of the trailer, and held me down on the ground

And as he pulled my dress up I could see the clouds overhead
So airy and bright as any thought in my head
All the crocus were bloomin' for to welcome the sun
And all the trailers lined up out on old highway 101

That night as I lay in my bed, wide awake
Lookin' out of my window, out over the bay
Well I rose and I got my mamma's gun from her drawer
She was sleepin' so soundly as I walked out the door

Found Donny Dakota, from just down the way
Asleep in the tall grass down by the bay
The stars were all shinin' and the moon was so red
Shot him three times in the back of the head

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