

West Palm Beach

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

I cant get the sand out of my shoes
This being in Florida's done a number on my blues
Just the way the women walk round here
Its plain to see the way the sand and the sea have done
a number on me
And the sky is threatening black and gray and the sun
is a festering red
And her head is claiming her stats ; she ain't yet
risen from bed
So breakfast again delayed, postponed, I wont be fed
The surf has swallowed him up, he's a memory now
And the water's warmer than it has been in weeks
Grandma lives just down the road, she's making supper
for me tonight
She's been nice to me since '73 when her sun lost his
lights
And now his ghost is a rising host above the briny blur
I would that soon some maid would swoon and his soul
would capture her
He's still a fine kid, what with all that he did, he's
a fan of mine
I wasn't planning to spend so long in town
But the break in the weather has got the partner down
She won't get out, she's shotgun, seems she's sewn to
the seat
It's a dirty old trick that I've yet to lick and she's
yet to beat
You can see it in her eyes, she was born unwise, she
was born for me
If she mourns too long I'll know something's wrong and
I'll leave her be
You can tell by his shoes he was born to lose, he was
born for me