

My friend David, was a good kid  
He had my back, always knew he did  
He was different than most  
And maybe I was too  
Hanging out with the in-crowd just wasn't our thing  
There was a whole lot more  
Than we could see on these plains  
Well, some people just seem to get stuck, and hang around  
It's college or trade school for those with the means  
There's never been any small town for those in between  
Yeah the poor folks they go to work, or they go to war  
I did fifteen hundreds days in the corps  
And I got back, nothing looked the same anymore  
I got on with the local police, it just seemed to fit  
Things have changed

By then David had a daughter and a son  
And a rap sheet to prove all the time that he'd done  
He was just a burned out beat down shell of my old friend  
And on a three day binge he was speeding through town  
And I bumped the wailers just to try and slow him down  
He didn't know that it was me, and he took off  
Oh how things change

And I found his truck in the floodplain upside down  
It was a hell of a rain I don't know if he'd drowned  
Or if he died on impact, it must have rolled three times  
Yeah, the only thing to make matters worse  
Is that his mama's a late night ER nurse  
And he was DOA, she just about lost her mind

David's wife drops by every once in a while  
And childhood stories always make her smile  
But somehow we always go back to that day

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Ain't it the times