

The Day Before Thanksgiving

Darrell Scott

It's the day before Thanksgiving I'm not feeling much of thanks
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Just a low-grade desperation leaves me reeling in the ranks
Just when I think I'm getting somewhere it's somewhere further
to fall

It's the day before Thanksgiving that is all
I don't believe the pilgrims sat with Indians for a feast
A self-

proclaimed holy sailor doesn't break bread with his beast
But then again he had a musket and the Indian had a knife
And the musket man could make him eat for life

I don't believe this country's manifesting destiny
Someone just cooked it up and it is fed to you and me
They tell us who to love and war and never ask for help
And they cannot stand us thinking for ourselves

The day before Thanksgiving back in 1991

A millionaire let me drive his Mercedes just for fun

And I drove it with the top down on them Blue Ridge Mountain roads

He let me keep it thirteen weeks or so

And I know what he was saying with that car that wasn't mine

That I could have one too if I just did not cross the line

But lines were made for crossing and I was born to crack the code

And there ain't no shame in walking down this road

So it's turkey breast and stuffing with gravy on the top

Mashed potatoes, peas and dinner rolls, you use them like a mop

Got my position at the table, got a child to say my grace

And a wife and boss that keeps me in my place

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