

Needle & Thread

Eilen Jewell

Just one horse shy of a one-horse town
This ain't the first time it tried to burn itself down
And the American girls in their American dreams
Never put themselves here, so undone at the seams

Seven bars, one church, heaven is no match for hell
In these four blocks of rust piles and abandoned motels
Old men flick quarters in the cracks of the boardwalk
And the little boys learn to cuss before they can talk

Home is the needle and thread
For the hole in the lifeboat
That it put you in
And it leaves its mark
All stamped with lead
In the lines and the grime
Inside your skin

No one here's been famous in a very long time
But you can count the stars for days on a cold, clear night
It pierces me slowly, pulling me through
It's the pain of undoing the tearing in two

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