

Cane

Everything Is Recorded

Take Karintha, take Karintha
Perfect as dusk when the sun goes down
And take Karintha, as perfect as twilight
As a child able to drive both young and old wild
As perfect as dusk when the sun goes down
And remember, remember every sound
As often as our flowers bloom men will try and cut them down
Take Karintha, as sweet as spring rain
Run from the Cane

"The Smoke" curls up
And hangs among the trees
Curls up and spreads itself out
Weeks after Karintha returned home
The smoke was so heavy
You tasted it in water
Smoke is on the hills
O rise up, rise upward
Rise up, rise up

Pray for Becky, and pray for Becky
White woman gave birth to two black sons
Pray for Becky, her one room-shack fell to the ground
The two boys killed a man and had to leave town
White woman gave birth to two black sons
Pray for Becky and remember, remember the days
She looked to us for help and we all turned away
Pray for Becky, buried down near the trains
Deep in the Cane