Bucket

Greg Brown

Put it in the bucket if the bucket's there,
Throw it in the alley, honey, I don't care,
Stay beneath the covers in your underwear and throw down.
Put it in the mail, sail it on the sea,
Dress it up and send it to the jubilee -
I got a woman down in Missouri, I'm gonna go down.

Take it to the forest and give it a toss,
Down in the gully, honey, over in the moss,
Without you, babe, I'm a total loss and a loser.
Send me an E, call me on the phone,
Please don't leave me here all alone,
Morning comes like the twilight zone, I can't use her.

Ain't it a big one, ain't it tall,
Looks about as high as a prison wall,
Up we climb and down we fall together.
Over and over and into the blue
We say we are but we're never through.
I've got a big bad thing for you forever.

Call it impossible, call it a crime,
Not kissing you is a waste of time,
It doesn't scan and it doesn't rhyme without you.
Call it a picnic, take it to the park,
Meet me at the willow along about dark,
The only song I sing like a meadowlark is about you.

Fry it up, choke it down, save me some,
I'm so happy I must be dumb,
A sparrow at your shoes pecking at the crumbs you're leaving.
How do we end what we should begin,
I don't even know what town we're in,
Please, God, say that it isn't a sin I'm grieving.

Yes, it's a big one, yes, it's wide,
Out to the world from deep inside,
With me, love, oh please abide a while.
Once again I am on my knees
Singing to you in Portuguese,
It feels like the sky and the wind and the trees are on trial.

Put it in your laughter, put it in your drink,
Put all the pretty lies under the sink,
You always hid me, didn't you think I was trying?
Write it in your journal or prop it in a nook,
It oughta be illegal when you give me that look,
Write another chapter at the close of the book I'm dying.

Mix it with the ashes, throw it on the rocks,
Hide it in your bra, stuff it in your socks,
Only you and I could take those walks, oh my dear.
Wash it all out, throw it in the dryer,
Put it on the back burner with a low fire,
Write another song for the lonely choir, just get it out of here.

Yes, it's a big one, yes, it's tall,

Two little children and one big wall,
Up we climb and down we fall together.
You say a gal's gotta do what a gal's gotta do,
Well, just you remember how I love you
And that I've got a big bad thing for you forever.

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