

Sadness

Greg Brown

Sadness come to my house
with a stinking bouquet,
smiled with her thin gray lips
and said, "Honey, I'm home to stay."

And I said,
"Go away and leave me alone.
Go away and leave me."

She handed me rotgut whiskey
and a lit cigarette,
danced all around my room and said,
"Are we having fun yet?"

She took off her party dress
and her tear stained brassiere,
came so close I could smell her
and said "Kiss me here and here."

She lay down on my bed
and open her thin legs,
raised up her arms and said,
"Honey, I ain't too proud to beg."

She said, "Don't you remember
what you did to that one, to the other one, too?
Well, I've just come to do exactly
the very same thing to you."

I said, "I'm gonna get out my shotgun.
I'm gonna get out my Bowie knife -
and if you don't clear on outta here,
I'll kill you within an inch of your life."

She said, "Honey, I've come to love you.
I'm gonna hook you 'til you burn -
and then I'll go and you will never know
just when I may return."

I will go out in the mountains,
way out in the desert somewhere,
where the sun shines down on rocks and bushes
and there ain't no Sadness there.