

Nothin' For The Dead

Iris DeMent

Looking out at a solitary tree
Standing in a snowy park
Everything that lives gets battered
Everyday goes dark
Love is such a tender thing
But not everyone can bear up to a jilt
Some get hauled away to the graveyard
Wrapped up in gramma's pretty quilt

A little boy is screaming in the corner
While his mama tries to soothe him on her lap
He's dressed up just like his father
They're both in matching baseball caps
From the cradle poured straight into the mold
It's kinda sweet but kinda sad
Don't be fooled, there is no separating
The good stuff from the bad

I'm all twisted up inside
Is there something left to learn here in this school
Where all my truth and all my fiction
Is facing off in a duel
The storyline I can read with my own eyes
Don't fit the one that I've been carrying around in my head
Life is no respecter of persons
Even little childrens' hearts get torn to shreds

And these waves of inspiration
Sure can be few and far between
Like a train that just won't leave the station
They resist my plans and schemes
But I'm not holding back nothin' anymore
And I'm done with being afraid of being bled
Use me up while I am living, Lord
Let's not leave nothin' for the dead

Use me up while I am living, Lord
Let's not leave nothin' for the dead