

Angeline

James McMurtry

Angeline, Angeline, darker nights I've never seen
I don't love these East Texas pines
Where I can't find my sleep in the shadows so deep
And dark as the doubts in my mind

Freight train on the trestle rolling east towards the Natchez
Like the one I got off of so long ago
Outside of a small town where I didn't mean to settle down
Not knowing the seeds I would sow

Barefoot in the autumn weeds, cotton dress hanging to your knees
To the eyes of a stranger you offered a smile
Took a job in your daddy's fields, didn't seem like such a bad deal
At least it would do for a while

We were both young and unabashed, we took what life offered
While your folks were distracted or too tired to care
As the cold gripped the land the fates forced our hand
Your dresses fit tighter with the spring in the air

Now I watch the trains rattle on from the seat of the tractor
Your daddy's old harness still hangs in the barn
And your mama don't like it that our children all scattered
She swears it's my blood, it was not meant to farm

And you and I don't talk a lot, we don't really have to
We've spent many a year reading each other's minds
We gave up the lightning, now we don't bother fighting
These things will happen in time

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