

Madeline

Jamie McDell

I don't think she had a plan
Just wanted to be broken from that broken man
So every ounce of she left in July
Slow toke for a fast goodbye
I don't think he cared too much
Little private school boy, never gave a fuck
All he ever needed was a rug
Some warm thing to feel like love

Well, she's got leather on her shoulders now
She's been playing in a bar downtown
Don't you waste it on a lazy crowd
Madeline

I don't think she liked the noise
Liquor-covered pavements and that smokey voice
Wondering if she'll play a song he knows
Big chin and a hook too slow
On a bus to St. Louis
Trading books with strangers in their seventies
Hoping she might honour their mistakes
Might cherish her own someday

Well, she's got tattoos on her shoulders now
She's been sleeping on the old man's couch
Don't you trade it for a big white house
Madeline

I don't think she had a plan
Little girls and anger always dance that dance
Even with no growing pains at all
Those shoes can still feel small

Well, she's got Alice 'round her shoulders now
And they've been saving for the first flight out
Don't you waste it on a one-way town, Madeline

Madeline