

## Blue-Haired Lady

Jay Brannan

blue-haired lady kneeling by her bed  
trying to recite all the things daddy taught her jesus said  
blue-haired lady squints into the sun  
distant voices calling her, maybe from the light comes one:

"you served your husband well  
saved all your kids from hell  
built from a house a home  
what say you before you roam?"

"well, i walked the straight & narrow  
kept my eyes on the sparrow  
i loved, i lost, i tried, i lead, i followed, fell, but forged ahead  
my time is drawing near  
and i'm strangely free of fear  
release me from this flesh & bone  
but don't let me die alone  
don't let me die alone"

blue-haired lady beginning to arrange  
paths & plots & closing thoughts, on shifting sands & winds of change  
all these people speaking loud & slow  
seeing spots from old snapshots, the clouds fly low in san francisco

"momma, who should have your ring?"  
"do what you want with everything  
all these things have little worth  
this could be my last day on earth"

don't let me die alone  
don't let me die alone

blue-haired lady dying in her bed  
songs & tears impounding her, fingers clenched & scriptures read  
dear old woman gives into the pain  
feels the love surrounding her but gathers the strength to explain

"i trained you up how you should go  
loved you hard, it's clear you know  
but let the songs & wailing cease  
children let me die in peace"

just let me die alone  
just let me die alone  
please let me die alone  
just let me die alone