

## Alabama Acres

Kevin Devine

So there's hundreds of auburn alabama acres  
with rows of red roofs over warm farmers daughters  
who've got no intention of inviting me in  
space shines all above me so i settle myself under it.

when i wake up i'm back in my crowded city apartment  
some random men doing work off in the kitchen  
stacking mattresses up now to the ceiling and down to the floor  
.

my fathers sick in the hallway i hear him whistlin under the do  
or.  
i rush to lift him but you all know i am weak and you know that  
he is heavy.  
there's no blood in his cheeks but he's smiling straight at me.

i ask the thickest of the workers 'would you please come and he  
lp me out?'  
he comes ambling over and says 'sir, i love how your whistling  
sounds'

so now i drag him through the kitchen to the living room and do  
wn on the carpet  
he says, 'son i'm embarassed, but the sides of my head hurt.  
i just know that i'm tired and i could surely use some rest.'  
i tear a mattress down for him and i say, 'here dad sleep some  
on this.'  
i wake for real and it's over.  
i'm alone in acres and my dad is still dead.

but if you underneath one of those rooftops, look out your wind  
ow and invite me on in.  
'cause it's cold and i'm lonely and i could sure use a friend  
yeah it's cold and i'm lonely and i could sure use a friend.  
it's cold and i'm lonely and i could sure use a friend yeah