

Black Wind Blowing

Mason Jennings

When I got home there was blood on the door.
I saw you lying on the kitchen floor.
I ran down the hall and when I saw what he did
and found our little bitty baby lying dead in her crib.

There's a black wind blowing.
Oh, there's a black wind blowing.
There's a black wind blowing outside our gates
trying to blow this place into outer space.
There's a black wind blowing.

I didn't bother picking up the phone.
I'm gonna get there first, I want you all alone.
There's gonna be blood on the wall and a ?
Your scripture won't save you when my gun's in your mouth.

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I was eighteen when I first came here.
Me and my brother trying to disappear.
He chose the profit, baby, I chose you.
From that day I feared what he could do.

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I took the corner then I gunned it hard.
I drove my truck into your front yard.
You came out running but I was too fast.
I took out your legs and dropped you in the grass.
There were people outside, I heard somebody scream.
My whole life became a movie screen.
I remembered us jumping on our momma's bed.
She was yelling be careful or you'll bump your head.
I put my gun up under your chin.
My hand was shaking so I dug it in.
You started laughing, said I understand.
You wish you couldn't but I know you can.
You can.

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