

Ruby's Two Sad Daughters

Pat Green

When the sun hits it right on its way down
It was the prettiest thing in our little town.
Every hour I'd sneak a glance over at the plastic frame cracked
glass
That held the picture of Ruby's two sad daughters.

The last mill closed when I was nine,
And daddy left,
And momma cried, again.
I spent my nights cleaning Ruby's floors.

Just another cafe
On a wind swept highway.
And the farmers bitched,
We're no good at football anymore.

In this land that knows no laughter,
And this land that holds no water,
We were all in love
With Ruby's two sad daughters.

One went way out west,
One went way wrong.
One left at seventeen,
And the other couldn't wait that long.
Neither went anywhere with me.
Not to the games or the Dairy Queen.
They split with the first boy who lied sweet
And looked vaguely mean.

In this land that knows no laughter,
And this land that holds no water,
We were all in love
With Ruby's two sad daughters.
But why so pretty and forlorn?
Why so permanently blue?
I guess ours wasn't much
Of a kingdom to rule
Now when the sun hits it right on its way down,
It's still the prettiest thing in our little town.

Every hour I sneak a glance over at the plastic frame
And cracked glass that held the picture of Ruby's two sad daughters.
Why did hope leave town with Ruby's two sad daughters?