

## Strange Crooked Row

Patrick Watson

There was a woman who sewed her man to the bed  
Took a baseball bat so she could talk to him instead  
Well it didn't take too long so he would never hurt her again  
Roland had a dream of making big news  
Bought a stick of dynamite and he lit the fuse  
And on his CB radio told his friends it was time to go  
Boom  
He made the front page the very next day

There was a boy called little Jesu  
Couldn't move his hands or feet or talk back to you  
Just sat there sleeping awake  
And everybody in the town would drop by and fill his ears  
With the things that were bringing them down  
Said he was the best listener in town  
Sometimes it takes us by surprise when it's a strange crooked road  
Sometimes it takes us way too long when it's a strange crooked road  
You woke up this morning asking what's going down  
Wondered if your feet would do any good to the ground  
But under your pillows are stories that keep us from getting cold  
And out of the desert came the messenger man  
Million words and a cigar in his hands  
Told me if I talked to the sky he would give us this song  
'Cause it's a strange crooked road  
Sometimes it takes us by surprise when it's a strange crooked road