

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