Lumberlung

Slobberbone

A breath of whiskey on my cotton shirt
Turn on the fan, take off your skirt
Lay here beside me on these sheets so stained
For a little while, but it ain't the same
And she brings me water and it always tastes so good
She brings me flowers from the woods
Stays here in this house with me when I know she'd rather leave
Stays with me as I sleep
And she helps me nurse my lumberlung
But it's no longer fun
For her
Once I dreamed we'd took a roadtrip, just me and her
Through the southern and midwest states

Turned north just south of Arkansas and we headed up
Towards the vast Great Lakes
And I thought I'd sleep through Texas, but I woke up in Illinois
And the car in the lane next to me was driven by a little boy
And he flashed a smile at me then he drove straight off the road
Smacked an overpass, I watched his car explode
And when she wakes me from my delirium
I know I'm no longer fun
For her
And she brings me water and it always tastes so good
She brings me flowers from the woods
Stays here in this house with me when I know she'd rather leave
Stays with me constantly
And she helps me nurse my lumberlung
But it's no longer fun
For her

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