

Goddamn You, Jim

The Felice Brothers

Winter passed without a glaze, took our only boy at last
You cried God's arms were a blind an' bleeding ocean
Blooming spring brought all I need
Warmth and rain for me to seed my earth, good earth for
our boy to lie in
In the summer I worked the land
She walked like she still held his hand
And I swear to God I caught her once or twice smiling.
In the autumn, my gold wheat swaying,
I cut her down from where she was swinging
She said: Goddamn you, Jim, up there I could hear him
laughing