

Alabama 3, How Can I Protect You

I never play with guns
she got a compact mirror
stole it off her mother
she got her daddy's overnight traveling bag
always been told "if you wanna leave home honey, you ain't ever, ever welcome back"
and now she's down at the station, baby in her belly
kickin' gentle momma chilled to the max
she got a one way ticket, goin' cross the border
for her hopes and all her dreams
rollin down the train tracks, yeah
how can I protect you in this crazy world?
it's alright
yeah
it's alright
from two to nine you work for five-a-dime
start the night with some thunderbird wine
praise the lord for those neon lights that a
keep the city burnin' bright all night
walkin' in the park in the midnight rain
swear to yourself that ya gonna change
ain't gonna crash, ain't gonna burn, ain't gonna take no wrong turn
feel so alone, so you telephone, ya
call collect ain't nobody home
you ain't supriised though you wonder why your letters come back unopened
so you hit the strip with your freak flag high an'
forget about the tears in your daddy's eyes
momma don't worry if the waters rise
don't ever let my drink run dry till the sunshine
how can I protect you in this crazy world?
it's alright
yeah
it's alright
and when the talkin's over
there's nothing left I can do
how'm I ever gonna get through to you?
let the angels be the navigators
the devil will get there on his own
let the cherubin
let the serafin
keep you walkin on the road back home, yeah
how can I protect you?
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