

Natalie Merchant, Dust Bowl

Dust Bowl

I should know to leave them home. They follow me through the store with these toys I can't afford. "Kids, take them back, you know better than that." Dolls that talk, astronauts, T.V. games, airplanes, they don't understand and how can I explain? I try and try but I can't save. Pennies, nickels, dollars slip away. I've tried and tried but I can't save.

My youngest girl has bad fever, sure. All night with alcohol trying to cool and to rub her down. Ruby, I'm tired, try and get some sleep. I'm adding doctor's fees to remedies to the cost of three day's work lost. I try and try but I can't save. Pennies, nickels, dollars slip away. I've tried and tried but I can't save. The hole in my pocketbook is growing.

There's a new wind blowing they say, it's gonna be a cold, cold one. So brace yourselves my darlings, it won't bring anything much our way but more dust bowl days.

I played a card in this weeks game. Took the first and the last letters in three of their names. This lottery's been building up for weeks. I could be lucky me with the five million prize, tears of disbelief spilling out of my eyes. I try and try but I can't save. Pennies, nickels, dollars slip away. I've tried and tried but I can't save. The hole in my pocketbook is growing.

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