

Nine Days, Miss Alva Maria

I know I'm young, but its the oldest I've ever been
I'm 23 now, halfway to 24
I'll never see these years again
so don't make me ask again, and hold out this old tin cup
just reach out for my reaching hands
and pull me up...

got no trouble staying thin
and might think that I've been blessed
lord you know that I'd say yes
god smiles upon the hungry, while you laugh...

in this second story novel, that I call home
up the stairs and down the hall
its just like turning the page
got no rugs upon my floors, but it'll have to do for now
but I'm only getting older...

and I worry about MISS ALVA MARIA
though she'll never even know that I exist
well we lost her 15 years ago, but I've been finding her all my life
there's something about the way she looks that moves me
there's something about the way she loves that moves me...

this stale cigarette smoke, still clings
to my shirt, my hair and my hands
well you know I ain't making jack, but you know that I'll be back
I've got nothing else to offer
I've got nothing else to offer
this is all I've got to offer...

and I worry about MISS ALVA MARIA
though she'll never even know that I exist
well we lost her 15 years ago but I've been finding her all my life
there's something about the way she looks that moves me
there's something about the way she loves that moves me
there's something about how she loses it all that moves me
wont you tell me what its like to be remembered?

I know I'm young, but this is the oldest I've ever been
I'm 23 now, halfway to 24
I'll never see these years again...