

Old 97's, Holy Cross

You work for 37 years
Drivin' trucks, not shiftin' gears
He never got it in his head
To settle down, he'd never wed.
He liked the river how it flowed.
Unlike the breaker, never to explode.
It had no wires runnin' in
It just went on and on and on until the ocean got to it.

Holy Cross

Electric Association

Oh well it's more than a job
It's more like a damnation
Well it was my life, now it's my loss

Holy Cross

It was a honey of a night
He met his maker, he saw the light.
The car was passin' on a curve
He never slowed down, he never swerved.
And in the hot glare of the lamps
He had regrets, he'd never learned to dance.
There was no angel at his side
There was a purpose that became homeless when he died.

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