

Po' Girl, Texas

the dirt from the yard still falls from my boots
smoke from the fire still perfumes my shirt
singing songs til the day broke, drinking wine from
the bottle carousing and laughing while today made
tomorrow

the town was a full blown flower bothered by bees
there was plenty of pollen for all of us to feast
you opened your door, said make yourselves free
even gave me your bed and got in with me
and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust
the spring fell down on us in texas

barely acquainted and beautifully bare
in the early morning light we had few words to share
you were thinking of her, i was thinking of him
but our hands and our lips spoke the sweet tongue
of skin

we rolled in like rockstars, we flew out tired and drunk
already missing the sweet southern sun we
said no goodbyes, cause what's done is well done i
welcome the memory of you and your songs
and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust
the spring fell down on us in texas

and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust
the spring fell down on us in texas

and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust
the spring fell down on us in texas