

Smalltown Poets, 48 States

Been to 48 states and a few different worlds
Beheld the blind tour guide and a pig wearing pearls
I've seen grace under foot people fall in the street
Or use it to wipe their feet

Never the righteous man forsaken
Never the righteous man

Been to 48 states I remember a few
Having higher skylines and a wide angle view
I've seen green lands and the natives stay in one place
Peace falling on their face

Where could I be
And stay happy
I hear Hawaii is greener
I hear Alaska is cleaner
Whether here or there the righteous have joy to spare

Been to 48 states and few different worlds
I've seen dithered men leave boys, women and girls
Found the church roll full and they're current with dues
To pay for the empty pews

Never the righteous man forsaken
Never the righteous man.