

# The Jayhawks, Keith and Quentin

Quentin taught me how to fish  
And how to hold the gun  
Said that what you're hunting down  
Is everything you love  
Folks run fast, so does life  
And thats the way it seems  
Candles burn down to the table  
Keith never talked to much  
But smiled, blue eyes gold  
There must be a story  
Behind every fool you know  
Words get lost in the haze  
What most people think  
Darling, work for no mans dreams  
Chorus:  
Now, all the old widows  
Carry love poems by their side  
Ooooooh, most of that's from knowing  
Keith and Quentin  
When Quentin found the snowed-in motel blues inside his cup  
He took a gun downstairs  
Never did come back  
It was only springtime  
One year and another 'til Fall  
Sometimes in the night I cry  
(Chorus)  
(Chorus)