Townes Van Zandt, Why She's Acting This Way

by Townes Van Zandt
Like silent she stands
like laughter she falls
from a castle of sand
like a memory she crawls
and the mockingbirds grieve
'cause they can't make her cry
they'll soon start to believe
that the lady has died
what it all goes to show
it ain't my job to say
for who am I to know
why she's actin' this way

Once again turn away if you're sure that it's done tell your prophets to pray tell your bandits to run take your eyelids of stone they won't do you no harm take your cross made of bones take your your fly-paper arms and when everything's placed in your coffin and go through a scarf 'round your face 'cause the subway gets cold pack up your sunflower smile and your bandana blues take your worthless denials they're all you've got left to lose take your Tinkerbell lies and your weary desires take the tears in your eyes take your cup full of fire give your lover a call if your legs start to fail and he'll come break your fall with a bed full of nails

No need to glance back again there ain't nothin' to see just this drunken old man and this woman and me and you've made it quite plain that we're just wastin' time and you say that it seems strange that I'm staying behind but you don't worry 'bout me I can make it alone 'cause I got no place to be and I ain't far from home