

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