

Carole King, A Night This Side Of Dying

I remember one young sister with rainbows in her eyes
Standing on a corner with the afternoon's supply
She spoke of other places, perhaps a better road
Then she asked if I could tell her where they kept the mother lode

Like a night this side of dying
Her day's inside the dropper on the shelf
When she hears her lifeline crying
Not a thing you say can stop her
When she just can't stop herself

I remember that July, the panic and the heat
The savage shine of summer, the strychnine in the street
The way they sold each other for a favor in glassine
The best of friends sold brothers for a dime of quinine dreams

Like a night this side of dying
Her day's inside the dropper on the shelf
Like the shelter she's been buying
Not a thing I've got can save her
When she just can't save herself
She just can't save herself