

Dudley Saunders, Truck Of The Rising Sun

The headlights of trucks
Flashed your eye to your brain
To the shoulder of roads
You went stiff as cum stains

Turned once in the taxi
To the light of the dash
And then rumbled back home
Body jack-knifed and crashed

He was not too old
His chest like a soul
Heavenward ascending
His arms said prayers
For a tear
Without mending

You'd each dig a trough
Wave as they pulled off
Thinking smiles in their eyes
One day I'll eat up the miles

To be with you

And Kentucky is cold
When the snow falls and folds
Like a blanket you're shuffling off
Or daddy's dead quilt
Full of seed you spilt
And you will
That it will not
Be filled with your guilt
Look
Out at the snow
A bull's out and so
Black against the hill
Now he's pawing
Now he's bucking back
And black
To a spill

Angels waver
Should they save your soul
Or add your body to the bill
There's a crack in the wall
By the windowsill

And o how you're heartstrings
Will twang the wrong tune
Singing stand by your man
While your man's in the moon

So you deep-throat a bottle
Cumming rye down your throat
O the bloating of bodies
Whiskey river can float

Lord, they'll rise up so high
All your secrets come clean
River-foam to their eyes
Made of male magazines
Boys born from their fathers
Can never be weaned

There is a truck bound for New Orleans
They call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many poor boys
And me o God
Me o God
O God
I'm one