

# 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