

# Fiction Family, Betrayal

I don't remember much about that night  
But I'm pretty sure it rained the day I died  
I think it rained, I think it rained,  
I'm pretty sure it rained the day I died

You and I were always closest friends  
It's women that make enemies of men  
A pretty face, a pretty face,  
A pretty face would one day do me in

Her eyes were like the winter when she goes  
Holding secrets only winter knows  
Winter knows, winter knows  
The winter sees the wolves in women's clothes

She came to me in middle afternoon  
We held each other close the whole night through  
Love was blind, love was blind  
I never saw her let you in the room

Someone always wins and then they write a book  
I sing my defense, fingering a different crook

A gunshot was the only word you said  
And all of my defenses came out red  
Love is red, love is red  
She left with you, you left me lying dead

But I watched her as you put me in the dirt  
She had my wallet tucked inside her skirt  
And I went numb, I went numb  
So I'm not dead if what you did don't hurt