

Freedy Johnston, The Mortician's Daughter

I used to love the mortician's daughter
We drew our hearts on the dusty coffin lids
I grieve tonight over this letter
My tears dissolve an image from the careful link

Her father stands in the open door, he's waitin' for her
There's a storm blowin' across the lake, it's late summer
On the broken step is a cardboard box full of wilted flowers
She whispers in my burnin' ear, "it doesn't matter"

I used to love the mortician's daughter
We rolled in the warm grass by the backyard fence
Her skin so white the first leaf's fallen
This long forgotten night I am there again

Her father stands in the open door, he's waitin' for her
There's a ribbon printed with last respects flowin' down the gutter
And the rain comes in and she drops my hand she's turnin', laughin'
And I used to love the mortician's daughter

I used to love the mortician's daughter
We drew our hearts on the dusty coffin lids
There's a lonely dove out on the telephone wire
I turn my head and she flies away