James McMurtry, Fireline Road

My name is Alice Walker, they never told me why Im not named for anybody, its a name out of the sky They thought it was pretty I guess, way back when Ill change it some day I like to pretend, Im Just a visitor here Like on one of those shows In a house full of people I dont hardly know But we'll all get to home in a week or so Back to real life

And Im picking up the carpet in the corner where I crash Im too tired to separate the pennies from the trash And I dont guess it matters even why Jesus died I can tell you about sins

They got this duplex up on Fire Line Road Its way out from town, so the rents pretty low, Not much more than a cinder block cell Just like the one next door And the next one as well

And the bus dont run out here but three times a day The 7-11, its a full mile away And theres a car in the yard, mostly rust and dents We moved here in it, but it hasnt run since

Forget my name, can you forget my face Gonna lose myself in some finer place Finer Places, where III go III leave no trace out on Fire Line Road

And theres a pile of daddys quick-picks scattered on the floor Among the half empty bottles, that chair against the door In case he comes home drinkin, with lovin on his mind Id never let it happen, but that dont stop him tryin My sister werent so lucky, he got to her too soon She never saw it coming, he knew just what to do To keep her silent I swear to god III kill him if I can He said she made him do it, after all hes just a man

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Now she snorts that crank, and stares at the phone
She aint big as a minute, just skin on bone
She bites her nails right down to the quick
And theyve taken her babies, and they wont give them back
And I know she loves them and god knows she tries,
But when youre that far down youre just going to get high
Its like eating or breathing to the rest of us
She cant even feel bad without the stuff

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