

# Jim White, That Girl From Brownsville Texas

I say "God, if you ain't smiling on me, then you ain't no friend of mine." It's late at night and I'm drunk, I been listening to the lonesome wind crying. My best friend once said, "Jim, what you need is that you had best forget. For ain't no rose but ever gonna bloom in an untended field of regrets." I been killing time counting bullet holes in state line signs. I led a life of lonely drifting trying to rise above the pain in my mind. You get dizzy chasing 'round the tail of what you need to leave behind. Oh sweet Jesus, 'Cause all I'm trying to do is plant them seeds of love with that girl from Brownsville, Texas. Midnight on a white gospel station kicking out the sounds of some half-assed revival. Me, I never much cared for quoting scriptures from out of the Bible. For as the crow flies I know only one cure for a permanent pain, I gotta crank like hell that rope on old sorrow's well 'til the day that the bucket comes up dry.

[CHORUS]

Now dreams are just  
prayers without the put on airs... and though my history of dreams is a scandal of back-assward sins and disasters where Lord, you dealt me more cards than I could handle. Still from the lips of this half-hearted man I hear the pledge of a half-baked saint. 'Cause Lord I might finally be willing to become the religious fool you want me to be... if in return we could just tell that girl I'm the man you and me both know that I ain't.

[CHORUS]