

# Kelly Joe Phelps, Tight To The Jar

It's a ditch, okay. I have shoes and a blanket  
My head resting light on a stone  
Though it's hard it's still rounded with a pocket for brains  
or what goes for in halls under roof tile  
We'll sing another blistering ballad for grandma  
Melody sweet till it rolls out the ear  
And the beer flows free as advice  
With a tight hand holding the jar  
A tight hand holding the jar

The mud cakes my chin strap, fills up my cuffs  
As I plod, now, from creek edge to street side  
As it dries I can whittle it little by little  
"Hey, look, now I'm light as a bee"  
And those gray clouds mean nothing to one such as I  
Though shadows stand tall as some school master whack  
On the back of a well intentioned quiet kid  
With my arms held around the jar  
My arms held around the jar

And it's slow, so slow the idea  
The coming around of a sensible world  
It hovers and shakes like a hummingbird wing  
At the end of a long hot year  
At the end of a long hot year

So fry up that supper, we're going to kill it for breakfast  
As we turn the table down side and crazy  
With the legs up, the women up, the men up to church  
For the spirit, the hen yard, the bent steel track rap  
It's a ditch, yeah, I know that, and, I do wonder  
How that bright faced, ten year old me of a boy  
Found the road out I never, I never could see  
With my arms held around a jar  
My arms held around a jar

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