

Lucinda Williams, Pineola

When Daddy told me what happened
I couldn't believe what he just said
Sonny shot himself with a 44
And they found him lyin' on his bed

I could not speak a single word
No tears streamed down my face
I just sat there on the living room couch
Starin' off into space

Mama and Daddy went over to the house
To see what had to be done
They took the sheets off of the bed
And they went to call someone

Some of us gathered at a friend's house
To help each other ease the pain
I just sat alone in a corner chair
I couldn't say much of anything

We drove on out to the country
His friends all stood around
Subiaco Cemetery
Is where we lay him down

I saw his mama, she was standin' there
His sister, she was there too
I saw them look at us standin' around the grave
And not a soul they knew

Born and raised in Pineola
His mama believed in the Pentecost
She got the preacher to say some words
So his soul wouldn't be lost

Some of us, we stood in silence
Some bowed their heads and prayed
I think I must've picked up a handful of dust
And let it fall over his grave

I think I must've picked up a handful of dust
And let it fall over his grave