

Pat Green, Ruby's Two Sad Daughters

by Walt Wilkins

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When the sun hits it right on its way down it was the prettiest thing in our little town. Every hour I'd s

In this land that knows no laughter in this land that holds no water, we were all in love with Ruby's t

One went way out west, one went way wrong, one left at seventeen and the other couldn't wait tha

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why so pretty and forlorn why so permanently blue I guess ours wasn't much of a kingdom to rule. I