

# Ryan Adams, Pa

Pa drove to town yesterday to pick up a friend  
He found the locker she lay in  
He drove to old man Ed Somerton's place  
To finally disappear  
He got there round about twelve  
And he stayed 'till three  
And the sun left him down in the valley  
But the moon met him up in the hills by the lake  
Reflecting the (?)  
Suppertime came and . . .

'Sis answered it  
'Sis left his food on his plate  
At the end of the table right next to mom's place  
But nobody'd sit  
Telephone rang about six  
I answered it  
I felt the news through the floorboards  
Like a long Southern bone (?), like a wreck on the  
lake (?)  
Like a joint (?)  
Sh-lalalalalalala  
Sh-lalalalalalala  
So I drove to town yesterday  
To pick up his bed  
I found the locker he lay in  
I drove to old man Ed Somerton's place  
To find me some peace