

Two Gallants, Miss Meri

I went down an empty lane searching for a song
Came back an empty man my whiskers they hung long
Well I guess I am your native son despite my queer disguise
But I keep all I can call my own in the bags beneath my eyes
Oh Miss Meri don't despair we got ways to numb your pain
Same old story: blood sweat glory
I just hope all your trials weren't in vain
To all m so-called countrymen who bless this stolen ground
Is Jesus gonna pickj you up when your hunger weighs you down
Mama come and save me nothing's sacred anymore
What good was living for
I been wondering just who misplaced m soul
There's pockets in my holes
And way out on the open plains men pave beneath the sun
The great suburban dawn if you build it they will come
Oh Miss Meri don't despair we got ways to numb your pain
Same old fable: three legged table
I just hope all your trials weren't in vain