

The Confession of Georgie E

Cowboy Junkies

"The air in here smells like piss and beer
The sweet cycle of life", Georgie E would say.
Thirteen grandchildren gathered around
Looking down into the ground.
"A slow descent into darkness,
I deserve no less",
His last words carried like an offering
Upon his dying breath.
The sweet, sweet cycle of you and I.
The sweet, sweet memories of you and me
And the way we used to be.
I live, like in a dream, among the ruins,
Of what has been.
The slow descent into madness,
The churning swell of love and chaos
What was once at hand was now
Forbade to touch.
The sweet, sweet cycle of you and I.
The sweet, sweet memories of you and me
And the way we used to be.
Annie won't you sit and have another drink with me?
I'll keep them waiting while you sip your tea.
Annie won't you sit and list them one more time,
The reasons why I failed to to keep you mine?
Regret is for your those with choices,
Those will voices,
Those with reasons to stick around.
So cast me deep into those black depths
With the reassurance that Death gets
The sons-of-bitches too.
(and they won't be coming back for you)
The sweet, sweet cycle of you and I.
The sweet, sweet cycle of you and me.
The sweet, sweet cycle of you and I.
The sweet, sweet memories of you and me
And the way we used to be
When we were free,
How I long to be.

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