

Betty Lonely

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Betty lonely, lives in a duplex of stucco
On the north bank of a brackish river
Her ears omit the noise from a nearby airstrip
Her mind floats beyond the snapper boats Betty lonely, her green eyes are roughly staring
At a point through the sliding glass door
Her heart lives over the drawbridge
Her brain is wet like a throw net Betty lonely, she will always think in Spanish
Though I know her Spanish black hair, it will start to fade
She sunk her past out in the surrounding salt flats
Her maidenhood was lost beneath the Spanish moss Betty lonely, just talks to her grand baby
'Cause everybody else she blots them out
But her words stick like a flounder gig
Her dry laugh is like a gaff

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