

WHITE PLAINS

[John Vanderslice](#)

On the Sunday after the mason dance
It's the one day I can remember when
I felt so pure and really at peace with myself
I was in love and the sun sang down victorious But the truth is I have no faith in happiness
It turns to fear, draws the devils near
So I jumped the fence and went out west Abilene, got a sales job as a pharmaceutical rep
Lived out of hotels and rental cars and a stowable bag
I drove all day from hospital pacing and clinic sweats
I drove all night, I, I couldn't ever sleep now anyway I tried, but the old devils, they found me in my room
I hid under the covers and I cried out
As they tore off my sheets, so I went east Vietnam, I'm long gone
I'm up the river way past Mekong But the old devils, they found me in my hut
They poured through the windows, they cornered me
And I cried out to no one, I give up

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