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 victoriousBut 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 westAbilene, 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 anywayI 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 eastVietnam, I'm long gone
I'm up the river way past MekongBut 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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