

The Way the Whole Thing Ends

Gillian Welch

Say you wanna see my garden
And you wanna make it shine
Say you wanna see my blue jeans
Hanging on your old clothesline
Standing in the backdoor crying
Now you wanna be my friend
That's the way the cornbread crumbles
That's the way the whole thing ends
Now what's a little baby doing
Dressing up in banker's clothes?
What's a little sweetheart like you
Doing with a bloody nose?
Standing in the backdoor crying
Now you're gonna need a friend
That's the way the cornbread crumbles
That's the way the whole thing ends
Now once you had a hook and ladder
Up into the headless night
And once you had a motorcycle
But you couldn't ride it right
Standing in the doorway crying
Now you're gonna need a friend
That's the way the cornbread crumbles
That's the way the whole thing ends
Someone said something one time
But Daddy didn't talk too loud
People oughta stick together
That's the way to make a crowd
But here you come alone and crying
Now you wanna be my friend
That's the way the cornbread crumbles
That's the way the whole thing ends
Momma's in the beauty parlor
And Daddy's in the baseball pool
Sister's in the drive-in movie
Brother's in the old high school
Now here you come alone and crying
Once, you know, you were my friend
That's the way the cornbread crumbles
That's the way the whole thing ends
Standing in the backdoor crying
Now you wanna be my friend

That's the way the cornbread crumbles
That's the way the whole things ends
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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