

My Dear Helen

Andy Shauf

my dear Helen it's been a while since we've talked.
Charlie and I haven't been up to a whole lot.
he's slowing down a little and my knee's acting up,
yeah we're quite a pair of geezers moving slower than molasses.
you'd be laughing if you saw us, you always loved to tease. I dug up an old bottle of your raspberry wine,
so I'm slouched out on the porch-swing just taking my time.
my mind keeps turning out these pictures of you,
you were dancing in the kitchen and I was enjoying my view.
oh Charlie was squirming just two steps behind you.
my dear Helen do you remember when you said
that you'd be waiting at the gates so you could sneak me in?
well it sure was funny but it still caught in my throat,
and when I think about it now, it still makes me choke.
and I wonder if those gates would ever open up for me. Helen my dear, I do have something to tell.
I don't know how to start so I guess I just will.
see, these nights have been hot, it's that muggy sort of air.
doesn't let me get to sleep so I usually just lie there
on top of my quilt with Charlie by my feet. last night as I laid there frustrated and tired,
I was sat up in my bed by the hens starting wild.
I thought, 'that fox is back again, he's gonna rob me blind.
I don't know how he gets in but I'd better make him fly'.
so I took my leaning rifle out the door.
I fired off a shot aiming far into the heat.
and as soon as it was flying I felt weak in my knees.
I heard shoes turning gravel and then tires spitting rocks.
I heard a gasp for air and my stomach tied in knots.
Charlie started whining with his tail between his legs.
we wandered out slow but my heart was breakin' ribs.
I couldn't hear nothing and there was a girl lying twisted,
my hands were trembling and I felt that she was limp.
her pulse wasn't tapping so I felt sick to my stomach.
Charlie was frozen, so I went for a shovel
and I buried her body, I didn't know what else to do.
if I'd only aimed a little higher if I'd only thought before I fired.
I hope God can forgive me, I hope you forgive me too,
I'm just a tired old man just waiting to join you.
so here I am slouched on this old porch swing,
thinking about heaven, thinking about everything.
so be waiting by those gates, you might need to sneak me in,

I don't know how they feel about us accidental killers.

I don't know how they feel about us tired old men.

I don't know how they feel about us tired, old, murdering men.

I don't know how they feel about us tired, old, murdering men.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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