

Wendell Walker

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Wendell Walker was a friend of mine.
we'd stain our teeth in the summertime,
and with lips of purple, the winter would roll
past the boarded windows into our souls
and shake our weary bones.now this past winter was the coldest in years.
it's hard to explain if you've never lived here,
but it locks your doors and starts your mind
thinking in circles just to pass the time,
and breaks your weary heart.now Wendell Walker was a man of God,
but he didn't care much for his sober mind,
and when the cold mixed in he was turned around
heard the voice of God and the angels sound
a message just for him:
my son, my son, she is the devil's child
won't you save her while you can
cut down the other man.now Wendell Walker was a friend of mine,
but he married too young in the summertime.
their hearts weren't ripe so they fell apart
and I found myself with a joyful heart
as our secret lives began.we found our moments in between the hours,
when Wendell Walker drove his car to town.
but one day he found a letter that I wrote for her
on the top of her dresser and in his winter mind
he heard the voice of God say:my son, my son, she is the devil's child
won't you save her while you can
cut down the other man.
with the voice of the lord ringing in his ears
and the note to his wife that confirmed his fears,
he sat down on the edge of the bed
read the letter again to see who'd sent it
but it was signed 'forever yours'.he stood up slow like he'd just been hit.
walked into the kitchen where his wife was sitting
he said, "my mother called on the telephone
she says she needs some help so I'll be back in the morning"
and he grabbed his heavy coat.my phone rang while I was watching the news.
she said the house was ours to cure these winter blues.
so I made my way, and we turned the blinds
and Wendell walked in just in time
to see our secret die and say:my son, my son I'm gonna have to cut you down.

he pointed his rifle to my eyes
but his hesitating hands
were shaking from the cold.
so I pushed his gun away,
just as he found his strength.
and the bullet kissed her lips
and I cried:my god, my god what have I done?
and he reloaded his gun,
and he put it in his mouth.
and I stood in the room that I'd created.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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