

# 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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