

# Bible Belt

## Dry the River

Lo and behold your mother is drinking again,  
This might be the coldest winter since records began,  
You were alone, steady with wintry calm,  
Leading the children softly across the farm, Each morning you'd march your sisters like soldiers to school,  
'Cause lo and behold your father had drunk all the fuel,  
You were alone and steady with wintry calm,  
Somewhere inside the fire in your youth went dark. But you swear blind there is no weight in the water pail,  
You say my love, you take the cards that you're dealt,  
'Cause there's no guiding light arcing a line to Bethlehem,  
If it's dark outside you light the fire yourself, And darling when the ice caps melt, when the devil's in the bible  
belt, don't cower in your bed.  
I'll be on the 5-4-5, you can meet me at the railway line, and don't look so scared.  
'Cause we've been through worse than this, before we could talk.

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