

Ruby's Two Sad Daughters

Pat Green

When the sun hits it right on its way down
It was the prettiest thing in our little town
Every hour I'd sneak a glance over at the plastic frame
And cracked glass that holds the picture of Ruby's two sad daughters
Last mill closed when I was nine
And Daddy left and Momma cried again
I spent my nights cleaning Ruby's floors
Just another caf' on a wind swept highway
The farmers bitched, we're no good at football anymore
In this land that knows no laughter
In this land that holds no water
We were all in love with Ruby's two sad daughters
One went way out west, one went way wrong
One left at seventeen and the other couldn't wait that long
Neither went anywhere with me, not to the games or the Dairy Queen
Both split with the first boy who lied sweet and looked vaguely mean
In this land that knows no laughter
In this land that hold no water
We were all in love with Ruby's two sad daughters
Why so pretty and forlorn? Why so permanently blue?
I guess ours wasn't much of a kingdom to rule
Now when the sun hits it right on its way down
It's still the prettiest thing in our little town
Every hour I sneak a glance over at the plastic frame
And I fix the glass that holds the picture of Ruby's two sad daughters
Why did hope leave town with Ruby's two
sad daughters?

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