Betty Lonely

Cowboy Junkies

Betty Lonely lives in a duplex of Stucco
On the north bank of a brackish river
Her ears omit noise from a nearby airstrip
Her mind floats beyond the snapper boatsBetty Lonely, her green eyes are roughly staring
At a point through a sliding glass door
Her heart lives over the drawbridge
Her brain is wet like a throw netBetty Lonely, she will always think in Spanish
Though I know her Spanish black hair, it will start to fade
She sunk her past out in the surrounding salt flats
Her maidenhood was lost beneath the Spanish mossBetty Lonely just talks to her grandbaby
Everybody else, she blots them out
But her words stick like a flounder gig
Her dry laugh is like a gaff

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