

One for the Cutters

The Hold Steady

When there weren't any parties,
She'd park by the quarry,
Walk into the woods until she came to a clearing
Where townies would gather and drink until blackout,
Smoke cigs till they're sick, pack bowls, and then pass out. Windows wide open to let the hard rock in,
theirs was a rage that didn't need much convincing.
The girls gave her glares, but the boys were quite pleasant.
To be totally honest, they didn't seem much different.
When there weren't any parties,
Sometimes she'd party with townies. Out on the parkways, after the parties, it was always arousing,
When they'd rev up their engines.
It's hard to describe, so she kept it a secret.
The girls that she lived with, they knew nothing about it.
The night with the fight and the butterfly knife,
It was the first night she spent with that one guy she liked. She gave him a ride to some kid's house in Cleveland.
He stayed there for two weeks. The cops finally found him.
He didn't seem that different, except for the blood on his jacket.
He didn't seem that different, except for maybe his haircut.
He didn't seem much different.
They didn't seem that different, up until this one little incident.
They didn't seem much different? Now, the cops wanna question everyone present.
They parade every townie in town through the station,
But no one says nothing, and they can't find the weapon.
The girl takes the stand, and she swears she was with him
Her father's lawyers do most of the talking. She's sick of the questions, sick of the concept of justice and
fairness.
Who the hell cares who gets caught in the middle?
She smokes and she ponders this riddle
When one townie falls in the forest, can anyone hear it?
When one townie falls...when one townie falls in the forest, does anyone notice? One drop of blood, an
immaculate kiss?
Mom, do you know where your girl is?
Sophomore accomplice in a turtleneck sweater...
Dad, do you know where your kids are?
Sniffing on crystal in cute little cars,
Getting nailed against dumpsters, behind townie bars. It's a cute little town, boutiques and cafes.
Her friends all seemed nice, she was getting good grades,
But when she came home for Christmas,

She just seemed distant and different.

Songwriters

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