

# Two Dollar Novels

## Darden Smith

Well, I turned right on first, left on white oak  
Back to my old neighborhood  
I saw old Doc Randolph  
He was mowing his yard

He's kept it up the best he couldAnd Evelyn his wife of thirty-two years  
She smiled as I drove by  
And she waved from her front porch screen  
And she went back to reading her two dollar novel

And playing with her wedding ringA few houses needed painting  
A few gates were unhinged  
But generally the place looked the same  
The driveways were full of bikes and Buick sedans

Things any good American would claimAnd all them other lovers  
That married for cover  
They were out for the sacred nightly stroll  
They were wishing they were characters in two dollar novels

Wishing for their weight in goldNow Mary Elizabeth  
She's my high school sweetheart  
She married my best high school friend  
He manages the hardware store  
She became a nurse

And I became a memory to themAnd all my other buddies  
They just got lost in outer space  
And they ran off and served their country well

They're all fighting in a war of two dollar novels

Where only the toughest live to tellSo I turned right on white oak, left on first  
Out of that old neighborhood  
I left Doctor and Mrs. Randolph  
Sipping iced tea on their sun porch

Wondering if I'd ever come to any goodAnd on a thousand shady streets  
And in a thousand other towns  
Now people, Lord, they're doing just the same  
They're all living their lives in two dollar novels

And wondering why the the world is so insaneThey're all living their lives in two dollar novels  
And wondering why there's nothing left to gain