Everything's Turning To White

Kasey Chambers

Laters on a Friday my husband went up to the mountains with three friends
They took provisions and bottles of bourbon to last them all through the weekend
One hundred miles they drove just to fish in a stream
And there's so much water so close to home
When they arrived it was cold and dark; they set up their camp quickly
Warmed up with whisky they walked to the river where the water flowed past darkly
In the moonlight they saw the body of a young girl floating face down
And there's so much water so close to home
When he hold me now I'm pretending
I feel like I'm frozen inside
And behind my eyes, my daily disguise
Everything's turning to white
It was too hard to tell how long she'd been dead, the river was that close to freezing
But one thing for sure, the girl hadn't died very well to judge from the bruising
They stood there above her all thinking the same thoughts at the same time
There's so much water so close to homeThey carried her downstream from their fishing; between two rocks they gently wedged her
After all they'd come so far, it was late
And the girl would keep; she was going nowhere
They stayed up there fishing for two days
They reported it on Sunday when they came back down
There's so much water so close to home
When he holds me now I'm pretending
I feel like I'm frozen inside
And behind my eyes, my daily disguise
Everything's turning to white
The newspapers said that the girl had been strangled to death and also molested
On the day of the funeral the radio reported that a young man had been arrested
I went to the service a stranger; I drove past the lake out of town
There's so much water so close to home
When he holds me now I'm pretending
I feel like I'm frozen inside
And behind my eyes, my daily disguise
Everything as changes us even well
Everything as changes us even well

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