

Richard Buckner

The kitchen drawers were open
 Hot water in the bath
 And the phone call that you promised me
 I'd given up on last I was only 22
 All undone and overdue
 My friends burned all around me
 And the smoke was full of you
 But let's stop here for a prayer
 For what happened there
 And let us have a beer
 For anyone who's still here I didn't leave a letter
 I just wrote my baby's name
 On the mirror all steamed over
 With water, heat and shame All hopes were long-time missing
 They'd had enough of me
 I found them hanging through the moon
 From the Hooker oak tree The knife was on the basin
 Wrapped in my baby's towel
 My friend the water let me in
 And I lowered myself down 'Cause you can drink and you can shake
 And you can dry up bitter tears
 But the first to pass right through you
 Will age you fifty years
 And you could say, 'well I don't know
 You got to love just the same'
 But I say all I got
 Was a phone call that never came The towel was lying open
 And it hurt so bad
 There was red smoke in the water
 And all the things we'd had Now honey you don't need this heart
 Now that I'm dead and gone
 So dig me up and give me back
 What I never should've lost I was falling asleep
 You see I felt a little weak
 I closed my eyes and thought of you
 As the phone let out a ring