Making Pies

Patty Griffin

It's not far I can walk down the block to table talk
Close my eyes make the pies all day
Plastic cap on my hair I used to mind now I don't care
I used to mind now I don't care 'cause I'm greatDid I show you this picture of my nephew?
Taken at his big birthday surprise
At my sister's house last Sunday
This is Monday and we're making pies
I'm making pies, making piesThursday nights I go and type down at the church with father Mike
It gets me out and he ain't hard to like t all
Jesus stares at me in my chair with his big blue eyes
And his honey brown hair and he's looking at me way up there on the wallDid I show you this picture of my sweetheart?
Taken of us before the war
Of the Greek and his Italian girl
One Sunday at the shoreWe tied our ribbons to the fire escape
They were taken by the birds
Who flew home to the country
As the bombs rained on the world5 a.m. here I am walking the block to table talk
You could cry or die or just make pies all day
I'm making pies, making pies
I'm making pies, making pies

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