

Henrietta, Indiana

Josh Ritter

Henrietta, Indiana mill town
Locked the factory down and shut it up tight
My daddy and my brother and sixteen-hundred others
Lost everything they had in the night
Daddy got a taste for the hard stuff
Henrietta, Indiana was dry
We'd ride out to Putney, he'd tell me he loved me
The drive home was always so quiet
He had a devil in his eye, eye
Like a thorn in the paw
Disregard for the law
Disappointment to the Lord on high
My brother practiced preaching in the basement
Perspiration on his face 'til I knew
That something was missing, his spirit was willing
He could not believe it was true
Blessed be the poor, he said
Your treasure is on high
All of Henrietta, Indiana heard me Hallelujah
When I finally saw the devil in his eyes
Oh, the devil in his eye, eye
Like a thorn in the paw
Disregard for the law
Disappointment to the Lord on high
I was coming home late
From a midnight to eight
The radio said they'd ID'd the plates
Left three men dead
Made their escape
By now, said the sheriff
They'll be in the next state
Will we be able to catch them
Can they bring the dogs in
Can they call up the Bureau
Do they have next of kin
Cameras came to my door
I opened it wide
They thought I was crying
It was something in my eye, eye, eye
Eye, eye, eye, oh
At night I leave a bottle on the table
The Bible open to the Sermon on the Mount
Blessed be the poor of Henrietta, Indiana
But happy are the ones that get out

I think I'll drive over to Putney
The store'll be open 'til twelve
The empty parking lot, the lights
The lonely kid, the register
I see it all clear as a bell
I got a devil in my eye, eye
Like a thorn in the paw
Disregard for the law
Disappointment to the Lord on high
Eye, eye
Like a thorn in the paw
Disregard for the law
Disappointment to the Lord on high

Songwriters

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