Alabama Acres

Kevin Devine

So there's hundreds of auburn Alabama acres,
With rows of red roofs over warm farmer's daughters
Who've got no intention of inviting me in.
Space shines all above me so I settle myself under it.

When I wake up, I'm back in my crowed city apartment,
With some random men doing work off in the kitchen.
They're stacking mattresses up now from the ceiling down to the floor.
My father's sick in the hallway.

I hear him whistling under door.
I rush to lift him, but you all know I'm weak,
And you know that he's heavy.
There's no blood in his cheeks,

But he's smiling straight at me.
I ask the thickest of the workers,
"Would you please come and help me out?"
He comes ambling over and says,

"Sir, I love how your whistling sounds."
So now we drag him through the kitchen to the living room
And down on the carpet.
He says, "Son, I'm embarrassed,

But the sides of my head hurt.
I just know that I'm tired and I could surely use some rest."
I tear a mattress down for him and I say,
"Here Dad. Sleep some on this."

I wake for real, and it's over.
I'm alone in the acres,
And my dad is still dead.
So if you're underneath one of those rooftops,

Look out your window and invite me on in,
Cause it's cold and I'm lonely,
And I could sure use a friend.

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