

# Off-The-Grid Girl

Lorraine Feather

## OFF-THE-GRID GIRL

Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather  
He packed his bags in Bellingham,

Took the water taxi to where I am.

Wed lie by the brook; his yellow dog,

Chasing butterflies while I wrote my blog.

It warned the outside world to stay away,

To stay away.

He would never pass the deep, dark winter here.

He made that clear. We've got these rats as big as cats,

Slugs as long as your arm,

A nasty nest of rattlesnakes

Down by the onion farm.

We brought them in to eat the rats,

Which, as I stated, are big as cats.

All they did was multiply and grow.

Its a very scary place to be,

Unless youre an off-the-grid girl

Like me. Forget about the ferry route;

It wont be dropping you here.

Forget those touched-up listings

On the walls of Windermere,

Or Coldwell Banker, or John L. Scott.

One barren plot is all we've got.

Extended stays are scarcely apropos,

Though theres a cabin in the shadow of the penitentiary,

Just right for an off-the-grid girl

Like me. Its curtains for our aquifer.

Salt pours from every tap.

Not much can grow but nettles,

And theyll sting you in a snap,

But if youre coming anyhow,

Get all your vaccinations now.

Ill tell you something

(Keep it on the down-low.):

Theres a nasty pox for which theres no immunity,

Unless youre an off-the-grid girl

Like me. Ive kept his books beside the bed.

Ive let him stay inside my head.

Hed walk by the table where I sold

The beets of purple, the plums of gold.  
I guessed a Harvard cap and gown.  
I knew he played his money down.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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