

Dirt And Dead Ends

Indigo Girls

You're looking at foreclosure
And doing time,
And it don't sound good this time.
They found the meth and the scales,
And the wife that made your life Hell. All that time you were telling me
You were fine.
Silly man. So I got your dog.
How is that?
I made it nice, I wrote a check.
You cut the weeds back on my drive,
'cause you're a good guy,
Deep down inside. What makes a boy like you go bad?
What makes a man so lonely and sad,
That he's poison all he knows
And in one year, just let it go? And all that time you were telling me
You were fine,
Silly man, you're a silly boy. It's been you and me on this frontier
Trying not to be suburban pioneers.
Fightin' off the pavers
And the associations,
And the covenants against the trailers. I remember how we use to laugh
At all those rotten men in camo' drag-
With their advantage and their guns,
Up in the deer stand, shooting up a storm. And all that time
You were telling me all those lies.
Silly man, I'm a silly girl. You and me-
We used to hibernate like bears
And when we finally came up for air,
Everything's all marked and cleared,
Survey flags flying everywhere. Once you told me what,
What I'll miss the most
Is just being the only ones-
With our dirt and our dead ends
And no one to turn us in. Once you told me what,
What I'll miss the most
Is just being the only ones-
With our dirt and our dead ends
And no one to turn us in.

Songwriters

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