

Dear Abby

Bakelite 78

I wish, I hope, I wonder where you're at sometimes
Is your back against the wall? Or just across the line
Have you been standing in the rain reciting nursery rhymes?
Trying to recall some long lost kind of peace of mind

Peace of mind

Try spending the night sometime

All alone in a frozen room

Afterneath you've lain, your Saddle in the rain

I dreamed they locked God up down in my basement

And He waited there for me to have this accident

So He could drink my wine and eat me like a sacrament

I just stood there like I do then I came and went

I came and went

Like a bird in a foreign sky

I couldn't even say good bye

Or come and share the pain

My Saddle's in the rain

I saw a friend who doesn't know if I'm his friend just yet
His eyes and the mouth were widely open and his jaw was set

Like he'd fell off a cliff and hadn't hit the bottom yet

I wish he wouldn't pull those things on me without a net

Without a net

I had him up to the house one time

And we was having a real good time

But then he went and lain, his Saddle in the rain

In a laundromat not too far from the Alamo

Sits a girl who stole my records very long ago

And she wishes, wants and washes out those dirty clothes

As she shuts her eyes and dreams about her one eyed Joe

One eyed Joe

A car parked on a dirty road

Heaven knows the load she pulled

Couldn't take the strain, a Saddle in the rain

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