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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