Between the Cracks

Dave Alvin

Sundown on the San Joaquim
An old woman walks home from work
Another day in the fields another day in the dirt
She lights a sacred candle
Next to a faded photograph
And she says a prayer for a man
Who fell between the cracksShe stares at the photo of a young man
Who caused so much pain
In countless twelve round blood baths
Kid Hey Zeus was his name
He was the pride of the valley
Until the night he stayed down on his back
When he took the dive he disappeared
Down between the cracks
She said Jesus born a poor boy
On the wrong side of the tracks
He rose again but not before
He fell between the tracks
She re-reads all the letters
That he wrote her from L.A
He said please don't worry about me
I'll come back again someday
But she hears the other stories
Whispered behind her back
About a shooting in a grocery store
Somewhere between the cracks
She said Jesus born a poor boy
On the wrong side of the tracks
He rose again but not before
He fell between the tracks
Sunrise on the San Joaquim
An old woman walks off to work
Another day in the fields another day in the dirt
She looks around at all the children
Dropping rich mens fruit in the sacks
And she says a prayer for everyone
Trapped between the cracks
She said Jesus born a poor boy
On the wrong side of the tracks

He rose again but not before
He fell between the tracks
He rose again but not before
He fell between the tracks
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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