

# Between the Cracks

Dave Alvin

Sundown on the San Joaquin  
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 cracks She 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 Joaquin  
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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