

# Jenny

## Steve Taylor

On a Saturday night, all the girls run free  
Singing, "Bury me not on the lone Prairie"  
But where do you go when you finish broken-hearted?  
Back to the dust, where you startedJenny cut her teeth in a midwest shack  
As a shantytown girl, on the wrong end of the tracks  
Her mama taught her everything she'd need to get along  
And her Sunday School teacher taught her right and wrongRaised to be respectable but born to be poor  
It was all she'd ever known but she figured there was more  
When she came of age, Jenny made herself a vow  
"I'm gonna get out and I don't care how" It appeared every Autumn on the courthouse lawn  
And the leaves never fell 'til the carnival was gone  
Michael was a barker for an arcade ride  
With a smooth-talk tongue and a wandering eye"Get your tickets here for the Halls O'Mirrors maze  
If you can't get out, I know a couple ways"  
He caught Jenny's eye but her thoughts looked down  
All she wanted was a ticket going out of that townHow, how I wanna bury you  
How, bury you and run away, done away  
How, how I wanna bury your memory  
Why don't you let me be?Michael stole a kiss, then he whispered at last  
"You're a little old-fashioned, so forget about your past  
These Bible belt folks think living is a sin  
So they all start dying from the day they're born again" And there atop the Ferris wheel, the colors were a blur  
The morning, said he loved her but she wasn't really sure  
He made her promise not to leave until he came to get her  
She promised him but she should have known better  
She cried, she criedHow, how I wanna bury you  
How, bury you and run away, done away  
How, how I wanna bury your memory  
Why don't you let me be?On a train, stowaway  
Jesus loves you still and your mama wants you home  
But oh, bridges burn  
When you carry your shame and you think you can't returnHow, how I wanna bury you  
How, bury you and run away, done away  
How, how I wanna bury your memoryWhen they finally found her body on a cold dog day  
It was in a cattle car, buried in the hay  
A note in the pocket of her calico dress  
Said, "I'm guilty as sin but I can't confessOnce you know the truth, you can hide it on a shelf  
But unless you bring it down, you can't live with yourself  
In her right hand, Jenny held the Bible of her mother

Jenny had a pistol in the other  
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Back to the dust where you started

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