Snakebit

Mary Gauthier

The children are crying, they never got their supper
Where would you run to in the darkness of the night?
Even shadows fear to wander
They gather 'round me in the candlelightYour crucifix is broken, bloody, sharp and shattered
I smashed it to pieces on the bedroom floor
Pain and prayers and promises scattered
Then I pulled the pistol from the dresser drawerOh Lord, oh Lord
Oh Lord, what have I done?
Everything worth holding slips through my fingers
Now my hands wrapped around the handle of a gunThe further I fall, the less I falter
Forsaken, forgotten without love
The slow motion whisper turns into a holler
Forty years of push turns into a shoveOh Lord, oh Lord
Oh Lord, what have I done?
Everything worth holding just slips through my fingers
Now my hands wrapped around the handle of a gunThe chair that I sit in belonged to my daddy
Carved from the hard wood of a bitter tree
When he was alive he used tell me
Kid I knew when you was born
Youd end up snake bit like meOh Lord, oh Lord
Oh Lord, what have I done?
Everything worth holding slips through my fingers
Now my hands wrapped around the handle of a gun
Im holding on to the handle of a gun

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