

# Making Pies

Patty Griffin

It's not far I can walk down the block to table talk  
Close my eyes make the pies all day  
Plastic cap on my hair I used to mind now I don't care  
I used to mind now I don't care 'cause I'm great  
Did I show you this picture of my nephew?  
Taken at his big birthday surprise  
At my sister's house last Sunday  
This is Monday and we're making pies  
I'm making pies, making pies  
Thursday nights I go and type down at the church with father Mike  
It gets me out and he ain't hard to like t all  
Jesus stares at me in my chair with his big blue eyes  
And his honey brown hair and he's looking at me way up there on the wall

Did I show you this picture of my sweetheart?  
Taken of us before the war  
Of the Greek and his Italian girl  
One Sunday at the shore  
We tied our ribbons to the fire escape  
They were taken by the birds  
Who flew home to the country  
As the bombs rained on the world  
5 a.m. here I am walking the block to table talk  
You could cry or die or just make pies all day  
I'm making pies, making pies  
I'm making pies, making pies

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