Home In the Valley

Chloe Day

By the window of a bedroom in a trailer near the turnpike
stood a broker at the bottle 48 hours out to lunch
and he wept there
can't somebody anybody try to
help me to find my place downtown
said the broker to the bottle
Think it's time you and I switch sides

Then from the depths of that brown paper bag
came a voice he had heeded
all too long
Do you really think
you can get on here without me

Just go back to the shade of your home in the valley
drink from the lies of the mudflats below
does the creek still run backwards
pull you beneath it
Get yourself lost in the flow
It will take you
swallow you whole

From the window of the trailer came a sound we all remember
cried the broker to the bottle
You don't understand my pain
I got lost here
can't somebody anybody try to
see through my red-eyed debauching
from the valley to the jungle
there's been no light for me

Then from the depths of that black labeled jug
he had come to rely on
all too long
Do you really think
you can get on here without me

Just go back to the shade of your home in the valley
drink from the lies of the mudflats below
does the creek still run backwards

pull you beneath it
get yourself lost in the flow
it will take you
swallow you whole

Lyrics submitted by Chloe Day.

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