

Seven Mile Bridge

David Allan Coe

You know as a child, he heard tell of the seven mile bridge
That connected on marathon shore
Yes and it was the gateway key west his grandpa
Had told him ten times or moreThe stories of some sailors curse on the bridge
Where it opens to let the boats through
But the natives all laugh at grandpas old stories
And swear that it just isn't trueNow most of them sail across to Miami
From the edge of the blue water line
With craw fish and snappers to sell at the market
For money to spend on some wineThey always cross through at the seven mile bridge
Except when the moon comes out full
They're not superstitious they tell you as they are
Repeating that old seaman's ruleWatch out for those outlaws and pirates
Lord knows that they'll steal you blind
Don't mess around with those cutthroats and thieves
They're robbers and killers of timeAnd there's nothing worse than an old sailors curse
On the seven mile bridge where you find
They're stealing the future and making believe
The past is still somewhere behindThe seven mile bridge, the seven mile bridge
And he found a woman who'd come here from Cuba
She gave him a son and a dream
They lived in a conch house somewhere on stock islandWith the seven mile bridge in between
She'd spent her nights on the window walk wondering
If he'd safely pull through the storm
While he spent his money on painted up womenAnd whiskey to keep his blood warm
Then he'd gamble on crab races till he was broke
While she sat up waiting all night
Then felling too guilty to face her and tell herHe'd look for some bully to fight
At the end of the rainbow where the sun always shines
Just south of the seven mile bridge
She waits at the window for signs of his sailboatAnd tries not to worried the kids
She sneaks a few drinks from the bottle she hides
From a husband that's to tired to think
With feelings of guilt she picks up the bottleAnd pours the remains in the sink
Now she thinks of the men that stare at her boldly
They know she's a woman aloneWith fingers that tremble she touches her body
And wishes her man would come home
Now the years pass so quickly for time is a thief
His skin looks like leather by nowHis woman's got fat and lost all he

But, Lord, she's lived up to her vow
She looks at her son that's going on twenty
He's ready to live his own lifeShe hopes he can find a sea worthy woman
A sailor sure needs a good wife
Why he's just like his daddy
She thinks as she watches
Him weaving those fish nets all dayKnowing that some time the seven mile bridge
Will take him and lead him astray
He might return his woman would learn
Broke like his daddy and drunkShe wrote down some words on an old piece of sail cloth
Nailed it over his bunk
Why then, she packed his sea bag and filled up his trunk
His new wife would want it that wayJust before the old man shook the younger lads hand
These are the words he did say

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