

## Caroline Herring "Paper Gown"

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Small town stars shine bright for a day  
The moon lights up a watery grave  
Woods move in the nighttime breeze  
That lifts from the lake through the trees  
On the night that defined my name  
Fantasy or monster, you say  
Watched my boys ride the incline down  
All for a paper gown

Long ago I used to be  
A little girl on my daddy's knee  
Dreams lie like diamond rings  
Babies and pretty things

I watched my car sink silently  
My lover's sweatshirt wrapped around me  
On a black man I blamed the crime  
With moans and screams and cries  
Then I waited for him to call  
My ready-made family gone after all  
While the world mourned an alibi  
My hopes began to die  
Long ago I used to be  
A little girl on my daddy's knee  
Dreams lie like diamond rings  
Babies and pretty things  
Day by day  
All the promises faded away  
No one but me  
Controls my destiny

The sheriff sat me down to pray  
At the First Baptist Church on the ninth day  
"Susan, make your conscience clean"  
"Sheriff, I've done a terrible thing"  
I confessed that, for love's sake,  
I drowned my children in John D. Long Lake  
They're with Jesus, looking down  
At me in this paper gown

Long ago I used to be  
A little girl on my daddy's knee

Dreams lie like diamond rings  
Babies and pretty things  
Long ago I used to be  
A little girl with dreams I believed  
Dreams lie like diamond rings  
Babies and pretty things

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