

Caroline Herring "The Dozens"

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I had a few more questions
I never knew to ask
You were feeling downhearted
The last time we parted
With a shock of white hair
Life has changed a lot you know
And I'm kind of scared of that
It bottoms out in seconds flat

You said you had a good friend
He died so needlessly
Knocked over by a garbage truck
They threw him down
Then they picked him up
And your son was back home again
Your little boy and his children
He's fighting off a mean disease
That's killing off his faculties

Tell me a little joke
Let's play the dozens
Say something about my mama
In a veiled quadrille round
I'm just a white girl from a segregated town
And I'm looking for some answers
That I haven't found

I remember Memphis
Like it was yesterday
And a Ford station wagon
So full of us it was dragging
With your books in our grasping hands
We heard you speak
We made our plans
To hoist the flag and rule the world
All the hopes we had unfurled

Tell me a little joke
Let's play the dozens
Say something about my mama
In a veiled quadrille round
I'm just a white girl from a segregated town

And I'm looking for some answers
That I haven't found

I want to be just like you
I want to love first, I do
Look people in the eye
Make them feel good
Then I'll make them think
Just like you would

Y'all were off on a night stroll
Down the capitol boulevards
You were emboldening another son
Of this grand nation
I would vote for you for president
But you're floating with the butterflies
Soaring with the seagulls
Or the eagle as he takes the skies

Let's eat some democratic soup
And Eastern Market cheese
Meals with you and Cornelia
Were my most precious memories
I don't know what the hell to do
Please give me a little tap
Tell me I can take it
That I won't bottom out in seconds flat

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