

## **Ben Lee** **"Ketchum"**

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R.J. Johnson/B. Lee

Today I got my call from Ketchum Idaho  
From Hemingway and railways and whiskey wine and  
snow  
But if you've never been in pain before then I guess you  
wouldn't know  
I'm leaving in a while now for Ketchum's icy sting  
To walk and fish and write some songs, to stay up late  
and drink  
And if I stay there long enough then I'll never feel a  
thing  
And Ketchum will be good to you if are strong and  
brave  
She caters to the melancholy every single day  
And babbles like a drunk old man unloading all his pain  
I'll lock myself in Ketchum's stare I'll make her my  
whole world  
I'm gonna roam the Ketchum streets to find a Ketchum  
girl

And then I'll let her break my heart 'cos that's all that I  
do well  
The valley will become my home her hills will keep me  
safe  
I'll give her songs about my soul when there's no soul  
left to take  
And I'll forget I ever lived in any other place  
And it may seem inevitable I would love this fate  
So beautiful and tragic and her heroes can't escape  
And Hemingway he shot himself one July evening late  
But me I couldn't bring myself to bloody Ketchum's  
name  
Underneath her passion boils, never spoils surface  
tame  
I'll slowly let her kill me with her lonely wind and rain  
Her lonely tears and pain

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