Fatima Mansions "Valley Of The Dead Cars"

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A box full of groceries
Rotten clothes, she's torn her knees
In the main street chill
She sleeps at night in broke-down cars
Squirts the dreams into her arms
She says, "Junkie-man, have your fill."

Well, she had friends that went abroad and do not write She says the hardest ones are those who stay behind

CHORUS:

In the valley of the dead cars they would end it all if they could start They sent out their kids to wander the world Now they can rest at last

You're out scootin' by the graveyard and you're looking for a brave heart Could've been your lover but you said you never gave You have to be home early or you'll get smacked 'round the head till bedtime Now you hike the roads on your half-shod feet You hump the devil, you hump the police Criss-cross Harlem playing hide-and-seek with death

And now she lurches off as haughty as a queen to take the waters in old Skibbereen--CHORUS

So I took her back with me to my own true place

which was a mildewed and disintegrating cottage overlooking a disused waterfall and we lay there in silence, fruitless silence until just before dawn when she rolled over onto me

They come withal in their Japanese cars
They know where the good meal bargains are
and they spy by the side of the road
in the twilight, rain and storm
She juts her thumb in futile haste
Contempt to her is sweet to taste

The nuns told her, "Do not waste sensation."

When the towns are all just smoking empty shells she will still be here doing what she does well

In the valley of the dead cars at the mouth of a flooded mine I will embrace you hard and we'll wait for the sun to shine in the valley of the dead cars The valley of the dead cars

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