

## **Buck 65**

### **"Cries a Girl"**

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I was raised on a dirt road ghost town.  
Stray dogs, whole nine the gold mine closed down.  
I knew the woods like the back of my hand,  
and I would shoot the breeze with the roots of trees.

Or go down by the river, watch the way the devil  
danced,  
but never took his hand even though I did have several  
chances.  
Everybody slept when the morning dew turned to frost.  
Darkness moved in and somebody burned a cross.

Girl named Stella Kewen was prettier than you'd  
imagine.  
The town should've gave her the crown for the beauty  
pageant.  
But instead, some local pinhead started spreading  
rumors  
about the Kewen's being inbred, and what's worse:

People believed it. The family was dirt poor,  
down on their luck, so that made it hurt more.  
Picking up garbage or mowing the grass,  
at this point, Stella stopped going to class.

You know how they ridicule a kid in school  
and this shit's enough to make anybody feel like a  
misfit.  
She made herself invisible and hid in a house of  
mirrors.  
Whenever the fear stops, so do the teardrops.

Fear is forever, and lies become legend  
growing slowly exponentially.  
She should've been a cover girl treated like a princess,  
but she's an enigma haunted by the stigma of incest.

Chorus (x2):  
She tried to hide the scars;  
Her name reminds me of the stars  
I saw diamonds dividing  
the corners of her eyes

.....Stella  
.....Stella

One horse town known for the most softness.  
Little old school house, burned down post office.  
Blueberries and bull rushes a tree with a tire(d) swing  
Volunteer fireman's affair, the whole entire thing.

Stella was heartbroken, decided to start smoking.  
Bad taste in her mouth, she grew into her sad face.  
Her few friends were worried, her parents were proud  
of her.  
But she never escaped from under the cloud cover.

A woman reduced, she was eaten by a monster.  
And after all these years, a past that still haunts her,  
that whispers her name when she's trying instead  
to listen to music in her bed.

Now, the story of Stella is one that every child knows,  
but the witch in the woods is more like a wild rose.  
.....Stella  
.....Stella

(Chorus x2)

.....Stella  
.....Stella

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