

Irma Thomas**"Friends They Are Jewels"**

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Dreamless sleep will fall like a deep, poisoned well
On the steeple birds and this red-light hotel

So lay your pistol down, Granny
The company men never came to you
But don't unknit your brow, Granny
The mice in the yard ate the potted plants you grew

Pour your bitter tea for our sweet, liquored host
Perfect polished stones but this breeze beats you both

So lay your pistol down, Granny
The duty of men never fell to you
When you unknit your brow, Granny
Your friends, they are jewels, twice as beautiful and
few

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