

## Irma Thomas

### "Hickory"

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He kissed her once as she leaned on the windowsill  
She'll never love him but knows that her father will  
Her fallen fruit is all rotten in the middle but her  
Breast never dries when he's hungry

The money came and she died in her rocking chair  
The window wide and the rain in her braided hair  
A letter locked in the pattern of her knuckle  
Like a hymn to the house she was making

Blind and whistling just around the corner and there's a  
Wind that is whispering something  
Strong as hell but not hickory rooted

She kissed him once cause he gave her a cigarette  
And turned around but he waits like a turned down bed  
And summer left like her walking with another and a  
Sound of a church bell ringing

The money came and he died like a butterfly  
A buried star and the haze of the city lights  
A gun went off and her mother dropped her baby on  
the  
Blue feathered wing - we were lucky

Blind and whistling just around the corner and there's a  
Wind that is whispering something  
Strong as hell but not hickory rooted

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