

Jesse Powell

"Doralee"

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Doralee, there's water in the basement.
Saturday, you'll be sleepin' in the tree.
Gone are the weeds that you tended to like children.
Gone are the days, the distance between.

Doralee, there's gravel in your bath tub.
Fish swam free before their ocean went.
Once loved a man whose heart was big and open.
He said he could see the beauty in a song.

Doralee, there are flies among the dead now.
Fish swam free, looking for their ocean moon.
Once loved a man whose heart was big and open.
He said he could see the beauty in a song.

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