

Jim White

"That Girl From Brownsville Texas"

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I say, "God, if You ain't smiling on me, then You ain't no friend of mine"

It's late at night and this motel room's drunk

I been listening to the lonesome wind crying

My best friend once said, "Jim, what you cling to

That's the thing that you had best forget

For ain't no rose bed ever gonna bloom in an untended field of regrets"

Guess, I been busy killing time, counting bullet holes in state line signs

I led a life of lonely drifting, trying to rise above the buzzards in my mind

You get dizzy chasing 'round the tail of what you need to leave behind

Oh, sweet Jesus, won't You help me?

'Cause all I'm trying to do is plant them seeds of love With that girl from Brownsville, Texas

Midnight radio, a crackly, white gospel station kicking out the sounds

Of some half assed revival, me, I never much cared for the feelings

You get quoting scriptures from out of the Bible

For as the crow flies, I know only one cure for a permanent tear in your eye

You gotta crank like hell, that rope on old sorrow's well

'Til the day that the bucket comes up dry

Now, dreams are just prayers, without the put on airs

And though my history of dreams is a scandal of back assward schemes

And romantic disasters, where Lord, You dealt me more cards

Than I could handle

Still from the lips of this half hearted sinner

Comes the pledge of a half baked saint

'Cause Lord, I might finally be willing to become the religious fool

You always wanted me to be, if in return, we could just

tell that girl
I'm the man, You and me both know that I ain't

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