

## **Carole King**

# **"A Night This Side Of Dying"**

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I remember one young sister with rainbows in her eyes  
Standing on the corner with the afternoon's supply  
She spoke of other places, perhaps a better road  
Then she asked if I could tell her where they kept the  
mother lode

Like a night this side of dying  
Her days inside the dropper on the shelf  
When she hears her lifeline crying  
Not a thing you say can stop her  
When she just can't stop herself

I remember that July, the panic and the heat  
The savage shine of summer, the strychnine in the  
street  
The way they sold each other for a favor in glassine  
The best of friends sold brothers for a dime of quinine  
dreams

Like a night this side of dying  
Her day's inside the dropper on the shelf  
Like the shelter she's been buying  
Not a thing I've got can save her  
When she just can't save herself  
She just can't save herself

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