

Kami Lyle "Grocery Song"

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My paper cuts have turned maroon
The color of my bow
I tied it like a noose today
And I almost got sent home
'Cause I just sack the groceries here
And I watch your world go by
The big black belt keeps turning 'round
And that Southern sun is in my eyes
And chickens keep on drifting down
In plastic bags of red
With turkey necks and smoked hog jowl
And none of it looks very dead
And I'm a vegetarian
And I'm not from the South
But if I were you I'd bury them
Not put them in my mouth
But I just sack the groceries here
And I watch your world go by
The big black belt keeps turning 'round
And there's something
Something in my eye
And Mister is a blind man

With a smile pure as the Pope
And as I help him find his way
He whispers me all his dirty jokes
He offered me a ruby locket
One day behind the store
But he couldn't make me want it
'Cause I've heard that on before
And did I come here to chase the truth
Or to run away from lies
The big black belt keeps turning 'round
And I'm so tired I want to cry
But I met Harlan Howard here
And I smiled at Lee Sklar
And now I'll sit and sneak a beer
While I sing my songs for these dusty cars
'Cause I just sack the groceries here
And I watch your world go by
The big black belt keeps turning 'round
And maybe so should I

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