

## Kami Lyle

# "The 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 one 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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