

## Kevin Devine

### "Alabama Acres"

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So there's hundreds of auburn alabama acres  
with rows of red roofs over warm farmers daughters  
who've got no intention of inviting me in  
space shines all above me so i settle myself under it.

when i wake up i'm back in my crowded city apartment  
some random men doing work off in the kitchen  
stacking mattresses up now to the ceiling and down to  
the floor.

my fathers sick in the hallway i hear him whistlin under  
the door.

i rush to lift him but you all know i am weak and you  
know that he is heavy.  
there's no blood in his cheeks but he's smiling straight  
at me.

i ask the thickest of the workers 'would you please  
come and help me out?'  
he comes ambling over and says 'sir, i love how your  
whistling sounds'

so now i drag him through the kitchen to the living  
room and down on the carpet  
he says, 'son i'm embarassed, but the sides of my  
head hurt.  
i just know that i'm tired and i could surely use some  
rest.'  
i tear a mattress down for him and i say, 'here dad  
sleep some on this.'  
i wake for real and it's over.  
i'm alone in acres and my dad is still dead.

but if you underneath one of those rooftops, look out  
your window and invite me on in.  
'cause it's cold and i'm lonely and i could sure use a  
friend  
yeah it's cold and i'm lonely and i could sure use a  
friend.  
it's cold and i'm lonely and i could sure use a friend  
yeah

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