

Lucinda Williams "Pineola"

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When Daddy told me what happened, I couldn't believe
what he just said
Sonny shot himself with a 44 and they found him lyin'
on his bed
I could not speak a single word, no tears streamed
down my face
I just sat there on the living room couch, staring off into
space

Mama and Daddy went over to the house to see what
had to be done
they took the sheets off of the bed and they went to call
someone

some of us gathered at a friend's house to help each
other ease the pain
I just sat alone in a corner chair, I couldn't say much of
anything
we drove on out to the country, his friends all stood
around
Subiaco Cemetery is where we lay him down
I saw his mama, she was standing there and his sister
she was there too
I saw them look at us standing around the grave and
not a soul they knew
born and raised in Pineola, his mama believed in the
Pentecost
she got the preacher to say some words so his soul
wouldn't get lost

some of us, we stood in silence, some bowed our
heads and prayed
I think I must've picked up a handful of dust and let it
fall over his grave
I think I must've picked up a handful of dust and let it
fall over his grave

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