

Mark King

"Donkey Town"

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I've been around in Donkeytown
Too long baby too long
Checking out of Donkeytown
So long, so long, so long

Her pretty eyes are pretty still
But Jim's got a kind of a squint Yeah
I dug up my last check from out of the mine
Now I feel like I've done my stint
Jim got an army pension
When he walked from the military corps
No body ever mentioned
The medical report

She does little things for me
She likes to get the both of us high. Yeah
She says I'm a tender-hearted man
Prince charming, yeah, sure, I'm the guy
He likes the wrecker's dogs on chains
And the smoke from the company fires
Diesel oil in the trucks and cranes
And the smell of burning tires

But I've been around in Donkeytown
Too long, baby, too long
Checking out of Donkeytown
So long, so long, so long

There's a purple heart in a silver tin
And a grey .45 in a drawer. Yeah
Most of the time you can drink with him
But some other time he's just sore
On days when she says she can't think straight
Or she feels like she's getting the jumps
She'll go shoot off her .38
At cans on a Donkeytown dump

It was Friday late and she crossed those legs
She told me flat out she would. Yeah
If I could pull up my trailer pegs
We could get away together for good

I sure wish her the best of luck
She's going to need it thinking of Jim
I don't like to leave her stuck
But she's near as bad as him

But I've been around in Donkeytown
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