

## Sorrowstorm

### "Faulty Math, Tired Horses"

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After the horses had been put to sleep  
Did you lie in bed  
Try not to weep,  
After the cancer came  
And left you with no more teeth to chew and too much  
debt?

After your rosary was worn to dust  
From unanswered prayers and broken trust  
After the storm had draped the street  
In snow confined to bed  
Did you just let go of her?

To hear a joke  
Maybe on last time  
A simple card trick  
We could bet a dime

After the funeral she drank  
Alone hoping that your ghost would leave her alone.

To hear a joke  
Maybe one last time  
A simple card trick  
We could bet a dime.

You can't drink away a memory  
Still I know your blood's too thick in me.

To hear a joke  
Maybe on last time  
A simple card trick  
We could bet a dime

You can't drink away a memory  
Still I know, your blood's too thick in me.

After he cinched that cord around his neck  
I hope he found you,  
You could cut a deck of cards.

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