

Sorry About Dresden "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.

