

Patty Griffin

"Making Pies"

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It's not far
I can walk
Down the block
To TableTalk
Close my eyes
Make the pies all day

Plastic cap
on my hair
I used to mind
Now I don't care
I used to mind
Now I don't care
Cause I'm Gray

Did I show you this picture of my nephew
Taken at his big birthday surprise
At my sister's house last Sunday
This is Monday and we're making pies
I'm making pies
Making pies
Pies

Thursday nights
I go and type
Down at the church
With Father Mike
It gets me out
And he ain't hard to like
At all

Jesus stares at me
In my chair

With his big blue eyes
And his honey brown hair
And he's looking at me
Way up there
On the wall

Did I show you this picture of my sweetheart
Taken of us before the war

Of the Greek and his Italian girl
One Sunday at the shore

We tied our ribbons to the fire escape
They were taken by the birds
Who flew home to the country
As the bombs rained on the world

5am
Here I am
Walking the block
To TableTalk
You could cry or die
Or just make pies all day
I'm making pies
Making pies
Making pies
Making pies

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