

Kid Sam

"The Sunday Bus"

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I'm mostly good at nothing
And I own the back-hoe on this desert town
I've always lived alone but I've a shop out back
With an emptiness so heavy hanging all around

I was fifty-three years old when I got away
Took a plane to T__ and I found her there
Standing in the market with her hair so black
I had the money so I took her back home with me

Year I took her back here to this desert town
We lived our lives the same as most of you
Never loved each other but thats alright
Thats a gift given only to a chosen few

It was aa good deal we had going
She kept the kitchen busy and I kept her fed
She got a comfortable place to sleep
And I got a woman sleeping in my bed

A bus comes through this desert town
Every Sunday morning making its way west
This week I found a stash of twenty dollar notes
I grabbed her and pulled her close to my chest

I said darling you can never leave
Or I'll bury your boddy in the desert sand
Days stretch on forever like the endless years
You've nevvrr seen a more brutal and beuatiful land
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