

Robin Holcomb**"Yr Mother Called Them Farmhouse"**

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Yr mother called them farmhouses
Where he rose out of the ground
(If a woman walked)
And when she told the story
She made such a sickening sound
(If a woman walked)
His blood like sap or syrup
Would slow way down
(If a woman walked)
And the heart not beating
Making no sound

His nose flared wide
And he in his scree voice
Would grab and tear
A woman straight down
And choke the voice
As it came screaming out of her
And he'd take her like that

Nothing will grow
Where anyone has suffered
Nothing will grow
Where anyone has died
Nothing much grows
In these mountains anywhere

Except in the riverbottom
Where the proving's done

I can tell you anything
You'd like to know
One of eight children
All grown to eight great men
Seven are gone now
To start over again
Rain is coming
You can taste

The salty blood
Between your teeth

The sound she made
Coming after me
The sad song she sang
When she's coming after me

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