

Dennis Crommett**"Swallow"**

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Deer in the mirror of the borrowed car I drive
Deer in the rear of the truck when I was nine
It was dead and so was I

A dog on the road to the bus stop
That dog scared me half to death when I was in the fog
Of ignorant love

I put whiskey where the words should go
I put sorrow in the place of joy
I carry hard heavy memories that I should just let go
Like a swallow, like a swallow

In the woods, you are kings and you are queens of
neighborhoods
Gone the woods, where we'd sing and be away from
being good
They are dead and I am glad now

I put whiskey where the words should go
I put sorrow in the place of joy
I carry hard heavy memories that I should just let go
Like a swallow, like a swallow

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