

Lee Ben

"Ketchum"

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R.J. Johnson/B. Lee

Today I got my call from Ketchum Idaho
From Hemingway and railways and whiskey wine and
snow
But if you've never been in pain before then I guess you
wouldn't know
I'm leaving in a while now for Ketchum's icy sting
To walk and fish and write some songs, to stay up late
and drink
And if I stay there long enough then I'll never feel a
thing
And Ketchum will be good to you if are strong and
brave
She caters to the melancholy every single day
And babbles like a drunk old man unloading all his pain
I'll lock myself in Ketchum's stare I'll make her my
whole world
I'm gonna roam the Ketchum streets to find a Ketchum
girl
And then I'll let her break my heart 'cos that's all that I
do well
The valley will become my home her hills will keep me
safe
I'll give her songs about my soul when there's no soul
left to take
And I'll forget I ever lived in any other place
And it may seem inevitable I would love this fate
So beautiful and tragic and her heroes can't escape
And Hemingway he shot himself one July evening late
But me I couldn't bring myself to bloody Ketchum's
name
Underneath her passion boils, never spoils surface
tame
I'll slowly let her kill me with her lonely wind and rain
Her lonely tears and pain

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