

L.a. River Lady

Brazzaville

Saturday night he was gone
That's what she said to her mom
Honey, he's trouble, he's a bum
Try to forget him, move on

It's strange how the years come and go
When did I turn 34
When did my habits take control
And drain all the light from my soul

But mom, when the pain is gone
And you can't go on
And the lonely days seem like decades
It's only hard drugs fulfilling me
I'm lost on a summer's day
Half a world away
From the little girl that you cherished
My faded black jeans
My sunburnt face