

Tear Choked Eye

Chris Trapper

It hasn't rained here for two months straight
There's brush fires all around
One hundred degrees and I was out too late
Loitering downtown

I must admit that I was a whiskey drunk
And burnt from the southwest sun
Bitter and broken and all out of luck
But when all hope is gone

That's when I need to see my love
When all the wells are dry
But all I taste when I leave my love
Is the salt from a tear choked eye

There's no police on these mean mean streets
They've given up for years
There's built up tenements by a bone dry creek
Nothing grows down here

That's where I need to see my love
When all the wells are dry
But all I taste when I leave my love
Is the salt from a tear choked eye

But nobody's buying back a broken heart
There's no pearl in an empty shell
We're two desperate shadows sinking in the dark
Of a one last chance motel

That's where I need to meet my love
When all the wells are dry
But all I taste when I leave my love
Is the salt from a tear choked eye