

## 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