

## Betty Lonely

Cowboy Junkies

Betty Lonely lives in a duplex of Stucco  
On the north bank of a brackish river  
Her ears omit noise from a nearby airstrip  
Her mind floats beyond the snapper boats

Betty Lonely, her green eyes are roughly staring  
At a point through a sliding glass door  
Her heart lives over the drawbridge  
Her brain is wet like a throw net

Betty Lonely, she will always think in Spanish  
Though I know her Spanish black hair, it will start to fade  
She sunk her past out in the surrounding salt flats  
Her maidenhood was lost beneath the Spanish moss

Betty Lonely just talks to her grandbaby  
Everybody else, she blots them out  
But her words stick like a flounder gig  
Her dry laugh is like a gaff

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