

Dixie Babylon

Cracker

We went down to the old part of town
By the stinking canal and the cotton mill
Under a ghetto palm with her bicycle shorts on
With a gesture she said to me

I really must confess
I'd like to get undressed with you
And though the thought had never really crossed my mind
Oh, but that was a lie
So we went along

We ran out under the turning leaves
And the fetid earth, it was damp and cool
Autumn's feeble light on her salty neck
All innocence, it was lost

I really must confess
I'm feeling quite distressed, my stars are always crossed
But I have always taken more than I have given back
And as a matter of fact, I've given nothing up