

## East Of Gary

Darrell Scott

I grew up on the Indiana side of Chicago  
With the rusty steel mills belching in the westward wind  
I watched Mom and Dad trying to clean their sorrow  
With my brothers and me at old Lake Michigan

There's a little boy  
He's got big brown eyes  
He's got swimming trunks 'bout twice his size  
Looking at a steel mill sunset  
Skipping a stone, "hey, ain't you a little young  
To feel so alone?"

Well they changed the name of my hometown  
When we moved away  
Now it's more than words that I don't recognize  
That kid down at the filling station  
Tried to keep my change from a twenty  
I could see that cold assurance in his eyes

Hey you need ten dollars for the rainy day?  
Save and go to college or just get away  
Or you could spend that money on a two-day stone  
Oh, there are worse things in this world than being alone  
Let me tell you now...

So, if you're driving from Chicago, east of Gary  
And you find a fallen town that has two names  
There'll be no one to possibly remember  
A little lonesome brown-eyed boy who went by James

Oh the mill's shut down  
But the air's still sour  
You get a hotel room  
You gotta pay by the hour  
Oh the good old days are just good and gone  
Like autumn leaves on a burning lawn

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