

## Snowblind Friend

David Allan Coe

You say it was this mornin' when you last saw your good friend  
Lyin' on the sidewalk with the misery on his brain  
Stoned on some new potion he found upon the wall  
Of some unholy bathroom in some ungodly hall

He only had a dollar to live on till next Monday  
But he spent it all on comfort for his mind  
Did you say you think he's blind?

Someone should call his parents or a sister or a brother  
And they'll come and take him back home on a bus  
But hell always be a problem to his poor and puzzled mother  
And hell always be another one of us

He said he wanted heaven but prayin' was too slow  
So he bought a one-way ticket on an airline made of snow  
Did you say you saw your good friend flyin' low

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Did you say you saw your good friend flyin' low  
Dyin' slow, blinded by snow