

The Secret

David Nail

All gathered 'round in our Sunday best
After the service on them old church steps
Congregation spilling into the streets
Ain't it funny how the preacher's words
Disappear out here on the curb
Once the weight of an old friend's body and your hands meet

Tending bar up in Syracuse
Momma called when she got the news
Hell, I don't know who she'll miss more, you or me
No, it didn't feel real, no not 'til now
Behind this long black Lincoln in our little town
Rolling by buildings I never thought again I'd see

And I can't help but think about all that we could have been
Had you not stayed here and settled for a life with him
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Buried is the secret that was us

I can still see you standing there
Swollen eyes and snow in your hair
And your shaking voice say you couldn't get past the shame
Eight weeks into a nine month ride
Either way it's still a lie
Carrying your child with another man's name

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I walk up and shake his hand, tell him just how sorry I am
And what I wouldn't give to have you back
I wonder if you're looking down on all who is gathered 'round
Knowing one day I too will find peace

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