

## At Peace

## Defeater

You've got to find her  
Your mother ain't fit to be alone

Her rosary beads are gone, only one place she'd be  
The sun is nearly up, put your jacket back on  
And walk down the street  
Feel the wind start to shift, cold and biting  
Just like everything that's changed

When you do find her  
Take the only family that you've got back to home

Head down, walk through the crowds, families downtown  
Jealous bitter old man, just yourself you can't stand  
Man that took away your wife, coward left you behind  
Kill them both if you could

Head down, cigarette in hand  
Concrete, cold brick and sand  
To the place where she prays, she suffers her days  
Sleepless nights with the dirt when the addiction hurts  
Up to that old white oak door church

And that's where you find her in that last pew

You touch her cold hand  
Your mother is gone  
In front of her God, needle in her arm

Family plot will be filled  
Perfect ending to a tragedy  
Put her in cold wet ground  
Finally at peace with her husband now

Lost all will  
Hours strain, but months pass alone with your gun  
Blue-collar shipyard, your days have gone  
Lost it all for the promise of a normal life  
All taken from you when you lost your wife  
So you sit in that chair  
Waiting for death  
Barrel to your head