

What Would You Do

Edie Brickell

Barely old enough to legally drive.
She took off in her stepmothers van.
A restlessness that blew her over the line.
Like the wind inside an aluminum can.
At a pay phone in a donut shop.
She called a friend back home.
Were all worried theyve called the cops.
Are you crazy? Where have you gone?
She said what would you do if you were me?
When its suicide to stay, and murder to leave.
She ran out of gas down in New Mexico.
And got a job at a local cafe.
Friday nights they featured live rock and roll.
She fell in love with a boy who played.
He had soulful eyes and indian blood.
No intention of staying around.
All he took was his harmonica and her heart when he left town.
He said what would you do if you were me?
When its suicide to stay, and murder to leave?
She never married but she did have a child.
A sweet young girl by the name of Sioux.
She had spirit and a heart breaking smile.
And some beat up moccasin boots.
Anf they had nothing but each others love.
An apartment by the tracks.
And when the day came that Sioux grew up. She said someday Ill
be back.
Oh now.
What would you do, if you were me?
When its suicide to stay, and murder to leave?