

Codeine

Fred Eaglesmith

Well, the codeine sure makes it hard to round up the cattle
And the light sure does hurt your tortured eyes
You keep falling in and out of your broken saddle
There's so many knots you've forgotten how to tie
And the winds willow softly like a funeral home
And the dew sparkles like a baby's tear
And your hands are softer than you've ever known
There's nothing left for you to see or hear
And that bloody barbed wire they've put it up everywhere
And those summer storms they sure do make it shine
The dust has changed the colour of your hair
The wind has changed the lines around your eyes
And you just can't drink whiskey anymore
And there's nothing that'll kill your endless heartburn
And that pickup truck is starting so much harder
Lately, you've been taking some wrong turns
And those survey stakes, they're on the horizon
And they ain't staking out wells or mines
And the sight of those machines could start you crying
And the sounds keep you up in the night
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