

Dirt and Dead Ends

Indigo Girls

You're looking at foreclosure
And doing time
And it don't sound good this time
And the wife that made your life Hell
All the time you were telling me
You were fine
Silly man
So I got your dog.
How is that?
I made it nice, I wrote a check.
You cut the weeds back on my drive
Cause you're a good guy
Deep down inside.
What makes a boy like you go bad,
What makes a man so lonely and sad,
That he'd poison all he knows
And in one year, just let it go?
And all that time you were telling me
You were fine
Silly man, silly boy
It's been you and me on this frontier
Trying not to be suburban pioneers.
Fighting off the pavers
And the associations
And the covenants against the trailers.
I remember how we used to laugh
At all those rotten men in "camo" drag
With their advantage and their guns
Up the deer stand shooting up a storm
And all the time
You were telling me all those lies
Silly man, I'm just a silly girl
There was a time
We could hibernate like bears
But we finally come up for air
And everything's all marked and cleared,
Survey flags flying everywhere.
Once you said to me
You know, what I'll miss the most
Is just being the only ones
With our dirt and our dead ends
And no one to turn us in.