

Hate So Real

J Church

I never knew them personally,
It was 1959,
My mom was only 12 years old when he ran out of time,
On a trail to damnation (or climax some folks say)
The trail of Charles Starkweather and Caril Ann Fugate

I can't say I'm sorry for the things I know I've done
For the first time me and Caril had a lot of fun

I just wanted to see Caril,
But I can't pretend that death is accidental,
When her mom hit me again,
If they had just left us alone I wouldn't have hurt nobody,
But with my brother's .22 I'd live to see the bodies

Tired of feeling useless and living in my car,
Now we lived as man and wife,
Fucking all the time,
But nothing lasts forever (at least not in my life)
So in a week we were running down the road,
Confessions to the wind

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At times the hate was so real I could feel it come to life,
Goodbye to August Myers,
It's time to say goodnight,
To Carol King's family I must apologize,
But beauty and innocence, I'll steal or brutalize

By the time we'd reached Wyoming we'd left 10 people dead,
Bullets flying by just missing my head,
The Packard did 100 through the Douglas City limits,
While the voice of my mortality came in a whisper

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Caril can deny me but to this day I swear,
She should be sitting on my lap,
When I go to the chair,
I'd like to write a book sometime,
Of anger, love and hate,
The trail of Charles Starkweather and Caril Ann Fugate

And I can't say I'm sorry for the things I know I've done
For the first time me and Caril had a lot of fun