

Down Across The Delaware

James McMurtry

Bills are paid but it makes no difference
To the gods that seem to rule our home
Heat shut off for no known reason
This old building's got a mind of its own

I can tell your footsteps on the stairs from three flights up
I know the jingling of your keys
You won't hear no and you don't look back and you can't slow down
These days you don't have much to say to me.

In another town what would fetch a good living
Here is barely hand to mouth
So I'm going out and get a U-Haul trailer
Drag it down the turnpike south

Where the Garden State gives way to the real world
Falls away in the rearview mirror
We'll mend our wounds and wait out the winter
Down across the Delaware

We get along in a manner of speaking
We barely have to speak at all
Small talk over take-out pizza
Silently passing in the hall
Post-It notes... and opposite shifts
Once in a blue moon we'll wake up in the same room
Thankful for these thy many gifts

We run by night, we live it and breathe it
We're the best of the best and I just don't care
I'll mend my wounds and wait out the winter
Down across the Delaware
And I'll see you in the spring
When the chill don't cut so deep
I'll be back around to give this town another crack at me.

I heard a voice today I swore I knew
From somewhere down in the southern sticks
I turned around to see some ragged stranger
Bummin change on the uptown six
And I froze like a stone
Could I ever get that low?
Turned my face to the window
There by the grace of God I go

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