

## 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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