Fire Line Road

James McMurtry

My name is Alice Walker, they never told me why I'm not named for anybody, it's a name out of the sky They thought it was pretty I guess, way back when I'll change it some day I like to pretend, I'm Just a visitor here Like on one of those shows In a house full of people I don't hardly know But we'll all get to home in a week or so Back to real life

And I'm picking up the carpet in the corner where I crash I'm too tired to separate the pennies from the trash And I don't guess it matters even why Jesus died I can tell you about sins

They got this duplex up on Fire Line Road It's way out from town, so the rent's pretty low, Not much more than a cinder block cell Just like the one next door And the next one as well

And the bus don't run out here but three times a day The 7-11, it's a full mile away And there's a car in the yard, mostly rust and dents We moved here in it, but it hasn't run since

Forget my name, can you forget my face Gonna lose myself in some finer place Finer Places, where I'll go I'll leave no trace out on Fire Line Road

And there's a pile of daddy's quick-picks scattered on the floor Among the half empty bottles, that chair against the door In case he comes home drinkin', with lovin' on his mind I'd never let it happen, but that don't stop him tryin' My sister weren't so lucky, he got to her too soon She never saw it coming, he knew just what to do To keep her silent I swear to god I'll kill him if I can He said she made him do it, after all he's just a man

Now she snorts that crank, and stares at the phone She ain't big as a minute, just skin on bone She bites her nails right down to the quick And they've taken her babies, and they won't give them back And I know she loves them and god knows she tries, But when you're that far down you're just going to get high It's like eating or breathing to the rest of us She can't even feel bad without the stuff

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