

## That Girl from Brownsville Texas

Jim White

I say "God, if you ain't smiling on me, then you ain't no friend of mine." It's late at night and this motel room's drunk, I been listening to the lonesome wind crying. My best friend once said, "Jim, what you cling to, that's the thing that you had best forget. For ain't no rose bed ever gonna bloom in an untended field of regrets." Guess I been busy killing time counting bullet holes in state line signs. I led a life of lonely drifting trying to rise above the buzzards in my mind. You get dizzy chasing 'round the tail of what you need to leave behind. Oh sweet Jesus, won't you help me? 'Cause all I'm trying to do is plant them seeds of love with that girl from Brownsville, Texas. Midnight radio, a crackly white gospel station kicking out the sounds of some half-assed revival. Me, I never much cared for the feelings you get quoting scriptures from out of the Bible. For as the crow flies I know only one cure for a permanent tear in your eye. You gotta crank like hell that rope on old sorrow's well 'til the day that the bucket comes up dry.

[CHORUS]

Now dreams are just prayers without the put on airs... and though my history of dreams is a scandal of back-assward schemes and romantic disasters where Lord, you dealt me more cards than I could handle. Still from the lips of this half-hearted sinner comes the pledge of a half-baked saint. 'Cause Lord I might finally be willing to become the religious fool you always wanted me to be... if in return we could just tell that girl I'm the man you and me both know that I ain't.

[CHORUS]