

Here comes the night, there go your knees, reaching for the floor.
You say I'll stand guard down here, she stands in the door,
With a pony on the tether pulling cold and sugarcane.
There go your knees.
And there she goes.
She's a-hauling cane like it was gold.
And when she calls upon the dead,
To stand up in her place,
They'll raise the roof up overhead,
And speak out from her face.
And fish jump in her boat all day,
And flog your feet like steel.
There go the dead.
Out through the roof.
She speaks your name,
Like it was proof.
The carnies kick the gravel,
And they wait for you in town,
They pull back on the lever,
And they bring the truck around.
But her fingers on her lips
Are like a penny for a fuse.
And it would take,
All the world to go,
The town will burn,
For all you know.