

Everything's Turning To White

Kasey Chambers

Late on a Friday my husband went up to the mountains with three
friends
They took provisions and bottles of bourbon to last them all th
rough the weekend
One hundred miles they drove just to fish in a stream
And there's so much water so close to home

When they arrived it was cold and dark; so they set up their ca
mp quickly
Warmed up with whisky they walked to the river where the water
flowed past starkly
In the moonlight they saw the body of a young girl floating fac
e down
And there's so much water so close to home

When he hold me now I'm pretending
I feel like I'm frozen inside
And behind my eyes, my daily disguise
Everything's turning to white

It was too hard to tell how long she'd been dead, the river was
that close to freezing
But one thing for sure, the girl hadn't died very well to judge
from the bruising
They stood there above her all thinking the same thoughts at th
e same time
There's so much water so close to home

They carried her downstream from their fishing; between two roc
ks they gently wedged her
After all they'd come so far, it was late
And the girl would keep; she was going nowhere
They stayed up there fishing for two days

They reported it on Sunday when they came back down
There's so much water so close to home
When he holds me now I'm pretending
I feel like I'm frozen inside

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The newspapers said that the girl had been strangled to death a
nd also molested
On the day of the funeral the radio reported that a young man h
ad been arrested

I went to the service a stranger; I drove past the lake out of
town

There's so much water so close to home
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