

## Town Drunk

### Love and Theft

She used to come over to my house, she only lived a few miles a way  
I never knew why but my mama said if she wanted to she could stay  
A pretty little girl who fought like a boy but she wanted to hold my hand  
In a little blue dress that she always wore, yeah, I might have been her only friend

I remember that summer like yesterday, she used to hang around all the time  
Down by the creek we would always play and tell secrets by the porch light  
Shy as a bird and timid as a flower I wondered where she grew up  
I never really thought that much about it but everybody said her daddy was the town drunk

Broken like a bottle, running from the only home she ever had  
Tangled in the talk behind her back  
Yeah, he thought she was nothin', growing like a weed on the wrong side of the tracks  
How could anyone not love a girl like that?

One afternoon in the middle of town, I saw her daddy sleeping on a bench  
So I walked up and introduced myself and said his daughter was my best friend  
He looked at me like he didn't care and he asked me for a couple bucks  
Right then I decided I'd look after that pretty little girl whose daddy was the town drunk

A girl like that

A girl like that

Several years later, I read in the paper that her daddy had passed away  
I was holdin' her hand, she had the baby in the other there was really nothing I could say  
She looked at me and I gave her a kiss  
All that mattered was the three of us  
Nobody thought it would all work out for that pretty little girl whose daddy was the town drunk