

## Pineola

Lucinda Williams

When Daddy told me what happened  
I couldn't believe what he just said  
Sonny shot himself with a 44  
And they found him lyin' on his bed

I could not speak a single word  
No tears streamed down my face  
I just sat there on the living room couch  
Starin' off into space

Mama and Daddy went over to the house  
To see what had to be done  
They took the sheets off of the bed  
And they went to call someone

Some of us gathered at a friend's house  
To help each other ease the pain  
I just sat alone in a corner chair  
I couldn't say much of anything

We drove on out to the country  
His friends all stood around  
Subiaco Cemetery  
Is where we lay him down

I saw his mama, she was standin' there  
His sister, she was there too  
I saw them look at us standin' around the grave  
And not a soul they knew

Born and raised in Pineola  
His mama believed in the Pentecost  
She got the preacher to say some words  
So his soul wouldn't be lost

Some of us, we stood in silence  
Some bowed their heads and prayed  
I think I must've picked up a handful of dust  
And let it fall over his grave

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And let it fall over his grave