

Snakebit

Mary Gauthier

The children are crying, they never got their supper
Where would you run to, in the darkness of the night?
Even shadows fear to wander
They gather round me in the candlelight

Your crucifix lies broken, bloody, sharp and shattered
I smashed it to pieces on the bedroom floor
Pain and prayers and promises scattered
Then I pulled the pistol from the dresser drawer

Oh Lord, Oh Lord,
Oh Lord, What Have I Done?
Everything worth holding slips through my fingers
Now my hands wrapped around the handle of a gun

The further I fall, the less I falter
Forsaken, forgotten without love
A slow motion whisper turns into a holler
40 years of push, turns into shove

Oh Lord, Oh Lord,
Oh Lord, What Have I Done?
Everything worth holding slips through my fingers
Now my hands wrapped around the handle of a gun

The chair that I sit in I got from my daddy
Carved from the hard wood of a bitter tree
When he was alive he used tell me, kid
I knew when you were born you'd end up snake bit like me

Oh Lord, Oh Lord,
Oh Lord, What Have I Done?
Everything worth holding slips through my fingers
Now my hands wrapped around the handle of a gun
I'm holding on to the handle of a gun