

Jenny

Steve Taylor

On a Saturday night all the girls run free
Singing 'Bury me not on the lone prairie'
But where do you go when you finish broken-hearted?
Back to the dust where you started

Jenny cut her teeth in a Midwest shack
As a shantytown girl on the wrong side of the tracks
Her mama taught her everything she'd need to get along
And her Sunday School teacher taught her right and wrong
Raised to be respectable but born to be poor
It was all she'd ever known but she figured there was more
When she came of age Jenny made herself a vow
'I'm gonna get out and I don't care how'

It appeared every autumn on the courthouse lawn
And the leaves never fell until the carnival was gone
Michael was a barker for an arcade ride
With a smooth-talk tongue and a wandering eye
'Get your tickets here for the Hall O' Mirrors Maze
If you can't get out I know a couple ways'
He caught Jenny's eye but her thoughts looked down
All she wanted was a ticket going out of that town

Oh how I wanna bury you
Bury you and run away -- done away
How I wanna bury your memory
Why won't you let me be?

Michael stole a kiss first then he whispered at last
'You're a little old-fashioned so forget about your past
These Bible belt folks think living is a sin
so they all start dying from the day they're born again'
And there atop the Ferris wheel the colors were a blur
The morning said he loved her but she wasn't really sure
He made her promise not to leave until he came to get her
She promised him but she should have know better

Oh how I wanna bury you
Bury you and run away -- done away
How I wanna bury your memory
Why won't you let me be?

On a train -- stowaway
Jesus loves you still and your mama wants you home
But oh bridges burn
When you carry your shame and you think you can't return

Oh how I wanna bury you
Bury you and run away -- done away
How I wanna bury your memory
Why won't you let me be?

When they finally found her body on a cold dog day
It was in a cattle car buried in the hay
a note in the pocket of her calico dress
Said 'I'm guilty as sin but I can't confess'
Once you know the truth you can hide it on shelf

But unless you bring it down you can't live with yourself
In her right hand Jenny held the Bible of her mother
Jenny had a pistol in the other

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