

Quentin taught me how to fish
And how to hold the gun
Said that what you're hunting down
Is everything you love
Folks run fast, so does life
And that's the way it seems
Candles burn down to the table

Keith never talked to much
But smiled, blue eyes gold
There must be a story
Behind every fool you know
Words get lost in the haze
What most people think
Darling, work for no mans dreams

Now, all the old widows
Carry love poems by their side
Ooooooh, most of that's from knowing
Keith and Quentin

When Quentin found the snowed-in motel blues inside his cup
He took a gun downstairs
Never did come back
It was only springtime
One year and another 'til Fall
Sometimes in the night I cry