

Vermillion

The Waifs

Don't get much worse, winter South Dakota,
papa was as drunk as the bar room rag,
saw him one more time, in the warmth of a beggars refuge,
still sailing on his, dirty raft.

Mama's tears, tasting like sea water,
cried on her shoulders while she sleep,
she got cold, she got idel as a picture,
she died with the flowers in the fall.

Graveyard cold, late november,
my brother Codey, he come to help,
Codey never cried, he went riding with hell's angels,
least he's, found his family there.

Me i left town, and i took no more than a picture,
and a coat of my mum's to keep me warm,
ain't never going back, to Vermillion South Dakota,
and never could return.

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papa was as drunk, as a bar room rag.