

Biscuits And Butter

Carrie Newcomer

Daniel said traveling risky
But the money awful good.
When I get back we can finally
Get ahead sure we could.
He left the fifth of December
Took our oldest boy Ben.
I packed them biscuits and butter,
And never saw them again.

Chorus How can I keep on walking,
God Almighty tells me this.
One foot in front of the other,
One foot in front of the next.

I sent my second oldest baby
Out to find his next of kin.
They found the wagon in the springtime
Up on the Killbuck River edge.
He was quieter than his brother,
And his brother's his closest friend.
I packed him biscuits and butter,
And never saw him again.

They found the bones of our team of oxen,
The shirt I'd sewn with my own hands.
They found the basket I'd pack the biscuits,
But not a trace of my men.
I think I'll go down to the river.
I think I'll take up throwing stones.
I think I'll cry until I'm finished.
And I learn to sleep alone.

I think I'll go down to the river.
I think I'll take up throwing stones.
I'll never make another biscuit.