

Cigarettes And Wine

Jason Isbell

I saw her in Roosevelt Springs, where time doesn't touch anything
She never did say she could sing, but I figured it so
I needed some company then, not sisters or children or men
That's a hell of a spot to be in, but she put me in tow

Money and liquor and lust had taken my heart and my trust
I could see ashes and dust were headed my way
She tended bar in the town
Her alto settled me down
I started hanging around
Didn't need much to say

She smelled like cigarettes and wine
And she kept me happy all the time
I know that ain't much of a line
but it's the Gods' own truth
She lives down inside of me still
Rolled up like a twenty dollar bill
She left me alone with these pills
In the last of my youth

Wings on her shoulders and feet, a bar on Gethsemane Street
I took time to plan my retreat, and backed out the door
I must be attracted to those who've witnessed a man in the throes
Of life that ain't grindstone to nose, but pedal to floor

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Lost on the dry side of town
My memories slowing me down
She shook me and I came around
I came back to life
With nary a mother or dad
She showed me what I never had
The princess of leaves, she gets sad
'Cause I won't take a wife

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