

# Everything's Turning To White

Kasey Chambers

Late on a Friday my husband went up to the mountains with three friends  
They took provisions and bottles of bourbon to last them all through the weekend  
One hundred miles they drove just to fish in a stream  
And there's so much water so close to home

When they arrived it was cold and dark; so they set up their camp quickly  
Warmed up with whisky they walked to the river where the water flowed past starkly  
In the moonlight they saw the body of a young girl floating face down  
And there's so much water so close to home

When he hold me now I'm pretending  
I feel like I'm frozen inside  
And behind my eyes, my daily disguise  
Everything's turning to white

It was too hard to tell how long she'd been dead, the river was that close to freezing  
But one thing for sure, the girl hadn't died very well to judge from the bruising  
They stood there above her all thinking the same thoughts at the same time  
There's so much water so close to home

They carried her downstream from their fishing; between two rocks they gently wedged her  
After all they'd come so far, it was late  
And the girl would keep; she was going nowhere  
They stayed up there fishing for two days

They reported it on Sunday when they came back down  
There's so much water so close to home  
When he holds me now I'm pretending  
I feel like I'm frozen inside

And behind my eyes, my daily disguise  
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The newspapers said that the girl had been strangled to death and also molested  
On the day of the funeral the radio reported that a young man had been arrested

I went to the service a stranger; I drove past the lake out of town

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