

## Matthew

Tyler Childers

He works the night shift at the depot  
With a pistol and a light  
And he guards them rusty missiles  
Counting whitetail to pass the time  
And he's worked there for a long while  
Since he came home from overseas  
Helping Kilcoran fight the good fight  
Bring Baghdad to its knees  
And it was hotter than the mountain  
But it weren't so's he couldn't stand  
And it weren't so much the heat wave  
Nearly as much as all the sand

Now his daddy, he's a lawman  
With a good leg and a fake  
That he got off of a buddy  
And a shitshot that he made  
And he worked them hands to blisters  
And he raised them young'uns right  
On a little bit of scripture  
And an acreage of paradise  
And he'd go out on weekends  
And he played like Clarence White  
But Clarence had a real job  
And picked the guitar when there was time

Keeps a trap line in the winter  
Keeps a line wet in the spring  
On a lock wall fishing muskie  
With his eldest and Steve  
And they swap tales about [?]  
And they tell the office lies  
And they go home when they've a notion  
And the muskie quit to bitin'