Po' Girl, Texas

the dirt from the yard still falls from my boots smoke from the fire still perfumes my shirt singing songs til the day broke, drinking wine from the bottle carousing and laughing while today made tomorrow

the town was a full blown flower bothered by bees there was plenty of pollen for all of us to feast you opened your door, said make yourselves free even gave me your bed and got in with me and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust the spring fell down on us in texas

barely acquainted and beautifully bare in the early morning light we had few words to share you were thinking of her, i was thinking of him but our hands and our lips spoke the sweet tongue of skin

we rolled in like rockstars, we flew out tired and drunk already missing the sweet southern sun we said no goodbyes, cause what's done is well done i welcome the memory of you and your songs and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust the spring fell down on us in texas

and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust the spring fell down on us in texas

and the spring fell down on us, in music we trust the spring fell down on us in texas