**Flood Marks**

The flood marks in the kitchen tell of history’s spoil

Back some years when we were so proud

The wheat grain drank the rain form the coal black soil

And carried it back to the clouds

At the back of the house where the sun never did shine

You can still see patches of white

But paint grew no more after 1929

There was nothing that grew but fright — and a long long night

A 3-string guitar by the broken moon

It made the saddest sound

It was all that a man could think of to do

To keep form putting himself in the ground

In the windows to the west the curtains are gone

No money for clothes to be bought

It seemed you could see clouds forever and on

Clouds of dust and desperate thought

Wallpaper’s all torn apart in the hall

From days we couldn’t buy shoes

One day at a time the rain never fell

We didn’t bother to look we just knew — the good times were through

And babies cryin’ all through the night

Another one due any day

It was all the men could think of to do

To keep their souls from blowin away

These flood marks up high that was 1931

When I rained every day in the spring

But the earth was so drunk from the burn of the sun

That she couldn’t even take a drink

The stains on the wall where the water pipes froze

The bad winter of 1935

That hole in the roof where the gray sky shows

That’s what kept us alive — in 1935

The men drinkin’ alkeyhol that made them go blind

And made their senses go dead

Otherwise they all would have lost their minds

With bullets through their head