

Pretty Alright

I think it all started when these two kids fell in love.
They both had a mama and a daddy, still married, still white,
still everything pretty alright.

I think it all started when these two kids went off to school.
Working 3rd shift, meeting demons of the darkness.
Freed by the first light, off to class where everything is pretty alright.

I think it all started the first time he made her laugh.
Slinging greasy goodness to strangers by moonlight,
he made a pass, made her laugh, grabbed her ass, she thought he's pretty alright.

I think it all started when he heard the sins his daddy sun.
And the loss and hurt that come when dirty deeds are done.
Didn't call his mom, maybe thought he might, she's super strong, she'll be pretty alright.

I think it all started when he knew back home was broken.
And he found a little sweetheart as a band-aid for his cut.
It's fine, he's fine. I'm fine. New wife, new life, everyone's pretty alright.

I think it all started when it wasn't what it seemed.
Working harder just to get poorer, cheating just to get caught.
Promising this one is the last fight and tomorrow will be better, it'll all be pretty alright.

I think it all started when they had me.
On wishes and wants that I'd be the one to set them free.
He said he tried, caught a 1 way flight, told me and mama we were strong girls we'd be pretty
alright.

I think it all started when he came back.
And those other guys I wasn't supposed to talk about were all the sudden out of site.
I'll miss them and the toys they brought, I never knew their names but those guys were pretty
alright.

I think it all started when I couldn't heal their hurt.
They tried again, another mix a better fix.
New chances new dances, new kids, new drugs. Future so bright, back on track, things are
better and pretty alright.

I think it all started when they got turned in.
I went in that room full of toys and answered all those questions again.
Didn't want to talk about what happened in the night, so I lied through my trembling teeth and
told them everything is pretty alright.

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I think it all started when my mama quit smiling.
I had to go, I told the kids goodbye and prayed to anything that would listen that they'd be okay.
I found a boy, hopped a flight, and prayed to anything that would listen that I'd be pretty alright.

I think it all started when I came back.
Have you ever been on the other end of a barrel, your own daddy's finger messin' with the trigger?
Another Christmas, full of fear and fright. Ran away again to somewhere I'd be pretty alright.

I think it all started when those demons weren't mine.
The screams, the hits, the shame, blame, touches, tickles, hells and yells, those aren't mine.
The nightmares that haunt by way of night, I'm free of you now. I'll be pretty alright.

I think it all started when I turned the gun around.
And I played with and pulled the trigger, buried him deep underground.
I think I'll be free by morning light, I think everything will finally be pretty alright.