

## David K.

*Words & Music by Joe LaMay*

David K.'s a mountain man living way out west  
Somewhere in New Mexico - near Santa Fe I guess  
Now and then I hear some word from many scattered friends  
David K. I wrote this song to try to make amends

I found you in some photographs fading into gray  
Sitting with two girls I know who now have gone away  
Days are gone like autumn leaves drifting in the wind  
Maybe if I close my eyes I can bring them back again

Your sister said you'd lost Old Blue and that was sad to hear  
I can still see him at your knee lapping up your beer  
You lived up on Whitmore Street and I lived in the snow  
Your door was open anytime I had no place to go

I hope you've found what you were so often looking for  
A place to be just who you are - where no one asks for more  
I bet at night you sit and strum and sing those crazy songs  
Way up on that mountain side - above the setting sun

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