

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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