So Much Work to Be Done (for Guy Clark)

this whisky made it through the winter

it’s still got a bite

I lift one to the master

farewell farewell goodnight

too many losses for my fingers

hands can’t steady anyone

here on crumbling mountain

there is so much work to be done

I was driving my particular darkness

radio voice placed him in the past

the whole world dimmed a little

Texas stars at half-mast

can’t blame the constellations

the spirit or the son

on a one-lane road of moonlight

there is so much work to be done

I don’t have much to hold me here

no pistol pony wife or kid

but I got a sweet cabin and a guitar from Austin

and what little good I did

and if I get another morning

I’ll know it by the sun

angling in on a whisper

there is so much work to be done

he wore denim and a Stetson

had a chisel a pencil and a grin

master with a job don’t ask how or why

he just asks ‘what’ and ‘when’

so play it on your daddy’s dobro

or fire off a 21-gun

there’s salt in the Rio Grande

and there is so much work to be done

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