

R. S. Gwynn

## EVERGREEN

In the heart of Alabama there's a town called Evergreen,  
Where the women all are toothsome and the men look fairly clean,  
And a cheerful smile greets everyone and no one's soul is mean  
    In Evergreen.

Sumac thrives among the underbrush and kudzu hangs from trees,  
And the dogs who wander freely have no collars and no fleas.  
Is there poison in the ivy? No, nor stingers in the bees  
    In Evergreen.

For the citizens are civilized, just upright, honest folks,  
And the Waffle House fries eggs that always seem to have two yolks.  
You'll be seated in a private booth where you can smoke your smokes  
    In Evergreen.

It's the kind of place you stop at when the hours are running slow.  
It's the kind of place you go to when there's no place left to go,  
When the truckers have pulled off the road and gas is getting low  
    In Evergreen.

If your daddy used to press on through the dark nights of the past  
Back when all the roads were two-lane and no salesman traveled fast,  
You're far luckier than he was, having found a room at last  
    In Evergreen.

There are no nearby attractions that will tempt you from your sleep,  
No loud tomcats in the neighborhood, no promises to keep.  
Lay your head upon your pillow and start ticking off the sheep  
    In Evergreen.

You will leave behind fond memories of your night at Comfort Inn,  
Where the continental breakfast bar has helped your day begin,  
Where the desk clerk takes your credit card and shows a golden grin  
    In Evergreen.

In the Quik-Mart at the four-way stop the beer is always cold,  
And the nursing home will take you if you stay here and grow old.  
There are stories to be told here, but the stories won't be told  
    In Evergreen.



You will hit the road at sunup with a smile upon your face  
As you merge into the fast lane and accelerate your pace  
On the interstate toward Greenville, an entirely different place  
From Evergreen.

