

Indiana (Behind The Kroger)

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2004

She got pregnant,
Mama, he used force
And though she abstained,
Her abs are stained
By an unborn voice
At the familiar crossroads,
Marked with choice
To go her own way
Or find the father...
In Illinois

Indiana
Behind the Kroger
By a dumpster
I almost lost her...
Indiana

She started to notice,
Through the lights and fog
And had to quit her job,
Working the Wednesday crowd
At a topless bar
On the makeup table,
Was a "good luck" card
And like a voice from God
It read "There ain't no shame
In who you are"

Indiana
Behind the Kroger
By a dumpster
I almost lost her...
Indiana

Under the kitchen sink was a garbage bag
She lit another cigarette and took a drag
Say in contemplation of what she had
And should it live? Or shall it die?

The time had come,
The time was now
So she searched around
But that kind of doctor,
Weren't in her town
She was no wife,
Wore no white gown
But found a middle ground
In a Jewish midwife
Of a kind renown

Indiana
Behind the Kroger
By a dumpster
I almost lost her...
Indiana

She often wonders,
Who's to blame?
Now that things have changed
And the pursuit of college,
Was out of range
So she got together,
All her pain
And headed for LaGrange
Found the deadbeat father...
And blew his brains

Indiana
Behind the Kroger
By a dumpster
I'd adopt her
Indiana

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