

BUSH

Thank you, Charlie. Thank you.
Had to go clear to Illinois to find
somebody that had anything good to
say about me. Hell of a thing.

I'm not a smart man or a wise one.
I don't know what kind of man I am.
I was always restless, thought I'd see the world. But I didn't hardly
go nowhere.. on purpose.. . Because... because I did something
that I was ashamed of. Something I couldn't ever fix.
Ya'll probably think you know what
you'd do or what you wouldn't. And
I wish you good luck with that. I really do.

When I told Charlie what I'd done, he told me to confess to God and
the law and to.. to someone else.. . so I could get forgiveness. But I
didn't want forgiveness.

I needed to hold on to what I did...to be sick from it every day of my
life. So I never told nobody else.

I fell in love with a married lady. And somehow she fell in love with
me. It was the only time that I have been in love.

We made a plan to run off and start a new life but she didn't show up
at the time that we said we'd meet. I got a funny feeling and I went to
her house. Her husband answered the door.

He had blood on him. I hit him pretty hard, knocked him
down. Can't remember going upstairs but I remember I saw a hammer on
the steps and it had blood and hair on it. I found her in the bedroom. She was
crawling across the floor.

But before I could get to her and help her up.. a kerosene lamp hit
the wall. And then her husband jumped on my back. Funny what
happens sometimes when things go wrong. It's like the clock stops
and you have all the time in the world to think. I could see that
her husband had set the downstairs on fire before he came up.

And as I was slamming his head into the wall, trying to get shed of
him, I could see clear as anything that it was all my fault. If I'd
just never spoke to her..

And as I was thinking about that, I saw that the lamp he threw had set
the room we were in on fire too. And then I realized that I was on
fire. I tried to put myself out but I couldn't, everything was..

I dropped him, turned around and saw her lying on the floor and called her name. She looked up at me...and the next thing I knew, I was flying.. I don't know how I got out the window.

No matter how many times I play it in my mind,
I can't remember jumping. I thought I killed him,
but maybe he pushed me, I don't know...

I swear to you, if I left her in there.. everything I know about myself is a lie. But that don't matter.

I didn't get her out, Little Bit, I didn't. I'm sorry.