

Gary Hughes

"Jeremiah Weed"

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Poor Jeremiah,
His body is broken,
Lying in the alley where he fell.
His head is racing home
To the heel of California,
Poor Jeremiah Weed.

He's got his friends,
He's got his devices;
He got no need for you.
No need for sympathy,
No need for surprises,
Poor Jeremiah weed.

Well I know
When it comes to blows,
The paint he laid down will never fade.
And I hope
Jeremiah knows
That's the way it goes;
The Son will find no shame upon him.

Poor Jeremiah,
Seven pockets stuffed with empty.
People walking everywhere,
But no one says a word.
He's tried killing time,
But it won't sit still,
Poor Jeremiah Weed.

Well I know
When it comes to blows,
The paint he laid down will never fade.
And I hope
Jeremiah knows
That's the way it goes;
The Son will find no shame upon him.

Poor Jeremiah,
All hail the holy roller;
A winter in the city

Will make you think you're in hell.
It's hard to believe
That he was laughing at you,
Poor Jeremiah Weed.
Oh poor Jeremiah Weed
Oh poor Jeremiah Weed

Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah Weed
Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah Weed
Oh poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah Weed
Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah Weed
Poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah, poor Jeremiah Weed
(Fades)

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