

Jakob Dylan "Everybody's Hurting"

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I've been walking the dirt floor
My eyes are open, Lord
Where did You go?
Have we just left You bored?

On down this unholy well
We rolled Stirring barrels
In hell to be warm

It's further back down
Than the high ground
It ain't milk and honey
We're moving 'round

Only one thing is certain
And that's everybody
Everybody's hurting

Now we come from the country
Where the rain follows plow
And the evenings are cold enough
To pluck your feathers out

We hear your engines
Roaring deep and loud
As we work the mules
On this bludgeoned ground

We've hunted these hills dry
We've long outlasted the winter
And our last wood pile

Only one thing's certain
And that's everybody
Everybody's hurting

Through rolling acres
Of bone yards we drift
Our spirit's been broken
It's been splintered to bits

Faith is believing

What you see ain't so
But my sweetheart
We've got to learn
To live with these ghosts

They can't leave, we can't go

Now we'd sell this valley if we could
Go north where the sun sets
Dripping buckets of gold

Through snow-topped thunderheads
And rows of moving clouds
Coming down this mountain
How sweet salvation sounds

With our hands high
Like lowly pilgrims
As the old men dissolute
The young ones in

Already know what
We're just learning
That's everybody
Everybody's hurting

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