

Jolie Holland "Corrido Por Buddy"

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Oh, listen my dear friends and I'll tell you a story
About someone I barely knew at all
He was a friend of my friends and they told me about
him
How he had nothing to break his fall

He had that bad religion in his blood
The kind that brings you down and can never lift you up

He was a beautiful young man on the streets of Austin
He was a ghost faced junkie on the streets of New
Orleans
I could barely recognize him when I saw him
He had to look me in the face and say my name before
I knew it was him

Oh buddy, I wish I'd been a better friend

What if they only gave you love when you lied?
It's bound to really rip you up inside
Pressures a person into that horrible mouth that leaves
a bloody aftermath
Everything minus one is everything

He treated me with what I considered kindness
When I crawled off to sleep in my car he was worried
about me
When we payed our respects to the moon on the
outskirts of Austin
I'm sorry to say I was too shy to stay in touch with him

Oh buddy, I wish I'd been a better friend

And I wonder what it takes just to save one little life
Icarus almost made it back to the shore
When I was really down, there were three little words
From a couple of good people that kept me holding on

Oh buddy, I'll never get a chance again
Oh buddy, I wish I'd been a better friend
Oh buddy, I'll never get a chance again
Oh buddy, I wish I'd been a better friend

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