

## Ted Leo & The Pharmacists "The Ballad Of The Sin Eater"

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When you run, Digger, Runner, Listener, Thief, you carry it all with you.

Today I woke up uncertain, and you know that gives me the fits, so I left this land of fungible convictions because it seemed like the pits.

And when I say, "convictions," I mean it's something to abjure,

and when I say, "uncertain," I mean to doubt I'll not turn out a caricature.

So I went off in search of my forebears, 'coz my forbearance was in need,, but the only job I could get in Dear Old Blighty was working on the railway between Selby and Leeds. So led by ferry to Belfast, where I had cause to think: they wanted none of my arm-chair convictions but nobody seemed to mind when I was putting on the drinks! Yeah!

And you didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you, now did you? Ah, but they hate you, and they hate you 'coz you're guilty, so...

I stayed out all night in Ibiza,
by way of San Sebastian, where they said
"Yanque, you better watch what you're sayin', unless
you're sayin'
it in Basque or in Catalan!"
Then all the way east to Novi-sad,
where nary a bridge was to be seen,
but Mother Russia, she laid her pontoons on down,
so I crossed over, if you know what I mean...
Then on the road to Damascus,
yes, the scales, they fell from my eyes,
and the simplest lesson I learned at The Mount of
Olives: that everybody lies.
And the French Foreign Legion -

you know they did their best - but I never believed in T.E. Lawrence,

so how the hell could I believe in Beau Gest? Huh?

And you didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you, now did you? Ah, but they hate you, and they hate you 'coz you're guilty, and...

And you didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you? Why would you think they would hate you, now would you?

Ah, but they hate you, make no mistake they hate you.

I spent a night in Kigali in a five diamond hotel, where maybe someday, they'll do the Wa-Tutsi on down in Hutu hell.

And I fell in with a merchant marine who promised to take me home,

but when I woke up all beaten and bloodied, I couldn't tell if it was Jersey or Sierra Leone! C'mon!

And you didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could have you, now did you? Ah, but they hate you, and they hate you coz you're guilty...

And you didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you? Why would you think they would hate you, now would you?

Ah, but they hate you, make no mistake, they hate you.

And the knocking in my head, just like the knocking at my door.

And maybe it was me or maybe it was my brother, but either me or me and him went down to the bar, where I got seven Powers in me for to give me the cure, but when seven Powers failed to spin me,

I had to get me seven more.

And when I say, "me," I mean my brain.

And when I say, "give me the cure," I mean to kill the pain.

And when I say, "kill the pain," I mean to get the Devil out.

And when I say, "Devil," I mean the Manifestation of Doubt! What about?

And you didn't think they could hate you,
Aow did you you didn't think they could hate you, now
did you?
You didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
Ah, but they hate you, make no mistake - they hate
you...

And you didn't think they could hate you, now did you? You didn't think they could hate you? Why would you think they would hate you, now would you?

Ah, but they hate you, make no mistake, they hate you.

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