

Hold Steady, The "Crucifixion Cruise"

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Hallelujah came to in the confession booth
Infested with infections and smiling on an abscessed
tooth
Running out on residue and crashing through the
vestibule
The crucifixion cruise, she climbed the cross and found
she liked the view

And sat reflecting on the resurrection and dreaming
about an old connection
And talking loud over lousy connections,
she put her mouth around a difficult question
She said Lord, what do you recommend to a real sweet
girl who's made some not-sweet friends?
Lord, what do you prescribe to a real soft girl who's
having real hard times?

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