

The Hold Steady

"Lord, I'm Discouraged"

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Lord, I'm discouraged
The circles have sucked in her eyes
Lord, I'm discouraged
Her new friends have shadowed her life
Lord, I'm discouraged
She ain't come out dancin' for some time
I try to light candles
But they burn down to nothin'
And she keeps comin' up with
Excuses and half truths and fortified wine
Excuses and half truths and fortified wine
Excuses and half truths and fortified wine
There's a house on the southside
She stays in for days at a time

I know I'm no angel
But I ain't been bad that way
Can't you hear her?
She's that sweet missing songbird
When the choir sings on Sunday
And I'm almost busted
But I bought back the jewelry she sold
And I come to your altar
But then there's just nothin'
And she keeps insiting
The sutures and bruises are none of my business
She says that she's sick
But she won't get specific
The sutures and bruises are none of my business
This guy from the north side
Comes down to visit
His visits they only take five or six minutes

Lord, I'm sorry to question your wisdom
But my faith has been waverin'
Won't you show me a sign
Let me know that you're listenin'
Excuses and half truths and fortified wine
Excuses and half truths and fortified wine
Excuses and half truths and fortified wine
I know it's unlikely she'll ever be mine
So I mostly just pray she don't die

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