

## **The Hold Steady** **"Stevie Nix"**

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You came into the party with a long black shawl  
And the guys from the front lawn were making jokes  
about the white swan  
Some nights we just need to get touched and rub up  
against something plush  
Some nights it's just a crush and some nights it's blood  
lust

She said we might use you later on  
Meet me right back here around dawn

You came into the ER drinking gin from a jam jar  
And the nurse is making jokes about the ER being like  
an after bar  
You know you're weak and effete and I'm coming up  
from the streets  
You're up in your loft getting soft and I'm coming up  
the stairs and I'm coming from the streets

She said I love the guys you can't trust  
Meet me here about dusk

I was half dead then I got born again  
I got lost in all the lights but it was okay in the end  
And when we hit the twin cities, I didn't know that much  
about it  
I knew Mary Tyler Moore and I knew Profane Existence

I was keyed up, keys jangled in the stalls  
They counted money in the motels, they mostly sold it  
in the malls  
And the carpet at the Thunderbird  
Has a burn for every cowboy that got fenced in

She said you remind me of Rod Stewart when he was  
young  
You've got passion and you think that you're sexy and  
all the punks think that you're dumb  
The guys around the lockers got a story about the  
stomach pump  
And the guys behind the theater found a body in the  
garbage dump

She got screwed up by religion  
She got screwed by soccer players  
She got high for the first time at the camps down by the  
banks of the Mississippi River  
Lord, to be seventeen forever

She got confused about the truth  
She came to in a confession  
She got high for the last time in the camps down by the  
banks of the river  
Lord, to be thirty-three forever

And she got screwed up by her vision  
It was scary when she saw him  
She didn't tell a single person about the camps on the  
banks of the Mississippi River  
Lord, to be seventeen forever

She got strung out on the scene  
And she got scared when it got druggy  
The way the whispers bit like fangs in the last hour of  
the party  
Lord, to be thirty-three forever

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