

## **The Hold Steady**

# **"Your Little Hoodrat Friend"**

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Your little hoodrat friend makes me sick  
But after I get sick I just get sad  
'Cause it burns being broke and it hurts to be  
heartbroken  
And always being both must be a drag

She's been calling me again  
And she's been calling me again

Your little hoodrat friend's been calling me again  
And I can't stand all the things that she sticks into her  
skin  
Like sharpened ballpoint pens and steel guitar strings  
She says it hurts but it's worth it

Tiny little text etched into her neck it said  
"Jesus lived and died for all your sins"  
She's got blue black ink and it's scratched into her  
lower back  
It said, "Damn right, I'll rise again"  
Yeah, damn right, you'll rise again, damn right, you'll  
rise again

And I've been dusted in the dark up in Penetration park  
And I've been plastered  
I've been shaking hard and searching in a dirty  
storefront church  
And I've been plowed

But I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
What makes you think I'm getting with your little  
hoodrat friend

Your little hoodrat friend got me high though  
We were seventeen and stuck up in Osseo  
She said it's funny, even true love gets troubled by still  
water  
And washed up in the Mississippi river

Her claddagh ring was pointed at the people

She said, "St. Theresa came to me in dreams"  
She said, "I ain't gonna do anything sexual with you  
I'm kinda saving myself for the scene"

And I've been dusted in the dark up in Penetration park  
And I've been plastered  
I've been shaking hard and searching in the dirty  
storefront church  
And I've been plowed

Well, I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
What makes you think I'm getting with your little  
hoodrat friend

She said City Center used to be the center of the scene  
Now City Center's over, no one really goes there  
Then we used to drink beneath this railroad bridge  
Some nights the bus wouldn't even stop  
There were just way too many kids

I was waiting for my ride and I got jumped from behind  
I got punctured  
I got stopped by the cops, they found it in my socks  
And I got probed

But I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend  
What makes you think I'm getting with your little  
hoodrat friend

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