

Lost Creek

Bad Books

I felt like somebody somewhere could see
My dad and Russell running through the woods of lost creek
Oh it's a shame Jessica never got clean,
You know the last time I saw her was honestly awful for me
Lately on Sundays he started to sleep,
Trading in on your fathers theology
I know you loved him but not equally,
To your big tent revival ministry
That never turned out to be worth much of anything
Gonna die with that ego, you never fly he never sleeps
Vacated board room with wine on the whitest teeth
The guiltiest movements the ponders secrets can keep
You say you love me but if you could see
That the pain that comes when you touch me
Never really turns out to be worth much of anything
The problem will resurface eventually
I felt like somebody somewhere could see
My dad and Russell playing with my cousin and me
Do you know how to get back to Lost Creek?
To that house in the forest where laughter came menacingly
Back when no problems surfaced and we learned eventually