

Donna

The Lumineers

It's not the words you say but how you say it
I saved a picture where your hair was braided
They found your wallet in the cemetery
You told your daughter she was ordinary

You hate the name Junior
Your husband loved his computers
Your mother never was one
The eldest of 7 children

If you don't have it then you'll never give in
And I don't blame you for the way you're living
A little boy was born in February
You couldn't sober up to hold a baby

You hate the name Donna
You love to judge strangers' karma
You drove from New Jersey
The trucks always made you worry

Hold my hand now, time to
Go to bed, it's way too late

You hate the name Donna
You love to judge strangers' karma
You drove from New Jersey
The trucks always made you worry
We raised a saint daughter
You love to judge strangers' karma
You're praying for a funeral
You sang it like Hallelujah

You sang it like Hallelujah
You sang it like Hallelujah
You sang it like Hallelujah
You sang it like Hallelujah