I shake and I shudder and I shiver in my bath while it's cold and my windows are broken, as my poor dog lays a-chokin' on the floor.

I cried to my father and my mother, there's no justice divine,
I wonder when I get mine.
'cause I'm so sick and tired of waitin' for the Lord.

I find just what it is I'm looking for

There's a man wants to show me the river. Hoofing at five I'll be more dead than alive. I find a reason to survive when I'm too old.

Should I walk in the lightning and the thunder on a hilltop so high and show my face to the sky? Will I find just what it is I'm looking for?