

Oh Lord, What Do You Know?

Gregor Barnett

Feelin' like the color of Monday
Like a deer on the side of the highway
Like a love letter returned to sender
A phone number you can't remember

Oh Lord, what do you know?
Is it too late to save my soul?
Show me a sign, throw me a bone
Oh Lord, what do you know?

Feelin' like a penny on a railroad track
Like a runaway train that ain't ever coming back
Like a prayer unanswered, a song unsung
A foreign language spoken by no one

Oh Lord, what do you know?
Is it too late to save my soul?
Show me a sign, throw me a bone
Oh Lord, what do you know?

Like a 58'er in a Soviet Gulag
Penning a posthumous epilogue
Like the tears of the Komsomol girl
Lost in a collective world
Like a Patriarch Ponds decapitation
Like a stray dog strapped in a spaceship
With nowhere to run, nowhere to go
Oh Lord, what do you know?

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