

Let Me Be Understood

John Moreland

One, two-
One, two, three

Well, mama's little martyr woke up with her face drawn on
What you gonna do? Twenty-two, with your youth all gone
And all your awful glory don't feel like it should
Before you hang me for my story, Lord, let me be understood

Oh, 'cause it ain't about if, it's about when
They put a weapon in my hand, now here I am, a heretic again
But I feel sure-footed, hope I'm going somewhere good
No time to sit and wonder, Lord, let me be understood

I used to walk around with shackles on my hands
Back when I still needed you to tell me who I am
We were standing at the dawn, unaware of the flood
Rain pours on and on, Lord, let us be understood

Well, ain't you had enough, living in this picture show?
Move a little closer, but, oh, don't let your demons show
But I wouldn't go back even if I could
Howling at the drunken thunder, Lord, let me be understood

Well, friend, I've been restless and I've been unwell
But I have a heartbeat, and a trial to tell
You can sentence me to burn, if you feel that you should
But let the clock hands turn and turn, let us be understood

Call it revelation, call it in the air
Boy, you can't reach salvation from your rocking chair
You're gonna shed a tear, gonna have to give blood
No time to sit and wonder, Lord, let me be understood

Here in the monumental yonder, let me be understood