

Sad Baptist Rain

John Moreland

Well baby lay down your pride-sprayed poems
While I sit and mumble at your feet
Am I a stone or a stoned kid dreaming
Of a closet full of crumbled tees
Young and hungry, dark blue and clumsy
Dumb enough to let you go
Outside the show drinking Nyquil and honey
Trying to conjure up some rock and roll

You're the exception, dear, I'm the rule
I traded love for a song like a fool
I'm always drawn to the wrong thing to do
And I keep proving it

The sky came apart with my guilt-stricken heart
Break me down, break me up
We'll let freedom ring while the blacktop sings
In the sad baptist rain for us

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The devil ain't nearly as real as he seems
Your name is a number I see in my dreams
Your heart is a dangerous, beautiful thing
I keep losing it