

Lord, I'm Discouraged

The Hold Steady

Lord, I'm discouraged
The circles have sucked in her eyes
Lord, I'm discouraged
Her new friends have shadowed her life
Lord, I'm discouraged
She ain't come out dancing for some time

And I'm trying to light candles
But they burn down to nothing
And she keeps coming up with

Excuses and half-truths and fortified wine
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There's a house on the south side
Where she stays in for days at a time

I know I'm no angel
I ain't been bad that way
Can't you hear her?
She's that sweet missing songbird
When the choir sings on Sundays
And I'm almost busted
But I bought back the jewelry she sold

And I come to your altar
And then there's just nothing
And she keeps insisting

The sutures and bruises are none of my business
She says that she's sick, but she won't get specific
The sutures and bruises are none of my business
This guy from the north side comes down to visit
His visits, they only take five or six minutes

Lord, I'm sorry to question your wisdom
But my faith has been wavering
Won't you show me a sign
And let me know that you're listening?

Excuses and half-truths and fortified wine
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Excuses and half-truths and fortified wine
I know it's unlikely she'll ever be mine
So I mostly just pray she don't die