

Chickahominy

The Weeks

Each knife that's in the kitchen made of drugs out by the stairs
and there were empty rooms the devil looms and tries to keep
you there

Talked hours about nothin in the corner by himself with the rifle
and a bible screamin, "Nobody helps"

Tell me why, chickahominy

I saw crosses on the road sir, just as far as I can see and they
were crooked hangin carpenters pumpin electricity

No one stopped to take em down, they all let him do his job cause
he kept lights on in the houses and brought sinners back to
God

Tell me why should I believe you when I've been makin it along
this road just fine?

Tell me why should I believe you when all I see along these roads
are powerlines?

Starin at the sunlight won't bring him back to life

Send a letter to his mother, he had children and a wife

But to hordes of rats and roaches and the homes that held us all,
he'll remember us tomorrow from the hymns that haunt these halls

Tell me why, chickahominy

He's alive in the morning with a firey fork and tongue, keep mi
staking truth from virtue and then blamed it on his son

I was held up on the highway by a crooked farmer's wife who learned
to shoot from her husband and then started her own life

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Tell me why

Oh, tell me why chickahominy