

Doctor

The Weeks

Call him doctor call him king
Damn near call him anything
I don't think he even really knows
Black and blue and full of holes
Poor young girl done lost her soul
Lost her innocence and lost her clothes

I've met people they've told stories
About kings and queens and glory
Love and war and hearts that broke so long ago
But just like God I set and listened, as these tales they stretched like fences
Where they start and stop nobody knows
Where did they go? Where did they go?
Oh tell me quick, so I can choose another road
Where did they go? Where did they go?
Oh tell me quick, so I can choose another road

I met a writer, twenty-five
He said he thought of suicide
But he just killed off characters instead
I met a whore from New Orleans
She said she dreamed of better things
But dreams are just a constant cry for help
My friend came home from years of war
But wasn't like he was before
He drank all day to end the aching pain
I met a preacher old and gray
Said that he had lost his way
And often times he knew he couldn't help

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He wrote a song when he was young
He sang with force, but not enough
You'll never know how hard he really tried
I'm in a state you'll never see
But there is no place I'd rather be
Except for maybe somewhere in the south
A miner came back from the earth
Covered up in soot and dirt
He prayed his sons would never do without
I met a mystic who made the wheel
And twisted rivers out of steel
With every thought and mark he would astound

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So I can choose another road