# Everybody's Hurting

## Jakob Dylan

I've been walking the dirt floor
My eyes are open, Lord
Where did You go?
Have we just left You bored?On down this unholy well
We rolled Stirring barrels
In hell to be warmIt's further back down
Than the high ground
It ain't milk and honey
We're moving 'roundOnly one thing is certain
And that's everybody
Everybody's hurtingNow we come from the country
Where the rain follows plow
And the evenings are cold enough
To pluck your feathers outWe hear your engines
Roaring deep and loud
As we work the mules
On this bludgeoned groundWe've hunted these hills dry
We've long outlasted the winter
And our last wood pileOnly one thing's certain
And that's everybody
Everybody's hurtingThrough rolling acres
Of bone yards we drift
Our spirit's been broken
It's been splintered to bitsFaith is believing
What you see ain't so
But my sweetheart
We've got to learn
To live with these ghostsThey can't leave, we can't goNow we'd sell this valley if we could
Go north where the sun sets
Dripping buckets of goldThrough snow-topped thunderheads
And rows of moving clouds
Coming down this mountain
How sweet salvation soundsWith our hands high
Like lowly pilgrims
As the old men dissolute
The young ones inAlready know what
We're just learning
That's everybody
Everybody's hurting

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