

Stevie Nix

The Hold Steady

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You came into the party with a long black shawl
And the guys from the front lawn were making jokes about the white swan
Some nights we just need to get touched and rub up against something plush
Some nights it's just a crush and some nights it's blood lust
She said we might use you later on
Meet me right back here around dawn
You came into the ER drinking gin from a jam jar
And the nurse is making jokes about the ER being like an after bar
You know you're weak and effete and I'm coming up from the streets
You're up in your loft getting soft and I'm coming up the stairs and I'm coming from the streets
She said I love
the guys you can't trust
Meet me here about dusk
I was half dead then I got born again
I got lost in all the lights but it was okay in the end
And when we hit the twin cities, I didn't know that much about it
I knew Mary Tyler Moore and I knew Profane Existence
I was keyed up, keys jangled in the stalls
They counted money in the motels, they mostly sold it in the malls
And the carpet at the Thunderbird
Has a burn for every cowboy that got fenced in
She said you remind me of Rod Stewart when he was young
You've got passion and you think that you're sexy and all the punks think that you're dumb
The guys around the lockers got a story about the stomach pump
And the guys behind the theater found a body in the garbage dump
She got screwed up by religion
She got screwed by soccer players
She got high for the first time at the camps down by the banks of the Mississippi River
Lord, to be seventeen forever
She got confused about the truth
She came to in a confession
She got high for the last time in the camps down by the banks of the river
Lord, to be thirty-three forever
And she got screwed up by her vision
It was scary when she saw him
She didn't tell a single person about the camps on the banks of the Mississippi River
Lord, to be seventeen forever
She got strung out on the scene
And she got scared when it got druggy
The way the whispers bit like fangs in the last hour of the party
Lord, to be thirty-three forever

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>