

How A Resurrection Really Feels

The Hold Steady

Her parents named her Hallelujah, the kids all called her Holly
And if she scared you then she's sorry, she's been stranded at these parties
These parties they start lovely
But they get druggy and they get ugly and they get bloody
The priest just kinda laughed, the deacon caught a draft
She crashed into the Easter mass with her hair done up in broken glass
She was limping left on broken heels
When she said, "Father, can I tell your congregation how a resurrection really feels?"
Holly was a hoodrat, and now you finally know that
And she's been disappeared for years, today she finally came back
St. Louis had enslaved me, I guess Santa Ana saved me, St. Peter had me on the queue, the St. Paul saints they
waved me through
I was all wrapped up in some video booth when I heard her say "I love you too"
She said I've laid beneath my lovers but I've never gotten laid
Some nights she felt protected, some nights she felt afraid
She spent half last winter just trying to get paid
From some guy she originally thought to be her savior

They wrote her name in magic marks on stop signs and subway cars
They got a mural up on East 13th that said "Hallelujah, rest in peace"
Hallelujah was a hoodrat, and now you finally know that
She's been disappeared for years, today she finally came back
Walk on back, walk on back
She said don't turn me on again
I'd probably just go and get myself all gone again
Don't turn me on again
I'll probably just go and go and get myself all gone again
So don't turn me on again
I'll probably just go and go and get myself all gone again
Hallelujah was a sexy mess, she looked strung out but experienced
So we all got kind of curious
Walk on back...

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