

Sing a Song for Them

Jenny Lewis

If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them For the bats in the belfry and the fairies on Main street
for the deadbeat daddies and the boulevard frieze For the little girls with the carousel eyes
And the brick-a-brack-finding housewives losing their minds Sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them To the never-made-its and the unrecognized
To the alley rats and the tenement flies
To the weekend tweakers, the blond and the blind
To the ex-thrill-seekers in the methadone lines Sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them To who you are and will never be
To the shaking hand of the maker we're all gonna meet Sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them
If you sing a song, sing a song for them

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