

# Lord Have Mercy

## Alabama 3

Lord have mercy

mercy

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Lord have mercy

Lord have mercy There's a picture in the paper that she prayed she'd never see

newsflash bulletins on the radio and on NBC

teardrops on her black dress

she's reachin' for the Rosary beads

remembers when that boy was ten

an'sang nobody knows the trouble I've seen

lamella cannot help her

nobody gonna put her through

she struggled with strife to give the boy the life (that)

daddy always tried to lose

she pauses there for another burbon

listens to the morning rain

with a hopeful hand full of vicodin

she washes away the pain, yeah

Lord have mercy on my wicked son

forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done

I will sing 'till your sweet Kingdom come

Lord have mercy

Lord have mercy There's a letter in the wallet

the kind the coroner returns

faded manilla envelope

the F.B.I. forgot to burn

Tucker stole the cars

in all night bars

and the can he stole in Reno

an incident gettin' outta hand

shootin' some pimp over heroin

there's a photograph from a motor back

and a picture of a mobile home

still a penny don't drop 'till she gets to the bottom of the page

an' now she's frozen

'cause the postmark say in Tuscon

date december of seventy-three

daddy just been busted

she got the baby on her knee, yeah

Lord have mercy on my wicked son  
forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done  
I will sing 'till your sweet Kingdom come  
Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy  
mercy Somebody help me now, yeah help me now  
Lord have mercy on my wicked son  
forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done  
I will sing 'till your sweet Kingdom come  
Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy Lord have mercy on my wicked son  
forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done  
I will sing 'till your sweet Kingdom come  
Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy-ey brother injured  
death's in his soul  
no one is guilty or innocent in jail  
except for the grieving son  
and the grieving wife  
told in the name of justice there goes this life  
where the bullet of the gun is set in it's deadly course  
fire with anger without no remorse  
I think of nothing except one thing  
because injustice of my mothers pain  
for the cities flared  
and the sirens blared  
and all these was ignored so  
death grows more  
and want you to fall in the flames  
nothing is ever the same  
doesn't matter your age  
stand against that rage  
for the sist that lie  
another will die  
and the people that protest  
against death and the rest

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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