

Your Little Hoodrat Friend

The Hold Steady

Your little hoodrat friend makes me sick
But after I get sick I just get sad
'Cause it burns being broke and it hurts to be heartbroken
And always being both must be a drag
She's been calling me again
And she's been calling me again
Your little hoodrat friend's been calling me again
And I can't stand all the things that she sticks into her skin
Like sharpened ballpoint pens and steel guitar strings
She says it hurts but it's worth it
Tiny little text etched into her neck it said
"Jesus lived and died for all your sins"
She's got blue black ink and it's scratched into her lower back
It said, "Damn right, I'll rise again"
Yeah, damn right, you'll rise again, damn right, you'll rise again
And I've been dusted in the dark up in
Penetration park
And I've been plastered
I've been shaking hard and searching in a dirty storefront church
And I've been plowed
But I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
What makes you think I'm getting with your little hoodrat friend
Your little hoodrat friend got me high though
We were seventeen and stuck up in Osseo
She said it's funny, even true love gets troubled by still water
And washed up in the Mississippi river
Her claddagh ring was pointed at the people
She said, "St. Theresa came to me in dreams"
She said, "I ain't gonna do anything sexual with you
I'm kinda saving myself for the scene"
And I've been dusted in the dark up in Penetration park
And I've been plastered
I've been shaking hard and searching in the dirty storefront church
And I've been plowed
Well, I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
What makes you think I'm getting with your little hoodrat friend
She said City Center used to be the center of
the scene
Now City Center's over, no one really goes there
Then we used to drink beneath this railroad bridge
Some nights the bus wouldn't even stop
There were just way too many kids
I was waiting for my ride and I got jumped from behind
I got punctured
I got stopped by the cops, they found it in my socks
And I got probed
But I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend

I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
I ain't ever been with your little hoodrat friend
What makes you think I'm getting with your little hoodrat friend

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