

# Penance Fire Blues

## Bobby Long

I see papers and papers  
Stacked up in formation  
Which mean much before  
They're lining in the fireAs a bottomless heat goes  
To harness your anger  
Your blood and  
Your deepest desireBecause there's no truth stolen  
That's been ever brought forward  
From the minds of the writers  
Looking face down on the gutter'Cause this world's full of thinkers  
And suffragette speakers  
Who deny that they ever wear a dress  
Oh this god forsaken town's in a messAnd all the truths been let out loose  
Is desperate to amuse  
As it grabs you by the throat  
And strings out all the times you've usedBut now you don't belong  
You whisper when you speak  
You turn yourself to nighttime  
Trying to find your feetOh let me run (lord, lord, lord)  
Run lord, let me run,  
So let me run (lord, lord, lord)  
Run lord, let me runBut as the morning awakens  
That light sends a shudder  
The twist of hope that helps you down  
Is left to rest and stirYou back down a hallway  
To flourish the darkness  
And you fool yourself  
You did it all for her  
And him, and herAnd all the truths been let out loose  
Is desperate to amuse  
As it grabs you by the throat  
And strings out all the times you've usedBut now you don't belong  
You whisper when you speak  
You turn yourself to nighttime  
Trying to find your feet  
Trying to find you feet now.Run lord (lord lord lord)  
Run lord, let me run  
Oh let me run lord (lord lord lord)  
Run lord, let me runBut I've seen your face before

Rich boy playing poor  
Ravaging the whores  
Ignoring constant callsNow you don't belong  
You whisper when you speak  
You turn yourself to nighttime  
Trying to find your feet

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