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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