

# Chicago Seemed Tired Last Night

## The Hold Steady

Nelson Algren came to Paddy at some party at the dead end alley  
Yeah, he told him what to celebrate  
And I met William Butler Yeats, Sunday night dance party, summer 1988  
At first I thought it might be William Blake  
We mix our own mythologies, we push them out through PA systems  
We dictate our doxologies and try to get sleeping kids to sit up and listen  
And I'm not saying we could save you, but we could put you in a place where you could save yourself  
If you don't get born again at least you'll get high as hell  
Yeah, and sweet St. Paul, that must be the hardest luck  
saint of them all  
We met him at some suburban St. Paul mall  
But when St. Theresa came to Holly, I wasn't even at that party  
I'd already moved out to New York City  
When Judas went up and kissed him  
I almost got sick  
I guess I knew what was coming  
I guess I knew it was coming  
We gather our gospels from gossip and bar talk then we declare them the truth  
We salvage our sermons from message boards and scene reports and we sic them on the youth  
We try out new testaments on the guys sitting next to us in the bars with the bars on the windows, alright  
Even if you don't get converted tonight, you gotta admit the band's pretty tight  
They did "She's Got Legs" into  
"Ain't Too Proud To Beg"  
Into something by the Dixie Dregs  
And they faked their way through "Fairytale of New York"  
When the band finished playing we howled out for more  
Hey Nelson Algren, Chicago seemed tired last night  
They had cigarettes where there were supposed to be eyes  
Hey William Butler Yeats, all the Irish seemed wired last night  
They tried to separate our girls from our guys  
They had cigarettes where there were supposed to be eyes

Lyrics provided by

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