

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

<https://damnlyrics.com/>