

Lordy Lordy

The Distillers

Oh Lordy, Lordy
Well, your head hangs below the ground
Oh Lordy, Lordy
Well, I think that's where you're found
And so they tell me that you ain't my friend
I'm a loss to yourself, I'll assure you again
When you cry me some real tears, I'll be on the run
You come near me now, girl, I'll go get me a gun
I've never been to prison, I don't know why
I stared death down in its chambers, baby, eye to eye
If prison is a cell then it's raging in my blood
This is a song from the heart ain't nothing else

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