Lordy Lordy

The Distillers

Oh Lordy, Lordy
Well, your head hangs below the ground
Oh Lordy, Lordy
Well, I think thats where youre foundAnd so they tell me that you ain't my friend
I'm a loss to yourself, Ill assure you again
When you cry me some real tears, Ill be on the run
You come near me now, girl, Ill go get me a gunI'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 its raging in my blood
This is a song from the heart ain't nothing else

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