

# Second Time Around (Acoustic Version)

## Indigo Girls

The second time around, you know it really got me down.  
Sister don't you judge it, just keep it to yourself now.  
And if you ain't got nothing good to say,  
Don't say nothing at all. I go bitten by the bitter bug,  
And now I just can't get enough of ill will and my own conceit.  
I'm weary of the world it seems.  
I'm weary of the world, weary of the world it seems. It's sort of always gone my way.  
I'm just a little bit off these days.  
Like I've had hard knocks all my life, like I'm a Bible belt wife.  
Like I didn't see it coming, like I didn't walk it  
Willingly. See, I never want to sing again.  
La la la like a butterfly.  
Without my wits about me, without my heart in line.  
Third time's a charm and this mine. You said you heard Loretta sing  
And felt the loneliness seeping in.  
The cowboys made you uneasy, you're a God-fearing lesbian.  
So you learn not to yearn  
And you take it on the chin again. Here's what I find about compromise-  
Don't do it if it hurts inside,  
cause either way you're screwed, eventually you'll find.  
You may as well feel good; you may as well have some pride. Come August we'll go to Cherokee  
And hear Loretta do her thing.  
Pack it into the Indian casino and make the hillbilly scene,  
Kick up our heels and join in. Are you my ally or my enemy?  
Do you have self-loathing or empathy?  
Can you keep me in your prayers, sister.  
Can you keep me in there somewhere?  
And sister if you ain't got nothing good to say  
Don't say nothing at all.

Songwriters

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