Bitter Draught

Jennifer Leonhardt

Why bother with a second coming wouldnt nobody show no how
Why bother bringin on springtime just to fall
Why love up on your woman only to bring her down
Why bother with the day's blue fullness if all that's on your mind is the night

What's papa's little boy doing lying like an old man
In a heap outside the closed church door
Newspaper and an empty bottle and the light changing green to red
Oh and the sky's just an eye of black in a crack between the walls

Why answer the telephone just to apologize again
Why wait for the train to get here or the child to grow
Why bother with a life of kindness with nothing to show for nothing to show for nothing at all

Why bother with a second coming at all

Lyrics submitted by JS.

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