

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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