

# Lordy

Neil Diamond

Hey,  
Lady, she got painted eyes  
Have a way of talking to you  
Cut your heart out for the prize  
While the bitch sings hallelujahLordy,  
Well I'm made of blood and bone  
Surely, you know  
I bleed when I get stoned  
Look at the way I made my bed  
Rocks and knots and I'm half crazy  
Get to dream 'bout bein' dead  
But I ain't been that lucky latelyLordy,  
Well I'm made of blood and bone  
Surely you know  
I bleed when I get stonedLordy,  
Well I'm made of blood and bone  
Surely you know  
I bleed when I get stoned

Songwriters

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