

## Everybody's Hurting

Jakob Dylan

Been walking the dirt floor, my eyes are open Lord  
Where did you go, have we left you bored?  
On down this unholy well we rolled  
Stirring barrels in hell to be warm  
It's further back down than to high ground  
Only one thing is certain  
That's everybody  
Everybody's hurting

We come from the country where the rain follows plow  
And the evenings are cold enough to pluck your feathers out  
We hear your engines roaring deep and loud  
As we work the mules on this bludgeoned ground  
We've hunted these hills dry  
We've long outlasted the winter and our last wood pile  
Only one thing is certain  
That's everybody  
Everybody's hurting

Through rolling acres of bone yards we drift  
Our spirits' been broken been splintered to bits  
Faith is believing what you ain't so  
My sweetheart we've got to learn to live with these ghosts  
They can't leave and we can't go

We'd sell this valley if we could go up north  
Where the sun sets dripping buckets of gold  
Through snow topped thunderheads and rows of wind  
Clouds

Coming down this mountain how sweet salvation sounds  
With our hands out like lowly pilgrims  
As the old men death salute the young ones in  
Already know what we're just learning  
That's everybody  
Everybody's hurting