

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