

Times Like These

Seven Mary Three

A young girl give me a good luck charm.
Put a snake on my neck and a bird on my arm
Got one good little leg 'cause the other went south
Got a brand new crutch and a brand new mouth

I got a sheriff name branded where I should have kept clean
If you get too close you're going to know what I mean
And I know when I'm old the only runnin' gonna come
Away from my lips and the fork of my tongue

It only gets to me in times like these
And times like these are getting to me

Put your hand in the oven there's a heaven inside
And it burns straight through but the Devil don't mind
Because he takes what he wants and he finds what you hide
And it will buy you a place on the lower east Side, child

I rolled the number last night and I walked in my sleep
And I could feel all the nerves in the tips of my teeth
As they crumbled into dust and washed into the sea
I finally shut my mouth so I could hear myself think, saying

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It only gets to me in times like these
It only gets to me in times like these
And times like these are getting to me