

## 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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