

Cattle And The Creeping Things

The Hold Steady

They got to the part with the cattle and the creeping things, said I'm pretty sure we've heard this one before
Don't it all end up in some revelation with four guys on horses
and violent red visions
Famine and death and pestilence and war?
I'm pretty sure I heard this one before

You in the corner with a good looking drifter, two cups of coffee and ten packs of sugar
I heard Gideon saw you in Denver, he said you're contagious
Silly rabbit, tripping is for teenagers, murder is for murderers and hard drugs are for bartenders
I think I might have mentioned that before

He's got the pages in his pockets that he ripped out of the Bible from his bed stand in the motel
He likes the part where the traders get chased out from the temple

I guess I heard about original sin, I heard the dude blamed the chick, I heard the chick blamed the snake
I heard they were naked when they got busted and I heard things ain't been the same since
You on the streets with a tendency to preach to the choir, wired for sound and down with whatever
I heard Gideon did you in Denver

She's got a cross around her neck that she ripped off from a schoolgirl in the subway on a visit to the city
She likes how it looks on her chest with three open buttons
She likes the part where one brother kills the other, she has to wonder if the world ever will recover
'Cause Cain and Abel seem to still be causing trouble

She said I was seeing double for three straight days after I got born again
It felt strange but it was nice and peaceful and it really pleased me to be around so many people
Of course, half of them were visions, half of them were friends from going through the program with me
Later on we did some sexy things, took a couple photographs and carved them into wood reliefs

But that's enough about me
Come on, tell me how you got down here into Ybor City

He said I got to the part about the exodus
And up to then I only knew it was a movement of the people

But if small town cops are like swarms of flies and blackened f
oil is like boils and hail
I'm pretty sure I've been through this before

It seemed like a simple place to score
And it seemed like a simple place to score
It seemed like a simple place to score and then some old lady c
ame to the door
And said McKenzie Phillips doesn't live here anymore