

Stevie Nix

The Hold Steady

You came into the party with a long black shawl.
And the guys from the front lawn were making jokes about the white swan.
Some nights we just need to get touched and rub right up against something plush.
Some nights it's just a crush and some nights it's blood lust.
She said we might use you later on.
Meet me back here right around dawn.

You came into the ER drinking gin from a jam jar.
And the nurses making jokes about the ER being like an after bar.
You know you're weak and effete and I'm coming up from the streets.
You're up in your loft getting soft and I'm coming up the stairs and I'm coming from the streets.
She said I love the guys you can't trust.
Meet me back here about dusk.

I was half dead. then I got born again.
I got lost in all the lights but it was ok in the end.
And when we hit the twin cities I didn't know that much about it.
I knew Mary Tyler Moore and I knew profane existence.
I was keyed up. Keys jangled in the stalls.
They counted money in the motels. They mostly sold it in the malls.
And the carpet at the Thunderbird has a burn for every cowboy hat got fenced in.

She said you remind me of Rod Stewart when he was young.
You've got passion, you think that you're sexy.
And all the punks think that you're dumb.
The guys around the lockers got a story about the stomach pump.

And the guys behind the theater found a body in the garbage dump.

She got screwed up by religion. She got screwed by soccer players.
She got high for the first time in the camps down by the banks of the Mississippi river.
Lord to be seventeen forever.
She got confused about the truth. She came to in a confession.
She got high for the last time in the camps down by the banks of the river.
Lord to be thirty three forever.

She got screwed up by her vision.

It was scary when she saw him.

She didn't tell a single person about the camps on the banks of the Mississippi river.

Lord to be seventeen forever.

She got strung out the scene. she got scared when it got druggy

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The way the whispers bit like fangs in the last hour of the parties.

Lord to be thirty three forever.