Eddie From Ohio, Hail Mary Shy Of Redemption

Daddy, oh, Daddy
Is that you behind the screen?
I recognize some scratches
In this frame of olive green
Now, this old door has always kept
Our family from harm
What would it take to unlock it
And find your outstretched arms?

Look at me; it's your prodigal kid
But don't go and slaughter the calf
You've not seen the likes of me
For one year and a half
Somehow bad breaks and big mistakes
Have driven me to tears
My conscience aches; I hope this makes
Some sense to your fresh ears

Look by me; it's my roadtrip friend
And--by the way--my spouse
Occupation's travel, and our Chevy is our house
We dig the Dead, and just got wed
In Vegas, back in May
We don't do much to keep in touch,
And that's why I must say

(Chorus)
You can yell at me and laugh
We'd argue til the dawn
You can pull my photographs
And throw them on the lawn
Now, you don't owe me, mister
And I'm sure not your exemption
'Cause I'm a buck twenty-five from being broke
And a Hail Mary shy of redemption
Yes, I'm a buck twenty-five from being broke
And a Hail Mary shy of redemption

Look at me; it's your second-born
But don't go and slaughter the lamb
I just stopped by to say "hello"
And tell you how I am
Some southbound deals and makeshift meals
Have led me to your door
Can you arrange a fair exchange
For sleep upon your floor?

(Chorus)

(buck twenty-five) Is that you behind the screen?
(buck twenty-five) Paint's a-peeling on the
(buck twenty-five) Door that's kept our family from sin
(buck twenty-five) Come and let your child in

(Chorus)