

Madeleine Peyroux, Damn The Circumstances

My heart is like a hand-me-down made soft by older brothers
My body's like my father's house, the sin of generations
Damn the circumstances
Life is hard enough
Damn the bones that rattle
Faith is good enough
You shook the ground beneath my feet, my hopes turned into water
The house came crashing down on me in the early morning hours
Damn the circumstances
Life is hard enough
Damn the bones that rattle
Faith is good enough
Now the lines are drawn and we sleep in the rags and dust
Where all good will has gone and the dreams we had went bust
Damn the circumstances
Life is hard enough
Damn the bones that rattle
Faith is good enough