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