

Steve Earle, Have Mercy

He was standin' on the corner
A hundred dollar bill in his hand
Said I could feed a lot of these people with this
But that ain't the business at hand
Ain't but one reason for a white boy to be
Over on this side of town
He gave that money to the man and he
Bought a little mercy for now
Have mercy on me
Have mercy on me
I'm a sinner Lord can't you see
Have mercy on me
Old Joe don't know how it got started
I guess it was the fire in her eyes
He loved his wife and children
And he wasn't into telling all these lies
But she gave herself so freely
In that room at the top of the stairs
He'd go to her in hope he'd find a little mercy there
Tears were made to fall
Hearts made to break
Sometimes it feels
Like they just want to know
How much you can take
She was all alone that evening
What was she thinking about
Her mind was made up and
I guess it was the only way out
There's a pistol in a pawn shop window
Made of cold, blue steel
She took it home to find out
How warm a little mercy could feel
God knows that mercy ain't free
Have mercy on me