

# The Hold Steady, Chicago Seemed Tired Last Night

nelson algren came to paddy at some party at the dead end alley. he told him what to celebrate. and i met william butler yeats. sunday nite dance party summer 1988. at first i thought it might be w

we mix our own mythologies. we push them out through pa systems. we dictate our doxologies and

sweet saint paul. that must be the hardest luck saint of them all. we met him in some suburban saint  
when st. theresa came to holly. i wasn't even at that party. i'd already moved out to new york city. w

we gather our gospels from gossip and bar talk then declare them the truth. we salvage our sermon

they did she's got legs into ain't 2 proud 2 beg into something by the dixie dregs. they faked their w  
hey nelson algren. chicago seemed tired last nite. they had cigarettes where there were supposed