

# The Hold Steady, Lord, I'm Discouraged

Lord, I'm discouraged  
The circles have sucked in her eyes  
Lord, I'm discouraged  
Her new friends have shadowed her life  
Lord, I'm discouraged  
She ain't come out dancing for some time

And I'm trying to light candles  
But they burn down to nothing  
And she keeps coming up with  
Excuses and half-truths and fortified wine  
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There's a house on the south side  
Where she stays in for days at a time

I know I'm no angel  
I ain't been bad that way  
Can't you hear her?  
She's that sweet missing songbird  
When the choir sings on Sundays  
And I'm almost busted  
But I bought back the jewelry she sold  
And I come to your altar  
And then there's just nothing  
And she keeps insisting

The sutures and bruises are none of my business  
She says that she's sick, but she won't get specific  
The sutures and bruises are none of my business  
This guy from the north side comes down to visit  
His visits, they only take five or six minutes

Lord, I'm sorry to question your wisdom  
But my faith has been wavering  
Won't you show me a sign  
And let me know that you're listening?

Excuses and half-truths and fortified wine  
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Excuses and half-truths and fortified wine  
I know it's unlikely she'll ever be mine  
So I mostly just pray she don't die