

Lord Have Mercy

Alabama 3

Lord have mercy
mercy
mercy
Lord have mercy
Lord have mercy

There's a picture in the paper that she prayed she'd never see
newsfash bulletins on the radio and on NBC
teardrops on her black dress
she's reachin' for the Rosary beads
remembers when that boy was ten
an'sang nobody knows the trouble I've seen
lamella cannot help her
nobody gonna put her through
she struggled with strife to give the boy the life (that)
daddy always tried to lose
she pauses there for another burbon
listens to the morning rain
with a hopeful hand full of vicodin
she washes away the pain, yeah

Lord have mercy on my wicked son
forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done
I will sing 'till your sweet Kingdom come
Lord have mercy
Lord have mercy

There's a letter in the wallet
the kind the coroner returns
faded manilla envelope
the F.B.I. forgot to burn
Tucker stole the cars
in all night bars
and the can he stole in Reno
an incident gettin' outta hand
shootin' some pimp over heroin
there's a photograph from a motor back
and a picture of a mobile home
still a penny don't drop 'till she gets to the bottom of the page
an' now she's frozen
'cause the postmark say in Tuscon
date december of seventy-three
daddy just been busted
she got the baby on her knee, yeah

Lord have mercy on my wicked son
forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done
I will sing 'till your sweet Kingdom come
Lord have mercy
Lord have mercy
mercy

Somebody help me now, yeah

help me now
Lord have mercy on my wicked son
forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done

I will sing 'till your sweet Kingdom come
Lord have mercy
Lord have mercy

Lord have mercy on my wicked son
forgive him Lord for the wrong he's done
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Lord have mercy
Lord have mercy-ey

brother injured
death's in his soul
no one is guilty or innocent in jail
except for the grieving son
and the grieving wife
told in the name of justice there goes this life
where the bullet of the gun is set in it's deadly course
fire with anger without no remorse
I think of nothing except one thing
because injustice of my mothers pain
for the cities flared
and the sirens blared
and all these was ignored so
death grows more
and want you to fall in the flames
nothing is ever the same
doesn't matter your age
stand against that rage
for the sist that lie
another will die
and the people that protest
against death and the rest