

Mercy Buckets

Drive-By Truckers

When all your good days keep getting shorter, count on me.
When you're 'bout 20 cents shy of a quarter, count on me.
When you just need a place to hide out for a while.
I'll help you hide the bodies in a little while.

I will bring you buckets of mercy,
and hold your hand when you're crossing the street.
I'll play a song if you want it.

If you woke up on the wrong side of the bed, count on me.
If you're feeling that freight train running through your head,
count on me.
If you just need a friend to talk to,
or maybe not talk at all.

I will bring you buckets of mercy,
and put a smile back on your pretty face.
I'll bring a shovel if you want it.
Carry your secrets to the grave.

When you're down and out, I'll pick you up down at the station.
Put your hard times on vacation.
And get you headed on your way.

I will bring you buckets of mercy,
and hold your hand when you're crossing the street.
Pay your bail if you need it.
I will be your saving grace.
I will be your saving grace.
I will be your saving grace.