

Prayer for the Paranoid (Electric Version)

Mojave 3

I'll send you a letter from the front line
Please send applause and some good advice
You were born with a compass, a map on your table
Tell me how did you find out your bearings were wrong Just pray for us, pray for sunshine
These days are cold and I'm missing you The city is no place to lose
Ah, but I never thought I could choose
It was plain from the start
Plain from the start, I was playing for time I need laughter and love
Some special drug, I need cigarettes
There's killers behind us
Devil's ahead, send protection I will drown in this city
I will drown in this trench built for us
And the only thing left
Yeah, the only thing left is the running And these clouds keep on rolling
And I, I don't know why
Take this guitar right out of my hands
I surrender This town don't want drunkards
Or singers, or bad poetry
They want dancing and drugs and laughter
And we don't have them Just pray for us, pray for sunshine
These days are cold and I'm missing you This letter was meant for your eyes
Destroy it and then just go hide
You're the only thing left that makes any sense
Please don't blow it

Songwriters

HALSTEAD, NEIL Published by

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