Prayer for the Paranoid (electric version)

Mojave 3

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

Songwriters
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