

# 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  
Devils 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 of 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

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