She Don't Hear Your Prayer

Cousteau

Oh brother please,
Still the guns at your side
It's only me
We got through it aliveThe more things change
The more we're turning to stone
A naked flame
That leaves the lonesome aloneWe're cain now we're able
A three of a kind
She's more than one woman,
One woman
The best you could findThough it feels just like her
Her skin and her hair,
She don't hear your prayer
Anyway, anywhereThough it looks just like her
She ain't got her eyes
Like someone else in disguise
Or just a trick of the lightAn idiot tune
Turning round in my head
I wish I were you
Then I wish I were deadAll love is insane
Wars never get won
Complicated ways
To cover over the sunI see it behind you
My hands are tied
This thing it ain't broken
Just idling,
Biding it's time...This living is fatal
Just breathing the air
I'm well out of welcome
I'll tell ya
Stay well out of there.....

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