

Sweet Lord in Heaven

[Mike Doughty](#)

Oh, I have felt Cobain's sarcoma growing on
This will of mine drag me down into the water
The joy I feel before I drown And the Lord's hand moves on the scheme of my nerves
In the chemicals swimming and the substance of the earth
His love's so great but the soul singers spurn him
To sing their love to some unknown reckless girl They sing to great Queen Heroina
The comfort that she warms them with
Their music swells with all their yearning
They are ashamed to sing for him Who has built these shells that our spirits knock inside
And weep for their release in the onrush of the tide
Of the Lord's great seas that will boil when he returns
To pluck us off the face of this sad and dirty world

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