The Ugly Organist

Cursive

And now, we proudly present
songs perverse and songs of lament
A couple hymns of confession,
and songs that recognize our sick obsessions
Sing along i'm on the ugly organ again
Sing along I'm on the ugly organ so let's begin
There's no use to keep a secret,
everything I hide ends up in lyrics
so read on. accuse me when you're done
if it sounds like I did you wrongOur father, who art in heaven,
save me from this wreck I am about to drown in.
Didn't I learn anything counting out
my sins on rosary beads?
The reverend play on an ugly organ;
he spews his sweet and salty sermon
on the audience.So why do I think I'm any different?
I've been making money off my indifference.
We all pass the hat around,
'This is my body', this is the blood I found
on our hand after I wrote this album.
Play it off as stigmata for crossover fans
sone red handed sleight of hand
Woah oh.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/