

This Town's Religion

Delays

This towns', this towns' religion,
I don't get it; I just don't get it,
Shoot first, think last, forgive me,
I don't get it, but somehow I'm still right here,
And this is the world we made, (it's) too late to start again, (I guess= B+D4)
But at least I know where I belong...
This town, this towns' religion,
I don't get it; I just don't get it,
Drink more, talk less, so guilty,
I don't get it, but somehow I'm still right here,
And this is the world we made, (it's) too late to start again,
But at least I know where I belong, the face don't fit but we can run,
"Whatever must you think of me, Simone? Not offerin' to guide you safely home?
The stolen cars that tear the field apart, they're bearing down on us, we must depart",
The lovers in the photograph have gone; the lovers in the photograph have flown,
Because no lover could believe in, this town, this town's religion,
And this is the world we made, strung out on street parades,
But at least I know where I belong, the face don't fit so we should run.

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