

# Profanity Prayers

## Beck

In a cast iron cage you couldn't help  
But stare like a creature  
With the laws of a brothel  
And the fireproof bones of a preacher  
And your lingo coined  
From the sacrament of a casino  
On a government loan with  
A guillotine in your libido  
Who's gonna answer  
Profanity prayers?  
Who's gonna answer  
These profanity prayers?  
Well, you know how it looks when  
You pull all your books from the table  
And you stare into space trying  
To discern what to say now  
And you wait at the light and watch for  
A sign that you're breathing  
'Cos you can't just live on air  
And float to the ceiling  
Who's gonna answer  
Profanity prayers?  
Who's gonna answer?

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