Soul

Jason Manns

Tell me father, are you riding on
The fictional bus up to heaven above?
Do you listen to the angels on the outskirts
Have they persuaded you?
Oh, tell me father
Perhaps you have been persuaded before
I just want to know, where your body and soul
Roam tonight
But I know I'll never know
Until I pass away to the next life
I know I'll never know
Where your soul roams tonight
Until I reach the afterlife
Kneeling in this church of stone
On this pew reading my prayer book
We commend to your Lord
All the souls who have died
As you walk in the garden
Is the grass broken glass on your feet?
I want to believe when I think how I wasted my chance
And mother I pray
That it would happen someday
We would find you
Where we're going

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