

Some Red Handed Slight of Hand

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
It'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 wrong
Our father, who art in heaven
Save me from this wreck I'm about to drown in
Didn't I learn anything
Counting out my sins on rosary beads?
The reverend plays on the ugly organ
He spews out his sweet and salty sermon
On the audience

Songwriters

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