

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?
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Who's gonna answer?

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