Chant

STAMPEAD

well I found my low
and I canâ€™t go there
I could drown you in velvet
and let you wear and tear
like an import from England
or a California queen
with eyes that fight
at everything you see

juan slings his line in rhyme
a penny for the preacher
is he trying to change the world
with the tongue of a teacher
I must confess I think youâ€™re insane
but I understand
I canâ€™t make your words
but I know where you stand

thereâ€™s a bomb in the bible
where mothers curse their child
this book will make you crosseyed
while your insides grow wild
making something of nothing
as the preacher sings
have you lost your ears
waiting for your wings

Lyrics submitted by stampead.

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