Don't Pray

L.A. Guns

Don't pray to me, I'm not your God
Or cry for me, I'm not your dog
Don't worship me, I'm not your God
Don't pray for me, Don'tNow I see it clearly, only myself left to blame
People drawing near me,
Like a moth pulled by the flame
Now I feel like a man who has lost his wayNothing is real to me, don't lean on me
I'm not your cain
Don't wish me away, I'm not your pain
Don't bury me, I'm not dead yetDon't pray for me, Don't
Now I'm feeling things that
I've never ever even felt before
Something's feeding me through a bleeding woundLike an open door
Now I see it clearly, only myself left to blame
People drawing near me,
Like a moth pulled by the flameDon't pray, Don't pray, Don't pray for me
Now I see it clearly your the one
Who is left to blame
As you draw me to you,I'm the moth and you're the flame
Now I'm feeling things that I've never ever even felt before
Something's feeding me through a bleeding wound
Like an open door
Don't pray for me

Songwriters
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