The Charging Sky

Jenny Lewis

If I run uphill I'm out of breath
If I spend all of my money I've got no money left
If I place all of my chips on only one bet
I'm all inAnd it's a surefire bet I'm gonna die
So I'm taking up praying on Sunday nights
And it's not that I believe in your almight
But I might as well as insurance or bailCause institution's like a big bright lie
And it blinds you into fear and consuming and fight
And you've been in the desert underneath the charging sky
It's just you and God
But what if God's not there?
But his name is on your dollar bill
Which just became cab fareFor the Evangelist, the Communist, the Lefts and the Rights
And the hypocrites and the Jesuits and the blacks and the whites
It's in the belly of the beast
In the Atlanta streets
Or up in Laurel Canyon
The verge of Middle EastStill they're dying on the dark continent
It's been happening long enough to mention it
Have I mentioned my parents are getting back together again
It's been 25 years
Of spreading infection
Somehow we're not affectedSo my mom, she brushes her hair
And my dad starts growing Bob Dylan's beard
And I share with my friends a couple of beers
In the Orlando streets

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