Some Red Handed Sleight of Hand

Cursive

And now, we proudly present
Songs perverse and songs of lament.
A couple of 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 lets begin.
There'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 ad salty sermon
On the audience....so why do I think I'm any different?I've been making money off my indifference.
We all pass the hat around,
'this is my body', this is the blood I found
On my hands after I wrote this album.
Play it off as stigmata for crossover fans...
Some red handed sleight of hand.Woah oh.

Lyrics provided by
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