

# Sunday's Best

## Terra Naomi

Always said your prayers,  
Like a good boy should, like a good boy should,  
Fingers pressed against the cold glass window watching stars so free, stars so free  
You would run but where,  
Even if you could, even if you could,  
You could try but youd never run fast enough to not be seen, not be seen  
Every Sunday morning  
You would go to your church  
in your Sunday clothes,  
Daddy leads a choir of angels, if theyd only know  
But theyll never know, never know  
The name of god is never taken in vain  
But the hand of god is known to cause a multitude of pain,  
When he speaks through your daddy  
And he isnt very pleased  
So shut your foul ungrateful mouth and get down on your knees  
And have you seen my wounded Jesus  
Bloodied son of a preachers mean touch  
Nothing like the cold shoulder of a pious man to  
Show you what true faith in gods love cant do  
Mama looks away  
You know she got a dose of that religion yesterday  
Her sacrifices made  
Will someday set you free, set you free  
She will not betray  
Her promises in front of god naively prayed,  
After years of living without questioning  
She still believes, she still believes, she still believes  
And have you seen my wounded Jesus  
Bloodied son of a preachers mean touch  
Nothing like the cold shoulder of a pious man to  
Show you what true faith in gods love cant do  
And I can blame his painful indecision  
On the cruel unyielding arm of his religion  
Dont know whether to stay a part of worldly things  
Or close his eyes and take a breath and spread his wings  
And fly away, fly away, fly away, fly away, fly away.  
Always said your prayers,  
Like a good boy should, like a good boy should,  
Fingers pressed against the cold glass window watching stars so free

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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