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 freeYou 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 seenEvery 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 knowThe 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 kneesAnd 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 doMama looks away
You know she got a dose of that religion yesterday
Her sacrifices made
Will someday set you free, set you freeShe 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 believesAnd 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 doAnd 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, flay 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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