

Two Churches

Black

Born in nineteen sixty two
Born with eyes of a distant blue
Good luck charm was number one and playing on the radio
Now I'm about ready to lose myself
I'm about ready to kiss and tell, give up all that I think I know
Shed my skin and be ready to go through changes I'm in no rush you can take your time
Show me yours and I'll show you mine
Men'll fuck mud and then call it love, a joke salami in a latex glove
More than a little mixed up when God begins to speak
Through changes
When I have to go before St Peter I'll knock on his neon door and say
Look at what came to be my journey
Between two churches
It's like I came to a fork in the road
Four roads running only one of them known
Fell to my knees as if I was pushed
Love may come but it won't be rushed by trying to run and stop from choosing
The changes
So when I have to go before St Peter I'll knock on his neon door and say
look at what came to be my journey
Between two church
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>