

# Wages of Sin

## The Whiskey Priest

fall into oblivion  
with me, my love  
in the palm  
drunken night  
and stars above go west to the desert land  
the wind is like an invisible hand  
get a gun and be a man oh yeah  
and don't you never ask  
the reason  
why bad world  
american  
sad world  
l'american  
hold me  
and never come again  
in the bad new world  
ain't no wages of sin enter oblivion  
like rain from the sky  
and don't you never ask  
the reason why bad world  
american  
sad world  
l'american  
hold me  
and never come again  
in the bad new world  
ain't no wages of sin

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