Neon Cathedral

Macklemore

Aha
Uhm
1-2
Now, 'round here they sing broken hymns
The prayers flow better when their soaked in gin
The amp's dusty and sits in the corner
By a bartender that?ll pickpocket your heart
And a jukebox that?ll steal your quarter
Bartender, please give me a confession
Exchange fear for courage in the form of a well drink
There?s a heavy current, got a long way to swim
Closed the Bible a while ago, I need some shots for this sin
Hail Mary, come with me, feel like Pac when it hits
Got some fire in my belly and a riot in the gut
Bushmills for a bandade, the sweet taste of blood
Then I might actually feel something if I don?t cover it up
Watch their faces, familiar places
Even if they didn?t left it by the booth that they stayed in
The motel next door, a sign that reads vacant
And a truth that?s so strong I?d be a fool not to chase it
But yea, I?m a fool and I stay here
Hope these problems bail themselves, I die in wait here
One more, four more, bucket a night cap
Service starts at 5 tomorrow and I?ll be right back
Underneath this fragile frame
Lives a battle between pride and shame
But I?ve misplaced that sense of fright
This crown of thorns is perched atop my spine
But listen closely as I testify
Dependency has been a thief at night
Thief at night, thief at night
I read the Bible but I forgot the verses
The liquor store is open later than the churches
Pure by their imperfections, everything is burning
To hell with the confessions, oh the Lord immerses
Blessed in holy water, the sin of Holy Father

Have you ever smelled bless that smells atmonic vodka
11 AM in the morning and you can?t get it off yet

Comment to the preacher but it?s like the pastor isn?t talking
Until the store opens I can read up on that doctrine
The people close to me say I?m in need of a doctor
Think that I got a problem but these are not apostils
This the drink of the Lord, that?s according to my gospel
Open to interpretation, if you?re judging it I don?t want it
I got tins that scole like my throat when I hit the bottle
And I?m sinking and that?s why I keep on drinking
I need a refill, bar more than once every weekend
Sweet Jesus, I?m getting amnesia
Shaking til I?d get a taste, my faith is having seizures
Every time I walk away and try to leave it
Every time I walk away and try to leave it
Wouldn?t miss it for the world
Baptized in my vices and the bar is my church
Traded my artist and I pawned off the easel
Spend it all searching for God at the neon cathedral
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