

Secret Xtians

Unknown Mortal Orchestra

I'm going to hide from the rain, I am tired of running

Round while these nuns eat my grain

Ransacking, wolfpacking rats in a cult of fame, so lame
Secret christians are all the same, don't be grumpy and
cold

If you want to I can burn up a hole in this coal

Don't be surprised if it warms up right when we die tonight

Secret xtians are not too bright
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na

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

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