

Count Zero "Indulgences"

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And Li'l John says, "Please, Father, tell the Lord that I'm regretful for my Sins."

And as the bells peal, he begins to drain his pockets into bins.

Says, as he makes his offerings, "As soon as Coin in
Coffer rings,

Dear Mothers Soul to Heaven springs!"

He interjects, "Please, if I may, take just a moment here to say

I'm so inspired by the way Our Lord has promised You more Land!

Your fine Cathedrals stand so grand! Your Holy Jewels glow on Your Hand!

And unless," he reflects, as his good conscience squirms,

"I request to ingest a steady Diet of Worms,

I had best do my best to better come to terms with Your Indulgences."

And dull John says, "will the owner of a Ford who left their lights on,

Could you please go turn them off?"

You blink and freeze, and in the pew you check your keys because you up and plum

Forgot just which of your five cars you brought... Oh, good, that's not yours in the lot.

And you get on your knees and pray that your new hair dye hides the gray and

That your stocks perform okay.

You don't come here to question truth. You just need this confession booth

To relive your low-pressure youth.

Ask the priest where he got the fabric for his vestment.

Now he knows you think God is just a smart investment.

So your soul is all flawed. Surprise!

Another testament to your indulgences.

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