

## **J Church** **"Blister"**

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Broken Bacchanalian blisters,  
It's a long way back to the city,  
Drunk on gin and valley heat,  
And feeling fuckin' shitty,  
Looking back to Shangri-La,  
It's like a brothel on the border,  
Steady hands can't take a shot,  
Clean up this disorder

And the ocean seems so far away,  
Got to get back to my... ,  
Got to get back to my... ,  
The sun was burning down when I woke up yesterday,  
Got to get back to my... ,  
Got to get back to my...

I had a dream three nights in a row,  
It might not mean a thing,  
I felt my face in an empty space,  
And pulled out all my teeth,  
Stranded in a Fresno truckstop,  
Paying for ice in a glass,  
Rednecks here don't like my eyes or my face,  
They'll kick my ass

And the ocean seems so far away,  
Got to get back to my... ,  
Got to get back to my... ,  
The sun was burning down when I woke up yesterday,  
Got to get back to my... ,  
Got to get back to my...

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