

Johnny Hobo And The Freight Trains "Church Hymn For The Condemned"

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Life's like the feeling when you had a point but forgot it
Had a ticket for my train of thought but I lost it
God gave me instructions on how to live my life
But I could read his handwriting so I burnt them last
night

But I take the beauty of chaos over ugly perfection
I've woken up on the wrong side of the bed every day
since 1987
I can feel myself slipping away from any chance of
redemption
But that's okay 'cause if it's where Falwell goes
Then I don't even want any part of heaven

A guy on TV offered to save my soul toll free
But that would have required getting up off the couch
so I was too lazy
Instead I wait in the bushes outside of a cop's house
holding a twelve guage
God isn't dead but I'll get that bastard someday!

And I take the beauty of my chaos over any one else's
perfection
I've still woken up on the wrong side of the bed every
day since 1987
Nothing scares me as much as the fact that I don't give
a shit for redemption
But that's okay 'cause if it's where a liberal goes
Then I don't even want any part of heaven

Hail satan!

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