

Jon Foreman

"Lord, Save Me From Myself"

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My mind is dull and faded
From these years of buy and sell
My eyes have seen the glory
Of this hollow modern shell

And sex is a grand production
But I'm bored with that as well
Lord save me from myself

Electric sun keep shining
Ripen daughters of the chrome
Yeah, this world is where I breathe
Let it never be called home

Where the vultures make the money
Is where our bodies fell
Lord save me from myself

Where the vultures make the money
I'm bored with that as well
Lord save me from myself

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