

Mansun

"Church Of The Drive Thru Elvis"

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And there's someone
Always laughing over me
A taste of my inferiority
It mocks me and weakens me
Emphasizes what is wrong with me

And now that I am not content to be
A weak impression of what used to be
I wake up in terror To see
That I am so incredibly low
We are all sinners, I know

You take life better than me
My wheelchair sinks into the sand
Like blooms fractured and torn

Everyone's a sinner baby, that's for sure
No conduit Messiah, God like with halo
Aesthetically, appease my all consuming vanity
And now that I am not content to be

A weak impression of what used to be
I wake up in terror to see I'm incredibly low
We are all sinners, I know
We are all sinners, I know

You take life better than me
My wheelchair sinks into the sand
Like blooms fractured and torn

Spirit serene, it's my spirit so serene

You take life better than me
My wheelchair rolls into the sea
Tender blooms fractured and torn
We're all sinners, I know

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