

## Cousteau

# "She Don't Hear Your Prayer"

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Oh brother please,  
Still the guns at your side  
It's only me  
We got through it alive  
The more things change  
The more we're turning to stone  
A naked flame  
That leaves the lonesome alone  
We're cain now we're able  
A three of a kind  
She's more than one woman,  
One woman  
The best you could find  
Though it feels just like her  
Her skin and her hair,  
She don't hear your prayer  
Anyway, anywhere  
Though it looks just like her  
She ain't got her eyes  
Like someone else in disguise  
Or just a trick of the light  
An idiot tune  
Turning round in my head  
I wish I were you  
Then I wish I were dead

All love is insane  
Wars never get won  
Complicated ways  
To cover over the sun  
I see it behind you  
My hands are tied  
This thing it ain't broken  
Just idling,  
Biding it's time...  
This living is fatal  
Just breathing the air  
I'm well out of welcome  
I'll tell ya  
Stay well out of there.....

