

Sam Roberts

"Stripmall Religion"

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I see nothin' at all
But I hear that I'm caught in the crossfire, oh
And fear keepin' me low, low to the ground
And it's clear that what I don't know is pullin' me down

And all your strip mall religion
Is makin' me a belligerent man
In spite of TV confessions
Well, I still do the best I can

What goes on in the shadows
Will come into light
And what was wrong with your mind
Can it made to be right?

So keep a watchful eye on your neighbor tonight
Oh, keep a watchful eye on your neighbor tonight

'Cause all this strip mall religion
Is makin' me a belligerent man
Eleventh hour decisions
Were lackin' in precision

We're the orphans of the storm
It was one for the ages
In my dreams we are all reborn
On the unwritten pages

You go your way and I'll go mine

I'll see you somewhere down the line
You go your way and I'll go mine

Now there's bloodshed in my hometown
And there was bloodshed
There were kids shot down
There were kids shot down, oh

All this strip mall religion
Is makin' me a belligerent man
In spite of TV confessions
Well, I still do the best I can

Yeah, your strip mall religion
Is makin' me a belligerent man
Eleventh hour decisions
Were lackin' in precision

Ooh, and it makes me uneasy now
You know it makes me uneasy
I said it makes me uneasy now
You know it makes me uneasy, uneasy

You go your way and I'll go mine
I'll see you somewhere down the line
You go your way and I'll go mine
I'll see you somewhere down the line

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