

The Mojo Apostles "Promised Land"

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I'm getting old, It's getting cold
Every minute ticking by Is like a fire on the freeway
You haven't seen the last of me But my best is already
in the can
Yeah you've got a lot of stuff
Wax that face with your powder puff
I'm just fine Walking down the line
You can hear the dogs tearing up the other side
I'm ok you are just all right
Nothing ever really goes as you planned
In your polluted little promised land

I woke today Or maybe it was yesterday
The hangovers They run together anyway
I brushed my teeth and scraped my tongue
And I staggered through the door To greet the day
Maybe Mondays wouldn't be so hairy
If I was locked in a monastery
I'm just fine Walking down the line
You can hear the dogs tearing up the other side
I'm ok you are all jacked up
Nothing ever really goes as you planned
In your polluted little promised land

Salaam Aleichem and the altar boy is buggered and
blessed
And the sun is coming up in the west
And the stains on the senator's vest
Go unconfessed Praise the lord and polish up the
sacred cow
Pack the van with the diesel and manure now
Everybody needs something pretty to believe
Hey I'll meet you at the Muslim bakery
I got a body stashed in the rafters
Just a little taste of the hereafter
I'm just fine Walking down the line
You can hear the dogs tearing up the other side
I'm ok you are all jacked up
Nothing ever really goes how you want
In your bloated little Babylon

