

## Mojave 3 "Prayer For The Paranoid"

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I'll send you a letter from the front line  
Please send applause and some good advice  
You were born with a compass, a map on your table  
Tell me how did you find out your bearings were wrong

Just pray for us, pray for sunshine  
These days are cold and I'm missing you

The city is no place to lose  
Ah, but I never thought I could choose  
It was plain from the start  
Plain from the start, I was playing for time

I need laughter and love  
Some special drug, I need cigarettes  
There's killers behind us  
Devil's ahead, send protection

I will drown in this city  
I will drown in this trench built for us  
And the only thing left  
Yeah, the only thing left is the running

And these clouds keep on rolling  
And I, I don't know why  
Take this guitar right out of my hands  
I surrender

This town don't want drunkards  
Or singers, or bad poetry  
They want dancing and drugs and laughter  
And we don't have them

Just pray for us, pray for sunshine  
These days are cold and I'm missing you

This letter was meant for your eyes  
Destroy it and then just go hide  
You're the only thing left that makes any sense  
Please don't blow it

