

Mystery Jets

"Under the Pews"

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Mother led me when I was a boy
The smells of incense, hands of safety
Vicar led the congregation
His voice still echoes under the pews

Halfway through the morning mass
I leave to draw the gospel stories
Sunday art school, paint by numbers
On stained glass, chapel windows

End the service in time for tea
There were ladies with beards and men with false teeth
Mother and I amongst the old and the old and retired
We were the rebels and they were the choir

I'll try and believe in
Trying to see it
All you've been telling me
I can't live my life by the book
My life's a path and I'm blind
Step by step, day by day
Take each moment, thrown my way

Father stopped the weekly outings
I watched the first time you drove off alone
Didn't he see I was never a priest
Or maybe he resented it was just you and me

I feel nostalgic when I think of the past
The hymns you sung in my memory last
He showed me serenity sat side by side
I'm too shy to tell you these words I can find

I've reminisced on how it was then
Another reminder of how things end
Oh the candles we lit, they burnt out so fast
Our lives are no different, they're not made to last

I'll try and believe in
Trying to see it
All you've been telling me

I can't live my life by the book
My life's a path and I'm blind
Step by step, day by day
Take each moment, thrown my way

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