

## **Macklemore & Ryan Lewis**

### **"Neon Cathedral"**

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Aha  
Uhm  
1-2

'Round here they sing broken hymns  
They prayers flow better when they're soaked in gin  
The amp's dusty and sits in the corner  
By a bartender that'll pickpocket your heart  
And a jukebox that'll steal your quarter  
Bartender, please give me a confession  
Exchange fear for courage in the form of a well drink  
There's a heavy current, got a long way to swim  
Closed the Bible a while ago, I need some shots for this  
sin  
Hail Mary, come with me, feel like Pac when it hits  
Got some fire in my belly and a riot in the gut  
Bushmills for a bandade, the sweet taste of blood  
Then I might actually feel something if I don't cover it  
up  
Rusted faces, familiar places  
Even if they haven't left the vinyl booth that they stayed  
in  
The motel next door, a sign that reads vacant  
And a truth that's so strong I'd be a fool not to chase it  
But yet, I'm a fool and I stay here  
Hope these problems drown themselves, I die in wait  
here  
One more, four more, Fuck it; a night cap  
Service starts at 5 tomorrow and I'll be right back

Underneath this fragile freight  
Lives a battle between pride and shame  
But I've misplaced that sense of fight  
This crown of thorns is perched atop my spine  
listen closely as I testify  
Dependency has been a thief at night  
Thief at night, thief at night

I read the Bible but I forgot the verses  
The liquor store is open later than the churches  
Pure by their imperfections, everything is burning

To hell with the confessions, all the Lord immerses  
Blessed in holy water, the sin of Holy Father  
Have you ever smelled bless that sweats atomic  
vodka  
11 AM in the morning and you can't get it off yah  
Comment to the preacher but it's like the pastor isn't  
talking  
Until the store opens I can read up on that doctrine  
The people close to me say I'm in need of a doctor  
Think that I got a problem but these are not apostils  
This the drink of the Lord, that's according to my  
gospel  
Open to interpretation, if you're judging it I don't want it  
I got sins that scold like my throat when I hit the bottle  
And I'm sinking and that's why I keep on drinking  
I need a refill, bar more than once every weekend  
Sweet Jesus, I'm getting amnesia  
Shaking 'til I get a taste, my faith is having seizures  
Every time I walk away and try to leave it  
Every time I walk away and try to leave it

Wouldn't miss it for the world  
Baptized in my vices and the bar is my church  
Traded my artist and I pawned off the easel  
Spend it all searching for God at the neon cathedral

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