

Michael Kiwanuka

"Blessed"

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Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit
Blessed is the lamb, whose blood flows
Blessed are the sat upon, the spat upon, the ratted on
Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me?
I got no place to go
I've walked around Soho for the last night or so
Ah, but it doesn't matter, no

Blessed is the land, and the kingdom
Blessed is the man, whose soul belongs to
Blessed are the meth drinkers, pot sellers, illusion
dwellers
Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me?
My words trickle down
From a wound that I have no intention to heal

Blessed are the stained glass, window pane glass
Blessed is the church service, makes me nervous
Blessed is the penny rookers, cheap hookers, groovy
lookers
Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me?
I, I have tended my own garden
Much too long

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