

Withered Hand "Religious Songs"

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I don't really know what I should do
like, should I be passing this bread along to you?
And I don't really know what the wine was for
cos if it was Jesus' blood, wouldn't there be more?
I'm knocking on Kevin's front door

I'm singing religious songs
and getting the words wrong
my hair's getting too long
for this congregation
religious songs
I'm getting the words wrong
my hair's getting too long
and they're saying
"How does he really expect to be happy
when he listens to death metal bands?"

la la la la la

If there's manna from heaven
then you're disinclined to share
you stole my heart
and I stole your underwear
you said religion is bullshit
it's all about metaphor
well if I need a fence to sit on
then I'll sit on yours, sit on yours
dreaming of Babylon's whores

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"How does he really expect to be happy
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la la la la la

I knew you so long I ran out of cool things to say
I still bump into friends that we both had yesterday
when they ask me how I am, I lie and say I'm doing fine
they still manage to tell me I'm an easy lay holiday
well that's okay, remember you thought I was gay?
Well, I beat myself off when I sleep on your futon
I walk in the rain with my secondhand suit on
beat myself off when I sleep on your futon
I walk in the rain, and I'm thinking
if I happen to die tonight in my sleep
I'll have cum and your blood on my hand

la la la la la

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