

Painted Window

"Rock And Roll Religion"

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[Benedictine monks chanting]
My whole life I've spent searching for a meaning
But whenever I think I'm close
My trail leads me back to rock and roll
I'm not a product of no to people
I ain't a gift from God
Even though I was raised a religious boy
My prayer is rock and roll

Yeah, I gave my parents hell until they kicked me out
Then I started a rock and roll life
Kept alive by the sweat, noise and the rush
Rushing down the same path
But it ain't a stairway to heaven
It's gonna be a baptism by fire

My whole life I've spent searching for a meaning
But whenever I think I'm close
My trail leads me back to rock and roll
I'm not a product of no two people
I ain't a gift from God
Even though I was raised a religious boy
My prayers are all rock and roll

God gave us heads so we could bang them to a beat
Hands to write and lips to sing not speak
But when God made sound
He didn't know I was a'coming
Yeah, my bread is a dirty heavy riff
My wine a guitar screaming out in the open air
Bangers can't be choosers
Cafeteria rockers need not apply

My whole life I've searched for a meaning
But whenever I seem close
My trail leads me back to rock and roll
I'm not a product of no two people
I ain't a gift from God
I was raised a religious boy
But my prayers were all rock and roll

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