

Whocares

"Holy Water"

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Changing weather
Changing weather
It gets no better.

Room for improvment
Room for rent
Needs money spent

I've got no sense of purpose
I sit alone, I sit alone
Got no sense of belonging
Getting old, getting old

(CHORUS)

There's no one here to help me drown my sorrows
With just a splash, of holy water
And I can't see a thing beyond tomorrow
Praise the lord for holy water

Born to be guilty
Born to be bad
Can't miss what can't be had
Time for reflection
Time to think
Time to have another drink

I've got no sense of purpose
I took the blame, but I felt no shame
Got no sense of belonging
It's getting late, getting late

(CHORUS)

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