

Streets

"Never Went To Church"

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Two great European narcotics
Alcohol and Christianity
I know which one I prefer

We never went to church
Just get on with work and sometimes things'll hurt
But it hits me since you left us
And it's so hard not to search

If you were still about
I'd ask you what I'm supposed to do now
I just get a bit scared
Every now, hope I made you proud

On your birthday when mom passed the forks and
spoons
I put my head on the table, I was so distraught with you
You tidied your things into the bin, the more poorly you
grew
So there's nothing of yours to hold or to talk to

You put your hand up and interrupt the conversation
with a, but
People say I interrupt, people with the same look
Sometimes I think so hard, I can't remember how your
face looked
Started reading about dreams in your favorite book

I panic and pace when I can't see the right thing to do
You'd be scratching your head through the best advice
you knew
And I feel sad, I can't hear you reciting it through
I miss you dad, but I've got nothing to remind me of
you

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Every now, hope I made you proud

I needed a break when your book about dreams was
taken
I needed to pray or see a priest that day
I needed to leave this trade and just heave it away
But I cleaned up my place like you so I could see things
straight

I never cared about God when life was sailin' in the
calm
So I said I'd get my head down and I'd deal with the
ache in my heart
And for that if God exists, I'd reckon he'd pay me
regard
Mom says me and you are the same from the start

I guess than you did leave me something to remind me
of you
Every time I interrupt someone like you used to
When I do something like you, you'll be on my mind or
through
'Cause I forgot you left me behind to remind me of you

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But you, you still tell me
How you didn't know what to do even now
And then I'm not so scared somehow
'Cause I know that you'd be proud

I got a good one for you dad
I'm gonna see a priest
A Rabbi and a Protestant clergyman
You always said, I should hedge my bets

