

Terra Naomi "Sunday's Best"

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Always said your prayers,
Like a good boy should, like a good boy should,
Fingers pressed against the cold glass window
watching stars so free, stars so free~!~!

You would run but where,
Even if you could, even if you could,
You could try but you'd never run fast enough to not be
seen, not be seen~!~!

Every Sunday morning
You would go to your church
in your Sunday clothes,
Daddy leads a choir of angels, if they'd only know
But they'll never know, never know~!~!

The name of god is never taken in vain
But the hand of god is known to cause a multitude of
pain,
When he speaks through your daddy
And he isn't very pleased
So shut your foul ungrateful mouth and get down on
your knees~!~!

And have you seen my wounded Jesus
Bloodied son of a preacher's mean touch
Nothing like the cold shoulder of a pious man to
Show you what true faith in god's love can't do

Mama looks away
You know she got a dose of that religion yesterday
Her sacrifices made
Will someday set you free, set you free~!~!

She will not betray
Her promises in front of god naively prayed,
After years of living without questioning
She still believes, she still believes, she still
believes~!~!

And have you seen my wounded Jesus
Bloodied son of a preacher's mean touch

Nothing like the cold shoulder of a pious man to
Show you what true faith in god's love can't do

And I can blame his painful indecision
On the cruel unyielding arm of his religion
Don't know whether to stay a part of worldly things
Or close his eyes and take a breath and spread his
wings
And fly away, fly away, fly away, fly away, fly
away

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