

## Howard Adina

# "If it Ain't Been in a Pawn Shop, Then it Can't Play the Blues"

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I'm havin' dreams of seeing Jesus on the Wilson stop  
Crying' his eyes out, soaking the there t-shirt that he  
rocks  
As the tears drop and mix with the blood from his  
palms  
I compared his crown to yours and I began to scream  
psalms like  
Soups open soul, soups open soul the non-stop  
Unfold so he can roll and get his cross back from the  
pawn shop  
Shocked no one can see him through his money green  
fog  
And just then he disappeared from two kids with  
seeing eye dogs  
They asked me who he was?  
Well how should I know just a wino  
Well we saw him in Border's tearing price tags off  
bibles  
In this game of survival of the save souls  
Until I know for sure I'll keep flyin' my tags with halos  
He can't breath because my brother's yellin' "fuck your  
soul"  
'Cause in this lustful world righteousness ain't never  
taxed deductibles  
So fold your food stamps and go collect your plate  
Hoping that heaven's open Sunday as she shakes from  
hunger rates  
Mistakes these bullshit lessons her preachers  
stressin'  
But never once questioned how many blessings he  
paid for his new Lexus  
Profession, heaven's a million miles from Chicago  
We only see the stars when we're tippin' back a bottle  
Only see the stars when we're tippin' back a bottle  
He only sees the stars when he's tippin' back a bottle  
Why try to sleep? We don't dream as much as  
yesterday  
All our prayers infested and stress and rent to pay  
But ain't nobody hiring' on desire alone  
Try to find his way home but this silence is cold  
Like the Vietnam vet with the tires in his throne

Eyes turned to stone holding' wild Irish roads  
With the time freezes froze he realizes it's his breath  
In a foggy bottle, To remind him he's dead  
Left to get worthless in this bus terminal  
He puffs an answer to his cancer, but the circle grows  
And echos in the subway "who's gonna save us"  
Sleeping under the newspaper, obituaries face up  
God bless you for your pennies collect your spoils of  
war  
Spoils himself with a meal he paid a quarter for  
He's sorta short on... Can't afford a conversation  
Sure the cloud is chasin' in the place his legs went  
It's gonna take a whole village to drown this witch  
But she floats over dreams, foams when he sips  
He misses his children witnesses the buildings drop  
Disgusted with this rusted anchor called the Wilson  
stop  
Disgusted with this fuckin' rusted anchor  
Disgusted with this fuckin' rusted anchor called the  
Wilson stop  
Yo, if it ain't been in the pawn shop, then it can't play  
the blues  
If it ain't been in a pawn shop, then it can't play the  
blues  
If it ain't been in a pawn shop, then it can't play the  
blues  
If it ain't been in a pawn shop, then it can't play the  
blues  
Now can it?  
I guess we can all play the blues

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