

Trophy Scars "Bad View"

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Heard about this kid born in Bethlehem
That could heal the sick with the wave of his hand
And how his father had this master plan, well
We got sick, yeah we got tricked
I swallow my spit for the best of man
And I lost my wallet in Bethlehem
But I try to pay for as much as I can
It's just, like, bad luck - it's all, like, "oh shucks"
I think about death and what I have
So my own damn self can't remember the past
Because I had a bad view in Bethlehem
And a bad view is a bad view
Coincidence and accidents are really just the same
Who's to blame
But the view I had in Bethlehem painted the cityscape
mundane
I felt changed
Yeah.
Everyone everywhere can sing everything I know
You know
Now everyone everywhere will know everything you
know
I know
Now everyone everywhere will lie about everything they
know
I know
The concierge informed the guest to bare their teeth
an not let me go
They locked up the hotel, they blocked up the stairwell
They screamed and yelled, doomed me to hell, they
told me who to love
I grabbed my bags and ran, avoided shaking hands
Thank you much for your thoughts but the retail price is
plagued
And all of you are safe if the view makes feel saved
But your words fit forced like they've been coerced and
rattled...
Just send my wallet to your church... I'll pay your med
bills
City of David
Immaculate babies
Don't look so sad

But we all needed saving
Palestine evenings
And Ottoman dealings
Don't look so sad
Well we all needed saving
Constantine's mother
And my little brother
Will share the same fate
Will share the same place
Oslo accords
And John Paul the Second
Will lift the curse
Will hold my curse down
Yes, it's a curse.
Death was born and bought on Easter Day
The backlash made the bad view go away

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