

## Mojo Apostles, The "Promised Land"

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I'm getting old, It's getting cold  
Every minute ticking by Is like a fire on the freeway  
You haven't seen the last of me But my best is already  
in the can  
Yeah you've got a lot of stuff  
Wax that face with your powder puff  
I'm just fine Walking down the line  
You can hear the dogs tearing up the other side  
I'm ok you are just all right  
Nothing ever really goes as you planned  
In your polluted little promised land

I woke today Or maybe it was yesterday  
The hangovers They run together anyway  
I brushed my teeth and scraped my tongue  
And I staggered through the door To greet the day  
Maybe Mondays wouldn't be so hairy  
If I was locked in a monastery  
I'm just fine Walking down the line  
You can hear the dogs tearing up the other side  
I'm ok you are all jacked up  
Nothing ever really goes as you planned  
In your polluted little promised land

Salaam Aleichem and the altar boy is bugged and  
blessed  
And the sun is coming up in the west  
And the stains on the senator's vest  
Go unconfessed Praise the lord and polish up the  
sacred cow  
Pack the van with the diesel and manure now  
Everybody needs something pretty to believe  
Hey I'll meet you at the Muslim bakery  
I got a body stashed in the rafters  
Just a little taste of the hereafter  
I'm just fine Walking down the line  
You can hear the dogs tearing up the other side  
I'm ok you are all jacked up  
Nothing ever really goes how you want  
In your bloated little Babylon

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