

## Two Churches

Black

Born in nineteen sixty two  
Born with eyes of a distant blue  
Good luck charm was number one and playing on the radio  
Now I'm about ready to lose myself  
I'm about ready to kiss and tell,  
Give up all that I think I know  
Shed my skin and be ready to go through changes

I'm in no rush you can take your time  
Show me yours and I'll show you mine  
Men'll fuck mud and then call it love,  
A joke salami in a latex glove  
More than a little mixed up when God begins to speak  
Through changes  
When I have to go before St Peter I'll knock on his neon door and say  
Look at what came to be my journey  
Between two churches

It's like I came to a fork in the road  
Four roads running only one of them known  
Fell to my knees as if I was pushed  
Love may come but it won't be rushed by trying to run and stop  
from choosing  
The changes  
So when I have to go before St Peter I'll knock on his neon door and say  
Look at what came to be my journey  
Between two churches