

Make me feel alright again

Young man take a look at my life
And make the same mistake
I saw what the other is like
And dream of something changing
His holiness the evangelist
Closing up the gates
No room in the summits womb
For the exodus this late
Cain or abel
At the crux
Rising water
Swallows us
Money changers
The tables gonna bust
Sooner or later

Joel steps out a chevrolet
And parts his narrow hair
The early start of a hurricane
When it crosses over laird
Greater heights and the astros (just) might
Win it in the fall
But for now we're gonna somehow

Make it through this all

Eve or esther
At the crux
Rising water
Swallows us
Money changers
The tables gonna bust
Sooner or later

If you slide your folded cheque
Inside the brassy alms dish
Would you know your right from left
Blind below the surface
Who will care for the sick and the poor
And save the corporation
Tax the rich be done with it
And heal all our relations
Oil and water
Never mix
Silky speaker
The evangelist
Market crashes
The chapels caving in
Sooner or later