

Spiritually Bankrupt

Bellamy Brothers

I was an empty vessel
Full Of all emotion
Drowning in pool
of my on self pity

Sold into slavery
By the world and its precessions
Rendering my games
to the sins of the city

Now I didn't care to live
But I did not want to die
Traveling that low road
Made me tire of getting high

I didn't need no body
but I was running short on love
Spiritually Bankrupt
and looking for the Lord

So I should have Died So Many Times Before
But I guess My burn out Spirit Knew
That There was Something more.

I had The Hounds of Hell behind me
Nipping at my heels
My days never quicken
Because I had no nerves of steel

I touch the scarlet woman
She said son can you afford
To be Spiritually Bankrupt
But looking for the Lord

Still a broken vessel
Thirsting for the truth
Fending off the numbness
And longing for my youth

My heart remembers praying
From The Soul of My Vocal Cords
Spiritually Bankrupt
Still Looking for The Lord
Spiritually Bankrupt
Always looking for the Lord
Spiritually Bankrupt
Someday I will find the Lord