

Father Texas

Birdtalker

Father Texas on his toes
Tells me where and when to go
He's a savior, liturgy man
He's a stickler and a soap monger
Shove-it-down-your-throat-
Holy answer man

He says obey and I love you
Now I'm doing just to prove
And I'm working out of fear
Oh but the devil's done

Shadowboxing ego me
I tell him he's free to leave
But he's a diva, resistor-man he
Doesn't have a place to go

But I don't mind; the devil's done
He's staring down the barrel in the sites of the Lover's gun
You don't have to hide, the rest of your life
You've been knocking from the inside
All this time

Cold is a life where fear's the only chief
Cold, like a winter night, had me shaking like a leaf

All is right, the devil's done here
He's starin' down the barrel in the sites of the Lover's gun
You don't have to hide, the rest of your life
You've been knocking from the inside
All this time