

## We've Got Soul

Chapel

I'd rather be broke than braindead  
Living in my parents basement  
Nobody knows, nobody knows  
My friends are all hitched and happy  
I'm working all week but my ends don't meet  
It's all the same, I could use a break

Hey we know we'll never see the money  
So we go, we're better on our own

'Cause we've got soul, soul  
'Cause I just wanna chance to break the mold  
I'm a boogie ass bitch deep in my bones

My skin is sewn to my bedsheets  
I haven't washed clothes in six weeks  
What's wrong with you, what's wrong with you  
I'm missing getting high with Brian  
My brain is fried I ain't even trying  
I need to know, where should I go

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I'm praying for some sort of miracle from you  
I'm waiting for someone to take me home, could you

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