

Mercy

Generacionals

I used to live in faith
But I have been burned and led astray
I had to turn my head away
Just to get some relief
I know some people say (I know some people say)
That fortune favors the bold (fortune favors the bold)
Mercy prays for the old
But I don't know what to believe

Ordinary voices carry every day
Fortunately, never let me get my way

I know what you did
I saw the way you treated the man
And when I needed a hand
You let me twist in the wind
You think I'm talking shit (you think I'm talking shit)
And getting carried away (getting carried away)
But I will be dead and buried away
Before I let you back in

Ordinary voices carry every day
Fortunately, never let me get my way

Turn the table when she saw me
Lost a million origami
Tunnel vision isn't funny
Listen to me, give me money
Holy Thursday, your apartment
You come to me with something
More important, broken promise
I'm too tired anyway