

# Church Of The Drive Thru Elvis

Mansun

And there's someone always laughing over me  
A taste of my inferiority  
It mocks me and weakens me  
Emphasises what is wrong with me  
And now that I am not content to be  
A weak impression of what used to be  
I wake up in terror  
To see that I am so incredibly low  
We are all sinners alone

You take life better than me  
My wheelchair sinks into the sand  
Like blooms fractured and torn

Everyone's a sinner baby that's for sure  
No conduit messiah God-like  
With halo aesthetically  
Appease my all consuming vanity  
And now that I am not content to be  
A weak impression of what used to be  
I wake up in terror  
To see that I am so incredibly low  
We are all sinners alone

Spirit serene  
It's my spirit so serene

You take life better than me  
My wheelchair rolls into the sea  
Tender blooms fractured and torn  
We're all sinners alone