

I Gotta Praise

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

I ain't been to church in a decade or so
I gotta praise me somebody
It's Playboy, not Bible, when I'm feeling low
I gotta praise me somebody

The phonecalls I make are totally ignored
They only ring back if they're drunk or they're bored
Get me someone or I'll turn to the Lord
I gotta praise me somebody

I gotta worship, I gotta praise
Spend all my minutes and waste all my days
I gotta compliment, I gotta serve
I gotta give someone all they deserve

Down on my knees, and I'm begging you, please
I gotta find me somebody
Long-term relationship, just a quick squeeze
I gotta find me somebody

My football team lose every game I attend
The florists return any flowers I send
I'm sick of the hours alone that I spend
I gotta love me somebody

I gotta worship, I gotta praise
Spend all my minutes and waste all my days
I gotta compliment, I gotta serve
I gotta give someone all they deserve

The Sikhs have the temple, the Muslims the mosque
And I can't even name any lovers I've lost
I gotta have someone to peck me on cheek
Hug me and say that they've missed me all week

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