

Invictus

Peter Doherty

In time's of great need boy find yourself on your knees
Praying to a god in whom you don't even believe
Sad can not compute, can not give pursuit
To the root of the loot boy, oh don't open the boot

I've been trying for the door
I've been trying for the door
And in trying for the... vying for the...
Crying from my soul

Say if you follow the money you hollow the hole
Steal finger, sticky honey, sick iffy notes

I've been trying for the dough
And in trying for the dough
I'm trying for the... I'm crying from the...
Crying from my soul

In time's of great need boy we find ourselves on our knees
Begging to a god in whom we don't even believe

Still I'm trying for the dough
Trying for the dough
And in trying for the... crying from the...
Crying from my soul

Yes I'm trying for the dough
Crying for my soul
Trying for the... vying for the...
Crying from my soul