Cathedral

SPRINTS

Mother, father
I'm sorry to say my disposition lives another day
You're not gonna be happy
Are any of us happy?
Mother, father
I'm sorry to say my disposition lives another day
You're not gonna be happy
Are any of us happy?

Maybe I'm living with eyes closed shut
Maybe I'm giving, maybe not enough
Maybe that's the beauty, maybe that's the pain
Maybe living's easy, maybe dying's the same

They say you call it punch drunk love, call it power to abusers
He spits his propane and my refusal is a fueller
He's singing from a hymn sheet, I'm singing for the others
They say I've gone cold while I'm sat drowning in the gutter

Mother, father
Holy Spirit and Ghost and spirit I pray
When am I gonna be happy?
Is anybody happy?
Mother, father
Holy Spirit and Ghost and spirit I pray
When am I gonna be happy?
Is anybody happy? Can anybody be happy?

They say you call it punch drunk love, call it power to abusers
He spits his propane and my refusal is a fueller
He's singing from a hymn sheet, I'm singing for the others
They say I've gone cold while I'm sat drowning in the gutter

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