GotItBad

St. Paul & The Broken Bones

Southern crack at the southern green
Everybody selling that southern thing
But we can't go, no
Peddles in the pine with the hollow teeth
Screaming hallelujah from the factories
But we can't know
Caught four devils in the maker phones
Telling all the saints that they were wrong
But they can't know
Choking on the smoke inside their lungs
Screaming for the mercy of the burning ones
But I know it's too late

Preacher of elastic
How we can let it go and go and go?
Love is for the mercy
And now we can lose control, control, control

What do we ever do?
I know that you got it bad
What do we ever say?
I know that you got it bad

Gun shaped bottle in a loaded tongue
Jesus ain't the problem but he started one
He don't understand
Black veil preacher at the city mall
Hiding in the bushes 'cause he likes the muse
I don't understand it
Death on the breath of a wounded dove
Shipped two-ninety, took all my blood
And suck on my blood
Southern crack at the southern green
Everybody selling that southern thing
But I can't go again, oh no

Preacher of elastic
How we can let it go and go and go?
Love is for the mercy
And now we can lose control, control, control

What do we ever do?
I know that you got it bad
What do we ever say?
I know that you got it bad
What do we ever do?
I know that you got it bad
What do we ever say?
I know that you got it bad

There's a little light
There's a little hope
It seems to fade away
There's a little light
There's a little hope
It seems to get away
We are just bruised fruit falling from the tree

God is a gambler who can't set us free

Where are we going? We're lost
I can't tell you the cost
For the continental fruit toast

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