

Sister Saint Monica

The Movieline

Sister Saint Monica,
You've got me on my knees.
How can I make up for being human?
I'll make amends.

Striking like a match.
Eyes burning like a church.
Your iron fist wants blood and it gets it.
Shaking like my faith.
Frozen like a lake
With a new habit that's not so black and white.

Sister Saint Monica,
You've got me on my knees.
How can I make up for being human?
I'll make amends.

Sister Saint Monica,
(I miss you giving me hell sometimes.)
You've got me on my knees.
(I wish you down a well sometimes.)
Sister Saint Monica,
(You're never getting off the hook.)
You've got me on my knees.