Blessed

The Tremeloes

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit Blessed is the lamb, whose blood flows Blessed are the sat upon, the spat upon, the ratted on Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me? I got no place to go I've walked around Soho for the last night or so Ah, but it doesn't matter, no Blessed is the land, and the kingdom Blessed is the man, whose soul belongs to Blessed are the meth drinkers, pot sellers, illusion dwellers Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me? My words trickle down From a wound that I have no intention to heal Blessed are the stained glass, window pane glass Blessed is the church service, makes me nervous Blessed is the penny rookers, cheap hookers, groovy lookers Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me? I, I have tended my own garden Much too long