

## Profanity Prayers

Beck

In a cast iron cage you couldn't help but stare like a creature  
With the laws of a brothel and the fireproof bones of a preacher

And your lingo coined from the sacrament of a casino  
On a government loan with a guillotine in your libido

Who's gonna answer  
Profanity prayers  
Who's gonna answer  
These profanity prayers

Well you know how it looks when you pull all your books from the table  
And you stare into space trying to discern what to say now  
And you wait at the light and watch for a sign that you're breathing  
Cos you can't just live on air and float to the ceiling

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