

In bad times when it's dark and cold  
and you got no place to rest your soul.  
There's laughter behind your back  
then it seems easy these days  
or do I see it in a different way  
the world is spinning  
well  
that's okay.  
Tell me baby  
what's the price we pay.  
Holy  
holy life  
sometimes is lonely.  
Holy  
holy life  
sometimes is sad.  
Holy  
holy life  
sometimes is phony  
but sooner or later  
they'll find you dead.  
Why don't you take me down to a rabbit hole  
where a man of peace can hide his soul.  
Talk about pollution and birthcontrol  
better talk to the rabbit.  
It's somebody's fault.  
Maybe sometimes I'm pessimistic  
and maybe it ain't so bad  
ain't so sick  
I know I'm not the man of constant sorrow  
tell me baby  
it is the path of evil  
to follow.