

Say Your Prayers

Bulletboys

Whoa-oh whoa-oh whoa!
Yeah yeah yeah!

Watch the sky high fly
Did you think I'd never find out?
Well smiling lies
Something says as good as a shout

Cause I feel the highs over picking my back
Pierced through the heart
I won't take it
Well that stuff makes for fuel for a start

Religious hour, a taste of every man
That's one of those things you'll never, never need again

Give up the path
When you're driving yourself
(Say your prayers)
If you want a fight, baby
I'm pleased to oblige

Oh wow-wow! Slow
What goes up will always come 'round
Said you're so dainty
Crying is your favourite sound

When the chance romance, the morning is man
It's Russian roulette
Clang, clang, clang, clang
Busted, baby, that's what you get

Religious hour, a taste of every man
That's one of those things that never, never needs again

Want a fight
I'm pleased to oblige
(Say your prayers)
Oh baby you broke the pact
When you jumped in the sack
(Say your prayers)
Whoa! Ready or not
Take a shot
(Say your prayers)
Pumpin' the pauper
A part that should rise
(Say your prayers)
Say your
Say your prayers

Whoa!

If you want a fight
I'm pleased to oblige
(Say your prayers)
You broke the pact
When you jumped in the sack

(Say your prayers)
I'm taking a shot
Ready or not
(Say your prayers)
I'm pumpin' the pauper
A part that should rise
Say your
Say your prayers

Say your prayers