

# 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