

This Town's Religion

Delays

This towns', this towns' religion,
I don't get it; I just don't get it,
Shoot first, think last, forgive me,
I don't get it, but somehow I'm still right here,
And this is the world we made, (it's) too late to start again,
But at least I know where I belong
This town, this towns' religion,
I don't get it; I just don't get it,
Drink more, talk less, so guilty,
I don't get it, but somehow I'm still right here,
And this is the world we made, (it's) too late to start again,
But at least I know where I belong, the face don't fit but we c
an run,
Whatever must you think of me, Simone? Not offerin' to guide yo
u safely home?
The stolen cars that tear the field apart, they're bearing down
on us, we must depart
The lovers in the photograph have gone; the lovers in the photo
graph have flown,
Because no lover could believe in, this town, this town's relig
ion,
And this is the world we made, strung out on street parades,
But at least I know where I belong, the face don't fit so we sh
ould run.