

Unanswered Prayers

GBH

Well they paid him the advance,
and waited for the book.
But the writer didn't care none,
no he didn't give a F. F. F. F.
Fortune squandered,
he's drugged up bad.
They called him insane,
the called him a fag.

Somewhere in the city,
unanswered prayers.
Somewhere in the city,
one man, one man dared.

He's got 'em searching the attic,
and tearing down walls.
Emptying cupboards,
and ripping up floors.
I know it's here,
a secret told.
I'll tell ya it's true man,
it's literate gold.

Slurring speech,
in interviews.
Looking a little fat.
Bloodshot eyes,
don't forget the hat.
I know it's here,
a secret told.
I tell ya' it's true man,
only he knows,
only he knows,
only he knows where to bulldoze.