

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.