

## Where Their Children Play

Holy Mother

Seven years ago  
This old man said to me  
Sittin' on his haunches  
He's tellin' me to get a life  
Now, money in a jar  
Never got him far  
But his story is heavier  
Than you'll ever know  
He said "live for me and die for me  
And my miracles will set you free"  
But I said no  
I don't play that devils lie  
Yea...set a road in the garden  
Pulled the sword from the stone  
And the water you're walkin' on  
Has got me thinkin'  
I've been all wrong  
And I've been readin' the story  
While I'm wastin' the years  
And I've been runnin' with some bad brothers  
That've been tryin' to rip my bloody tears  
The stage was black  
Lights we feared  
Your limbs like a puppet  
?These are scars of the years  
It's a sexual feeling  
It's the root that stresses your brain  
Livin' on the threshold of evil  
And you're tryin' to trip on morphine  
On the corner of Phoenix  
On the cross of gold bridge  
Tryin' to change your life for the better  
Gotta cross the bridge  
I gotta cross the bridge  
The stage was black  
Lights we feared  
Your limbs like a puppet  
These are scars of the years  
Tied in ropes to keep you home  
Building walls to keep you away

cables connect  
There's nails to mend  
But what mends the heart  
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Got me thinking' I've been  
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