

Sunday Suit

Hot Water Music

Shut me I've done you wrong,
Mocked you and broke your home, carried an as a king to a throne,
and I know, I loathed.
Yet I've reconciled my faith with no way to explain where it comes from.
Heard out suspicious ways, and forwent the drowning pain, and I
've bad mine

Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I never saw your light,
Fear had its grip tot quite sometime, so I obeyed and tied.
Listen don't bear this wrong, you've taught me what I know,
And though I'm not what you want,

I've found peace an my own.
Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I left
Siddhartha style, I choose a path of open minds,
Am I damned for it?

I know the evils of mankind and I keep far from them.
Do all I can to grow inside. Judge me for that.