

Sweet Lord In Heaven

Mike Doughty

Oh I have felt
Cobain's sarcoma
Growing on
This will of mine
To drag me down
Into the water
The joy I feel
Before I drown

And the Lord's hand moves on the scheme of my nerves
In the chemicals swimming and the substance of the earth
His love so great but the soul singers spurn him
To sing their love to some unknown reckless girl

They sing to great
Queen Heroína
The comfort that
She warms them with
Their music swells
With all their yearning
They are ashamed
To sing for him

Who has built these shells that our spirits knock inside
And weep for their release in the onrush of the tide
Of the lord's great seas that will boil when he returns
To pluck us off the face of this sad and dirty world

I saw Sam Cooke
And Ian Curtis
At the door
Of his golden realm
They sang his name
Sweet Lord in heaven
And then the lord
He let them in