

Prayer For The Paranoid

Mojave 3

I'll send you a letter
From the front line
Please send applause
And some good advice

You were born with a compass
A map on your table
Tell me how did you find out
Your bearings were wrong

Just pray for us
Pray for sunshine
These days are cold
And I'm missing you

The city is no place to lose
Ah, but I never thought
I could choose
It was plain from the start

Plain from the start
I was playing for time
I need laughter and love
Some special drug

I need cigarettes
There's killers behind us
Devils ahead, send protection
I will drown in this city

I will drown in this trench
Built for us
And the only thing left
Yeah the only thing left

Is the running
And these clouds keep on rolling
And I, I don't know why
Take this guitar right out of my hands

I surrender
This town don't want drunkards
Or singers of bad poetry
They want dancing and drugs and laughter

And we don't have them
Just pray for us
Pray for sunshine
These days are cold

And I'm missing you
This letter was meant for your eyes
Destroy it and then just go hide
You're the only thing left

That makes any sense
Please don't blow it