

Sunday's Best

Naomi Terra

Always said your prayers,
Like a good boy should, like a good boy should,
Fingers pressed against the cold glass window watching stars so
free, stars so free...
You would run but where,
Even if you could, even if you could,
You could try but you'd never run fast enough to not be seen, not
be seen...

Every Sunday morning
You would go to your church
in your Sunday clothes,
Daddy leads a choir of angels, if they'd only know
But they'll never know, never know...

The name of god is never taken in vain
But the hand of god is known to cause a multitude of pain,
When he speaks through your daddy
And he isn't very pleased
So shut your foul ungrateful mouth and get down on your knees...

And have you seen my wounded Jesus
Bloodied son of a preacher's mean touch
Nothing like the cold shoulder of a pious man to
Show you what true faith in god's love can't do

Mama looks away
You know she got a dose of that religion yesterday
Her sacrifices made
Will someday set you free, set you free...

She will not betray
Her promises in front of god naively prayed,
After years of living without questioning
She still believes, she still believes, she still believes...

And have you seen my wounded Jesus
Bloodied son of a preacher's mean touch
Nothing like the cold shoulder of a pious man to
Show you what true faith in god's love can't do

And I can blame his painful indecision
On the cruel unyielding arm of his religion
Don't know whether to stay a part of worldly things
Or close his eyes and take a breath and spread his wings
And fly away, fly away, fly away, fly away, fly away...

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