

## Sinny Sin Sins

Roots Manuva

Sin sinners, I got to talk to you about your sins  
Sins on street corners, Sins in your shops  
Sinny Sin Sins in your streets of yours  
Sins in your eyes, sins gonna make you cry  
Oh Lord, can you help me with my sins?  
Oh Lord can you help me with my sin sin sinners?  
There are no Sins like sins.

I was raised in a pentecostal Church of God  
My father was the deacon, he used to stand preaching  
I used to to steal collection, I used to catch a beating  
Forgive me Lord, I knew not what I did  
I was just a kid, trying to hustle up a quid  
Feeling kinda ashamed, riding in the Church right  
Bible in my hand, dressed in my sunday best.  
Reach a Churchyard and I'm feeling depressed  
I'm in the midst of the well-dressed, talking 'bout singing, singing  
thanks and praise to the king of the Jews  
And I'm all confused, 'cos I can't see the sense  
Why should I turn the other cheek and get beat?  
Ain't no peace without war so who am I?  
The faster drives benz, got me looking to the sky  
singing soon, very soon, we gonna see the king  
Soon oh, very soon, we all gonna be blamed.

Oh Lord can you help me with my sin sin sinners?  
There are no Sins like sins.

Woke up one Sunday, feeling kinda raw  
I said "Dad, I don't really want to go Church no more"  
Soon as I said shit, I felt a slap to my jaw  
He said "Son, as long as your living under my roof  
Your gonna heed my interpretation of the truth  
And the truth is right here  
It's written in this book the Holy Bible  
It's the key to survival so you best heed the word"  
He said, "Do as I say, not what I do  
And you'll see, goodness will follow you"  
begrudgingly, I ironed my shirt, polish my shoes  
Went to Church and I took in their far-out views  
with their strange perceptions of Heaven and Hell.  
To this very day I still fight down their spell  
'Cos all that we pray, we still stay poor  
With that leaky roof dripping on the front room floor.

Sins gonna make you cry  
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There are no Sins like sins.

Please don't get me twisted, I'm far from a heathen  
This is just a simple song of basic rhyme and reason  
It's not my meaning to demean or blaspheme  
But most things in the Bible ain't as plain as they seem  
Can I trust King James to translate these papers?  
Do I need a middle-man to link with the creator  
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound

Church band plays, now I'm spending my pound  
Looking for a short-cut to the road to Zion  
We can't fool God, but we wasting time trying  
Two third of the truth is yet to be told  
Two thousand years of corruption soon unfold

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