

Blessed

Spiritual Beggars

Loaded as the sun above
I dig myself
Drinking washes the gray away
It kissed my brain
Smoking makes me catch my breath
I feel alone
Now I feel my inner self
Incarnation of Christ
Now the lungs of the universe
Are the lungs of my soul
I can feel it
I can sense it
Hallelujah Bless my soul
Monday morning you enter hell
Not me I'm not a fool, no I'm not a whore
Haven't sold my soul
Monday morning I open a beer
And light a cigarr
Put my pen to paper and write I hate you all