

Through the speakers and through my walls
My sounds will travel in spite of it all
And to the bunkers of my fake brick walls
Pray, sister Mary, I can keep my control

For once or maybe twice, I was in my prime

The best are made from these
That's what I say to put my mind at ease
The saddest songs were wrote in minor keys
Like Johnny Marr, I want my peace, please, please

Cancel the meetings, blacklist them all
My sounds will travel in spite of it all
This is my mission, this is my call
Pray, sister Mary, I can keep my control

For once or maybe twice, I was in my prime

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