

Alabama 3, Too Sick To Pray

I'm in a lonely room
Hank Williams sings a lovesick blues
Winter's walking up the avenue
But I ain't seen the sunshine since the 6th o' June
But I tell ya this
Don't call the doctor
I'm gonna get better
Don't run for the priest
I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my bible baby
It don't mean i'm too sick to pray
I'm in a crowded place yeah
But I can't recognise a single face
And they say the thrill is in the chase
Well I ain't got the legs I aint got the legs to run that race
But I tell ya this
Don't call the doctor
I'm gonna get better
Don't run for the priest
I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my bible baby
It don't mean i'm too sick to pray
Better burn a candle bright
Raise up some ghosts tonight
They say I made my money messing up young minds
Stopped the congregation 'n i left em all cryin'
In the rain, yeah left 'em with their pain
Exit your boy with his ill gotten gains
Well the blood runs deep and the blood runs cold
As the knife slits on another sucker is born
Thrown into this world alone
Doctor came a'knockin wasn't nobody home
Ease the pain
Don't call the doctor
I'm gonna get better
Don't run for the priest
I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my bible baby
It don't mean i'm too sick to pray