

Hot Water Music, Sunday Suit

Shut me I've done you wrong,
mocked you and broke your home, carried an as a king to a throne, and I know, I loathed.
Yet I've reconciled my faith with no way to explain where it comes from.
Heard out suspicious ways, and forwent the drowning pain, and I've had mine
Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I never saw your light,
fear had its grip tot quite sometime, so I obeyed and tied.
Listen don't bear this wrong, you've taught me what I know,
and though I'm not what you want,
I've found peace an my own.
Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I left
Siddhartha style, I choose a path of open minds,
am I damned for it?
I know the evils of mankind and I keep far from them.
Do all I can to grow inside. Judge me for that.