

Mansun, Church Of The Drive Thru Elvis

And there's someone always laughing over me
A taste of my inferiority
It mocks me and weakens me
Emphasises what is wrong with me
And now that I am not content to be
A weak impression of what used to be
I wake up in terror
To see that I am so incredibly low
We are all sinners alone

You take life better than me
My wheelchair sinks into the sand
Like blooms fractured and torn

Everyone's a sinner baby that's for sure
No conduit messiah god-like
With halo aesthetically
Appease my all consuming vanity
And now that I am not content to be
A weak impression of what used to be
I wake up in terror
To see that I am so incredibly low
We are all sinners alone

Spirit serene
It's my spirit so serene

You take life better than me
My wheelchair rolls into the sea
Tender blooms fractured and torn
We're all sinners alone