

# Mike Doughty, Sweet Lord In Heaven

oh i have felt  
cobain's sarcoma  
growing on  
this will of mine  
to drag me down  
into the water  
the joy i feel  
before i drown

and the lord's hand moves on the scheme of my nerves  
in the chemicals swimming and the substance of the earth  
his love so great but the soul singers spurn him  
to sing their love to some unknown reckless girl

they sing to great  
queen heroina  
the comfort that  
she warms them with  
their music swells  
with all their yearning  
they are ashamed  
to sing for him

who has built these shells that our spirits knock inside  
and weep for their release in the onrush of the tide  
of the lord's great seas that will boil when he returns  
to pluck us off the face of this sad and dirty world

i saw sam cooke  
and ian curtis  
at the door  
of his golden realm  
they sang his name  
sweet lord in heaven  
and then the lord  
he let them in