

Murder City Devils, Fields Of Fire

Oh Lord
Don't set my fields on fire
Oh God
Don't kindle your wrath against me, against me
I know you feast
I know you feast on fire
I got a wife
I got a family in those fields
Oh Lord
Don't set my fields on fire
Oh God
Don't kindle your wrath against me, against me

I believe
In my mother's religion
And I will
And I will change
We go to church
We go to church on Sunday
And we're back drinking
Drinking on Monday

Oh we got by in the past
But how bout' tomorrow
Oh Lord
I got a life in those fields, in those fields
Oh Lord
Don't set my fields on fire
Oh God
Don't kindle your wrath against me
Oh Lord
Don't set my fields on fire
Oh God
Don't kindle your flame against me

Don't set my fields
Don't set my fields on fire
Don't set my fields
Don't set my fields on fire

With my anointing waits
It waits in those fields
And it was true
Yesterday that its true
Today, today, oh Lord
Don't set my fields on fire
Oh God
Don't kindle your wrath against me
Oh Lord
Don't set my fields on fire
Oh God
Oh give me one more day