

Sam Roberts, Stripmall Religion

I see nothing at all
But I hear that I'm caught
In the crossfire, oh
And fear keeping me low, low to the ground
And it's clear that what I don't know is pulling me down

And all this strip mall religion
Is making me a belligerent man
In spite of tv confessions
I still do the best I can

What goes on in the shadows will come into light
And what was wrong with your mind
Can it made to be right

So keep a watchful eye on your neighbor tonight
Keep a watchful eye on your neighbor tonight

Cause all this strip mall religion
Is making me a belligerent man
Eleventh hour decisions
Were lacking in precision

We're the orphans of the storm
It was one for the ages
In my dreams we are all reborn
On the unwritten pages

You go your way and I'll go mine
I'll see you somewhere down the line
You go your way and I'll go mine

Now there's bloodshed
In my hometown
And there was bloodshed
There were kids shot down
There were kids shot down, oh

And all this strip mall religion
Is making me a belligerent man
In spite of tv confessions
Well I still do the best I can

Yeah, your strip mall religion
Is making me a belligerent man
Eleventh hour decisions
Were lacking in precision

Ooh, and it makes me uneasy now
You know it makes me uneasy
I said it makes me uneasy now
You know it makes me uneasy, uneasy

You go your way and I'll go mine
I'll see you somewhere down the line
You go your way and I'll go mine
I'll see you somewhere down the line