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