

Sixpence None the Richer, Spotlight

tell me father are you riding on the
fictional bus up to heaven above?
do you listen to the angles on the
outskirts... have they persuaded
you? oh tell me father perhaps you
had been persuaded before i just
want to know where your body and
soul roam tonight
but I know I'll never know until I pass
away to the next life i know I'll never
know where your souls roams tonight
until I reach the afterlife
kneeling in this church of stone on
this pew reading my prayer book
"we commend to you Lord all the
souls who have died" as you walk in
the garden is the grass broken glass
on your feet? i want to believe when
I think how I wasted my chance
and mother and I pray that it would
happen someday we would find you
where we're going