

Two Thirty Eight, Modern Day Prayer

God, if you can hear, can you help me and my friends?
We've been driving all night into dead ends.
We just wanna find our own way home again.
We knew you as kids but lost you in smokey bars.
We lost you in the boom of lowered cars -
in parties that grew into the yard

God, if you can hear, as the sun is creeping down,
Could you kindly point me right out of town?
Honestly I'm sick and tired of falling down.
We knew you'd be here in the fray of darkest nights,
and the sad and holy glow of tv light,
in the blood and the bruise of back-alley fights.

So we're totally deprived,
buried alive
I couldn't help myself to save my life

Totally deprived
Buried alive
I couldn't help myself to save my life (x3)

Totally deprived