

A3, Too Sick to Pray

I'm in a lonely room
Hank Williams sings the Lovesick Blues
Winter's walkin' up the avenue
I ain't seen the sunshine
Since the sixth of June but I tell you this
Don't call the doctor, I'm gonna get better
Don't run for the priest, I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my Bible, baby
It don't mean, I'm too sick to pray
I'm in a crowded place
But I can't recognize a single face
And they say the thrill is in the chase
Well, I ain't got the legs, I ain't got the legs
To run that race but I tell you this
Don't call the doctor, I'm gonna get better, yeah
Don't run for the priest, I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my Bible, baby
It don't mean, I'm too sick to pray
You better burn a candle light
Raise them some tonight
my money messing up young minds
I stooped the congregation and left them crying
In the rain, yeah, left them with their pain
Exit your boy with his ill gotten pain
Well the blood runs deep and the blood runs cold
As the knife slits so another sucker is born
And thrown into this world alone
The doctor came knocking, wasn't nobody home?
Ease the pain
Don't call the doctor, I'm gonna get better, yeah
Don't run for the priest, no, I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my Bible, baby
It don't mean, I'm too sick to pray
Don't call the doctor, I'm gonna get better, yeah
Don't run for the priest, no, I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my Bible, baby
It don't mean, it don't mean, I'm too sick to pray
I'm too sick to pray, I'm gonna burn a candle light
I'm too sick to pray, I'm too sick to pray
It don't mean, I'm too sick to pray