

Beck, Profanity Prayers

In a cast iron cage you couldn't help but stare like a creature
With the laws of a brothel and the fireproof bones of a preacher
And your lingo coined from the sacrament of a casino
On a government loan with a guillotine in your libido

Who's gonna answer
Profanity prayers
Who's gonna answer
These profanity prayers

Well you know how it looks when you pull all your books from the table
And you stare into space trying to discern what to say now
And you wait at the light and watch for a sign that you're breathing
'Cause you can't just live on air and float to the ceiling

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