

Cousteau, She Don't Hear Your Prayer

Oh brother please,
still the guns at your side
it's only me
we got through it alive

The more things change
the more we're turning to stone
a naked flame
that leaves the lonesome alone

We're Cain now we're able
a three of a kind
she's more than one woman,
one woman
the best you could find

Though it feels just like her
her skin and her hair,
she don't hear your prayer
anyway, anywhere

Though it looks just like her
she ain't got her eyes
like someone else in disguise
or just a trick of the light

An idiot tune
turning round in my head
I wish I were you
then I wish I were dead

All love is insane
wars never get won
complicated ways
to cover over the sun

I see it behind you
my hands are tied
this thing it ain't broken
just idling,
biding it's time...

This living is fatal
just breathing the air
I'm well out of welcome
I'll tell ya
stay well out of there.....