

Garbage, Wicked Ways

I tried hard to mend my wicked ways.
I acted like a lunatic for years.
Lord knows, I try to be good.
I'd keep my promises, if only I could.
You count your blessings that I can't rely on you.

And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.

Clutch your pictures of the Pope.
Pray to God for love and hope.
Bring the Virgin home for luck.
Bolt the door, better keep it shut.

I've done things I never thought I'd do.
Sure, it helps to lose myself in you.
A little time and I'll be all right.
Come on, sugar, let's go out tonight.
Forgive your trespasses and all that we've been through.

Oh, I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.

Clutch your pictures of the Pope.
Pray to God for love and hope.
Bring the Virgin home for luck.
Bolt the door, better keep it shut.

That sinking feeling
When you are leaving,
All I believe in
Walks out the door.

I tried hard to mend my wicked ways.
The damage done, there's nothing left to save.

Oh, I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.
And I tried.

Clutch your pictures of the Pope. (just like I told you)
Pray to God for love and hope. (just like I warned you)
Bring the Virgin home for luck. (just like I told you)
Bolt the door, try to keep it shut. (just like I warned you)