

# Jenny Lewis, The Charging Sky

If I run uphill I'm out of breath  
If I spend all of my money I've got no money left  
If I place all of my chips on only one bet  
I'm all in

And it's a surefire bet I'm gonna die  
So I'm taking up praying on Sunday nights  
And it's not that I believe in your almighty  
But I might as well as insurance or bail

Cause institution's like a big bright lie  
And it blinds you into fear and consuming and fight  
And you've been in the desert underneath the charging sky  
It's just you and God  
But what if God's not there?  
But his name is on your dollar bill  
Which just became cab fare

For the Evangelist, the Communist, the Lefts and the Rights  
And the hypocrites and the Jesuits and the blacks and the whites  
It's in the belly of the beast  
In the Atlanta streets  
Or up in Laurel Canyon  
The verge of Middle East

Still they're dying on the dark continent  
It's been happening long enough to mention it  
Have I mentioned my parents are getting back together again  
It's been 25 years  
Of spreading infection  
Somehow we're not affected

So my mom, she brushes her hair  
And my dad starts growing Bob Dylan's beard  
And I share with my friends a couple of beers  
In the Orlando streets  
In the belly of the beast