

The Church, Overview

Listen

Can you even imagine how this all went wrong
Was supposed to be good trip
We're all supposed to feel like we belong

Don't pitch me the script

I've got a suggestion for the end of it
Don't beat up your computer, don't downplay your soul
Don't find it wanting when you've lost control

Just like the stories they tell ya
Just like the tripe that they sell ya
Just like the damned you say 'hell yeah'

Watch out

You can never be certain if anyone is really a friend
This could be such a sweet thing
We all should be leaving in the end

Your network's gone down
No one can connect you up in this town
You scoped out a slot, you scooped out a niche
You're strutting along on the end of a leash

Just like the stories they tell ya
Just like the tripe that they sell ya
Just like the damned you say 'hell yeah'

Help me

Can't find my way back
I feel like I'm already off the map
This should have been such a pleasure
I thought it would all fall right in my lap

Conversing with cash
You've cashed all your chips
You fished out my sea, see
You dropped all the drips

Just like the stories they tell ya
Just like the tripe that they sell ya
Just like the damned you say 'hell yeah'