

Too Sick to Pray

Alabama 3

I'm in a lonely room
Hank Williams sings the Lovesick Blues
Winter's walking up the avenue
And I ain't seen the sunshine since the 6th of June
But I tell you this Chorus:
Don't call the doctor, I'm gonna get better
Don't run for the priest, I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my bible baby
It don't mean, I'm too sick to pray I'm in a crowded place
But I can't recognize a single face
They say the thrill is in the chase
Well I ain't got the legs, ain't got the legs
To run that race
But I tell you this Chorus:
Don't call the doctor, I'm gonna get better
Don't run for the priest, I'm gonna find some faith
Just because I burned my bible baby
It don't mean, I'm too sick to pray They say I made my money messing up young minds
I stooped the congregation and left them crying in the rain
Yea left them with their pain
Exit your boy with his ill-got left them crying in the rain
Yea left them with their pain
Exit your boy with his ill-got pain
Exit your boy with his ill-gotten gains Well the blood runs deep and the blood runs cold
As the knife slits so another sucker is born and thrown into this world alone
The doctor came knocking, wasn't nobody home
Better burn a candle light
Rap Ease The Pain Repeat Chorus The doctor came knocking, wasn't nobody home Ease the
pain Gotta find some faith Repeat chorus Better burn the candle bright Rap Ease The Pain

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>