

Hard Prayers for Lost Causes

Tyler and the Tribe

There's a blackland farmer
He's got a jar full of money in his hands
He's been through Hell and it ain't frozen over
Please send rain for this weary land His will is broken, another prayer unspoken
Better run and sell all that you can
If money is the root of all evil son,
Why is he the poor man? Pray hard and tithe harder
I'm dark but you, you want darker
Broke down and torn in between
All you sons of mayhem outta know what I mean
You are dressed up and messed up to me
The road to bureaucratic spending
IS one paved through the heart of foul play
A competition that's never ending
A referee that's full of piss and games Baker gives the finger
Wise man is the preacher
The wealthy sit and suck on their thumbs If the good life is on your back burner baby
Why bring along anyone? Pray hard and tithe harder
I'm dark but you, you want darker
Broke down and torn in between
All you sons of mayhem outta know what I mean
You are dressed up and messed up to me
Pray hard and tithe harder
I'm dark but you, you want darker
Broke down and torn in between
All you sons of mayhem outta know what I mean
You are dressed up and messed up to me Dressed up and messed
Dressed up and messed up to me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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