

Prodigal Song

Puressence

Everyday I wake up I see footprints on the ceiling,

didn't realise they came from me

All we ever wanted here was something to believe in

Heaven's closed down, Mecca's obsolete

Well it's a hallelujah day and I'm a Walther P.P.K.

If I told you my story, man you wouldn't believe it

'cos the things I've seen and do are hard to percieve

And so I'll stop my talking now and draw back the curtain

Only thing you're finding out

Nothing's for certain. Nothing's for certain

Watching my head go round

She's watching my head go round

She's watching my head

Watching my head go round

It can't be that easy sharing someone with a demon

Go and find yourself out on the street

No smoke without fire they say,

now Adam's burning Eden

Nothing ever turns out like it seems

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