

An Occurrence at 4507 South Third Street

The Black Angels

Thank God for being so frightening
Thank God for holding my hand
I ain't salt for no one
Going down with a gun in my hand
Oh, you going down with one of yours too
Yeah, you going down with one of yours

Ain't God is being so frightening
Ain't God is holding my hand
I ain't salt for no one
Going down with a gun in my hand
Oh, you going down with one of yours too
Yeah, you going down with one of yours

You keep me hanging on
It's hard to give her the love
You give her the life, you give her the heart
And she always needs, oh no, oh no

Ain't God is being so frightening
Ain't God [?]
I ain't salt for no one
Going down with a gun in my hand
Oh, you going down with one of yours too
Yeah, you going down with one of yours

You keep me hanging on
It's hard to give her the love
He gives her the life, he gives her the heart
And she always needs, oh no, oh no

No one God is for you [x6]