

# Beautiful South, One God

Beautiful South  
Blue Is The Color  
One God

Like the toupee on a fading fame  
The final whistle in a losing game  
Thick lipstick on a five year old girl  
It makes you think it's a plastic world

A plastic world and we're all plastic too  
Just a couple of different faces in a dead man's queue  
The world is turning Disney and there's nothing you can do  
You're trying to walk like giants, but you're wearing Pluto's shoes

And the answers fall easier from the barrel of a gun  
Than it does from the lips of the beautiful and the dumb  
The world won't end in darkness, it'll end in family fun  
With Coca Cola clouds behind a Big Mac sun

A howling scream in a church asleep  
Rusty bicycle in an ocean deep  
Like an ear-ring on the newly born  
Strong perfume on a winter's morn

The world is perfumed and we're perfumed as well  
Petals from a flower that blossomed in hell  
And you can't breathe the air through the thickness of the smell  
And you can't see the hair through the grease of the gel

And the answers fall easier from the barrel of a gun  
Than it does from the lips of the beautiful and the dumb  
The world won't end in darkness, it'll end in family fun  
With Coca Cola clouds behind a Big Mac sun

You say there's only one God, you could do with two or three  
Your Jesus Christ is hired out, like the slag of Galilee  
Well if Peter is a prostitute, then what does that make me

There's only one God  
There should be two or three  
One God  
There should be two or three  
One God  
There should be two or three  
Two or three