

Head Automatica, God

I got a question
Let me ask you, can you
Explain your reasoning to me?

It ain't a matter of my hard luck or bad luck
When there is no luck in it for me

I'm not the type of man to hold a grudge against
Something I can hardly see
But to say that there's a reason for everything
Makes me doubtful and intrigued to say the least

God, you don't want to answer me
But if you do, you better agree
God, you've got the strangest sense of humor
You're too funny to be so heavenly

I've got your number and you owe me
Show me a little common decency
I kneel before you and you bless me, test me
And answer with a plague inside of me

I'm not the type of guy to plead with the sky above
Or with the demon under me
But to say that there's a reason for everything
Makes me doubtful and intrigued to say the least

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