

John Waite, Godhead

No Krishna, Buddha, Jesus in my soul
'Til the sun breaks through again
Down into nothing as I lose myself
In the perfections of Zen
She said: I got the answer
I said: I'm curious, can you write that down my friend
It said there's nothing in the real world
So why should we pretend zero?

Godhead
We got nothing
We got everything

I took a page out of Unpunished
And I flew a paper plane
But there is nothing in the real world
But the cool, cool, cool of soul
And I've got nothing in my pockets
But lose change and gold zero!

And I'm trying to get somewhere
In a room with glow
The church mice are singing now
What John Lee Hooker knows

Godhead
We got nothing
We got everything

I'm falling backwards in her mirrored room
In her mirrored room tonight
She looks so good
And I feel fine
As she says we might make it to Godhead