

Kirsty MacColl, Closer To God?

You turned all my dreams into nightmares
But you won't turn my water to wine
Now you don't handle me like that rosary
I've seen you carressing now and again
Is there one law for you and another for me?
Is it written in some ancient text?
Are the wings of retreat well attached to your feet?
Do you think of me often when you're with your friend?
Do you cringe a bit now and again?

Are you closer to God than the folk you despise?
Are we closer to God than the ants and the flies?
Is your idea of heaven my idea of hell?
When you get to those gates will your friend come as well?
Will the good lord preserve you in pickle or brine?
Well if I catch you first then he won't get the time
I'm all out of pity, you're all out of line
But remember you used to be mine
Remember you used to be mine

Are you closer to God than the folk you despise?
Are we closer to God than the ants and the flies?
Is your idea of heaven my idea of hell?
When you get to those gates will your friend come as well?
Does the lord keep you warm in her bed every night?
Are your prayers in the morning just squeals of delight?
Has my mind disappeared now the flesh is so weak?
I notice you always say nothing to me
I notice that we never speak
I notice that we never speak

I notice that we never speak