

Paula Cole, Amen

I'm siphoning gass from the high school bus
Into the tank of my beat-up bug
So I can drive away from the shouting and misery
I drive into the night, to the hill, to the water tower
To lie on my back and drink in the meteor shower
Knowing that many men have lain as I do now
Ptolemy, Copernicus, Carl Jung Pondering his existence,
pondering, Is God with me now?
And I look to the sky And I ask these questions
Yes, I feel something I don't understand
Can somebody say Amen?
My life is but a short and precious seed
Like three seasons of life in a leaf on a tree
And when I cascade to the ground I will not be done
I will mingle with the earth and give life
To the roots again
Can somebody say Amen?
And I look to the sky And I ask these questions
Yes, I feel something I don't understand
Can somebody say Amen?
Amen for the drivers in their garbage trucks
Amen for our mothers, for the lust to fuck
Amen for the child with innocent eyes
Amen for Kevorkian and the right to die
Amen for NASA, The NSA It's all a front anyway
Amen for Marilyn Manson, Saddam Hussein
Amen for America and the Milky Way.
Amen for Elvis, for Betty Page
Amen for Gloria Steinham and Ronald Reagan
Amen for O.J., Clinton too
Amen for the Republican witch hunt coup
Amen for Gandhi, for Malcolm X
Amen for the uprising of the weaker sex
Amen for Babylon, the third world's call
Amen for the unity of us all
Amen, Amen, Amen
And I am not unique.
We are all leave on this great big tree
This tree that is life, that is God, that is you, that is me
And I lie under my tree like the Buddhas before and after me
And I ask the stars, "What for?"
Yes, I feel something I can't explain
A light that flickers off and on again
And I look to the sky And I ask these questions
Yes, I feel something I don't understand
Oh, can somebody say Amen?