

# 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?