

Bell X1, Godsong

Everybody finished their honey tipped cigar
Our after dinner speaker tonight is God
A warm round of applause
And then silence

Tell us of love, we said
Tell us of love
Great one above
Won't ya tell us of love

And he said, well
I've never tasted your flavour before
So maybe love is your whore
Maybe just a figment of emotion

Hear my
Hear my song
What if I'm
What if I'm wrong
Hear my
Hear my song
I'm always right
But what if I'm wrong

The crowd went wild
Man, woman and child
Fuelled by brandy and cherry wine
And the apple in the mouth of the head of John the Baptist
Tell us of hate, we said
Tell us of hate
Don't spare the bait
Won't ya tell us of hate
And he said, well
I've never tasted your flavour before
So maybe hate is your whore
But I remember when we were lovers

Hear my
Hear my song
What if I'm
What if I'm wrong
Hear my
Hear my song
I'm always right
But what if I'm wrong
What if I'm wrong