

Echobelly, God's Guest List

Come slip inside,
Take a chair,
The final performance is almost here,
So it's time to go, I'll close the show,
The death of an actor who no one knows.
Now that the show is over,
Will I belong to you,
Now that the show is over,
Will I be, will I be, will I be,
On God's guest list.
The worm inside, the worm inside,
Culled from a lifetime of standing by,
Oh I followed all the golden rules,
Head lined a season of solitude,
On the back of a broken dream,
They cashed another money machine,
You took your chance, you showed your skill,
You really didn't know any better,
You gave a little hope, you stole a little something,
You really didn't know any better.
Now that the show is over,
Will I belong to you,
Now that the show is over,
Will I be, will I be, will I be,
On God's guest list,
Moving on.