

# John Hiatt, The Most Unoriginal Sin

what there was left of us

was all covered in dust and thick skin

a half eaten apple

the whole Sistine chapel

painted on the head of a pin

a life long love's work

gone up in a smirk

and you didn't even see her waltz in

CHORUS ONE:

now this love is a ghost, for having played host

to the most unoriginal sin

at the wedding we smiled

while some devil played wild violin

soon after the chapel

she offered me that apple

one bite and i was gone with the wind

and you needed no proof

cause the whole naked truth

was wearing only an infidels grin

CHORUS TWO:

and a proud school boys boast

for havin' left his post

for the most unoriginal sin

now the juke box is hummin'

al the venial short comings of men

but i found me this drink

that can finally sink  
all this guilt i been wallowing in

buddy once you get started  
once true love's departed  
you do it over and over again

CHORUS THREE:

so tonight i will toast  
just who ever comes close  
to the most unoriginal sin

CHORUS THREE:

so tonight i will toast  
just who ever comes close  
to the most unoriginal sin