

Modest Mouse, Bukowski

Woke up this morning and it seemed to me,
That every night turns out to be a little bit more like Bukowski.
And yeah, I know he's a pretty good read.

But God who'd wanna be?
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?
God who'd wanna be?
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?

Well we sat on the edge of the river,
The crowd screamed, Sacrifice the liver!
If God takes life, he's an Indian giver.
So tell me now why, you'll tell me never.

Who would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?
Well who would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?

Well see what you wanna see. You should see it all.
Well take what you want from me. You deserve it all.
Nine times out of ten, our hearts just get dissolved
Well I want a better place, or just a better way to fall
But one time out of ten, everything is perfect for us all
Well I want a better place or just a better way to fall
Here we go!

If God controls the land and disease,
Keeps a watchful eye on me,
If he's really so damn mighty,
My problem is I can't see,

Well who would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?
Who would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?

Evil home stereo, what good songs do you know?
Evil me, oh yeah I know, what good curves can you throw?

Well all that icing and all that cake,
I can't make it to your wedding, but I'm sure I'll be at your wake.
Well you were talk, talk, talk, talkin' in circles that day,
When you get to the point make sure that I'm still awake, OK?

Went to bed and didn't see why
Every day turns out to be a little bit more like Bukowski.
And yeah, I know he's a pretty good read.

But God who'd wanna be?
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?