

# Steve Kilbey, Judgement Day

I never intended to be kind of sane  
I cannot remember their glass or their pain  
I never expected to come here and stay  
And be waiting with you for the judgment day  
If I beat the odds you change the dice  
If I forget you memorize  
You're one of the special and you don't have to pay  
Your dividends are coming on the judgment day

Hey some people got a lot to answer for

But you keep on going

Poor matilda hoarding her stash  
Shivered on top of a bed stuffed with cash  
I told her she should think about giving it away  
Her option comes up on the judgment day  
Who knows who's going, who knows who's left  
Who knows why we keep on wasting our breath  
Where was the shepherd when the flock went astray  
He'd seen the forecast for the judgment day