

The Sundays, God Made Me

Looking for an insult there's a trickle in my head
Seeing it's worth the effort I forgive myself
Talks that we had are becoming a blur
If only I could love my neighbour
Waiting here for the next time with a bottle in my hand
Doing it for the exercise I forget myself
The face that you had is becoming a blur
But how was I supposed to know that?

Because God made me
That's all they told me before
And how about you?
And it's off to work we go
Now you can forget about a labour of love

It just won't wash anymore
We'd love to be good but we'd rather be bad
But how was I supposed to know that?

Because God made me
That's all they told me before
And how about you?
Because God made people
That was the luck of the draw
We do what we want

God made me
That's what they told me before
Who knows what they'll say today?
Because God made me for his sins
Imagine my eyes when I first saw
We can do what we want
How could I know?
How could I know about it?