

Tim Minchin, God

I never had sex inside a church
And never had to pray on Sundays
Never gave minties to the poor
And when I'm six foot under some day
I'll be feeling rotten
Worms eat from the outside in
Should I take the wager?
Maybe faking it will get me in
But faking it has always been a sin

And if you're gonna be a cynic, bear and grin it
Cos you'll never have the drugs these cats are taking
If you wanna learn more from the strangers at the door
Then I hope they are scones you're baking
If you're only the beginnings of a sinner, tell me
Who is gonna teach you to keep your eyes dilated
If you're trying to go to hell, girl, you're doing pretty well
If you count all the times you masturbated

I know it's a breeze to just believe
And dress him up the way you like him
Personally I think he plays the drums
And goes about in purple lycra
With burgundy leg-warmers
Fashion never worried him
There's another option
Maybe disco threads will get you in
But disco threads have always been a sin

Far be it from me to ask you
Questions you can't answer
But tell me why you have to be
An arsehole all the time
And far be it from me to throw
A spanner at my maker
I'll just sit back and drink your bloody wine
And leave you to things existential

I never had sex inside a church
But I love the thought of nuns in g-strings
And I never touched my neighbour's wife
But I spilled my share of sacred seedlings
I would be a psycho
If I tried to keep my seedlings in
I've not got a hope in hell
If wasting sperm stops you getting in
But who the hell made wasting sperm a sin?