

Underneath

Bebo Norman

I saw her in a crowd
Or maybe in a cloud
Her daddy would be so proud
Little miss beauty queen
But then she fell down
And underneath her gown
No backbone could be found
It was all skin and nicotine

Underneath these empty things
We're made of, we're made of
Underneath these empty things
We're made of one love

Just past three a.m.
I saw a preacher man
He had heaven in his hand
on satellite TV
And he'll fix your sorry life
And then he'll fix the price
Because Heaven sure is nice
But salvation isn't free
And now could it be instead
That we've lost our innocence
But one day this pain will end
Hope is coming back again
And we can live forever

Well I have heard it said
That maybe God is dead
Or some would say instead
He just up and went away
But I saw him in a cloud
I saw him in a crowd
Yeah, he just looked around
And he loved us all anyway