God Thing

Chris Whitley

You never notice child
And I just pretend again
About the power shift
On your God thing

I never forget falling now
The times you rode with me
You followed me down
And never had to lose yourself
With your God thing

As I tried to strip high gear again
Going so fast, so fast

I never cared about your politics
All them dumb ass semantics
All them other f**ked side effects
Because now if I could touch you there
Sister, of course if I could reach you there

Even though you'll be left alone
Even though they always get it wrong

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