

Hey God

Dan Bern

God came to me in a dream
I knew it was God
'Cause he had a long white beard
And a pink striped tunic
And the word "God" was spelled out above him, and an arrow pointed at his head

Well, just now it occurs to me, he could be a "Dog"
He could be a "Dgo"
He could be a "Gdo", as in "Waiting for Godot"

But no, no, no, it spells God!
The Kaballah is for crazy people, not for me
And not, might I be so bold to say, not for God

Oh, and I imagine this as a, like a, audience participation number
'Cause a couple or three times during the song, I'm gonna say "Hey God!"
And then I want you guys to sing it back twice right after
So it'll be like "I said Hey God!"
(Hey God! Hey God!)
Riiiiiight.
Ok, it's comin' up real quick too...

And I said Hey God!
(Hey God! Hey God!)
How's it hangin', tough guy?

He said "Lower yourself before Me!"
I lay down naked on the floor
He said "We're on the 14th floor. Can't you get a little lower?"
So I got in the elevator, and rode to the basement,
And I lay down naked on the floor
And it was cold and it was crawly

And he said "Lower yourself before Me!"
I said "I'm lyin' naked in a basement floor!"
He said "We're up at 3000 ft here."

So I went to the airport
Hopped a flight to Phoenix, which wasn't hard to do
Because every plane flies to Phoenix
Even if you're flying from say, New York to Boston, you gotta go through Phoenix

And when I got to Phoenix, I rented me a car,
From Budget Rent-a-Car,
'Cause Hertz and Avis and the others wouldn't rent to me in my nakedness
And I rode out to Death Valley,
And I lay down naked on the floor

And I said Hey God!
(Hey God! Hey God!)
How's it hangin', tough guy?

He said "The Age of Specialization is over."
I said "Excuse me?"
He said "The Age of Specialization is over."

I said "Excuse me, God. I thought that's what you said.
But you sound like a Time Magazine editorial.
If I go back to the others, and say 'I just talked to God,
And the eleventh commandment includes the word Specialization', we're sunk."

And he said "What do you mean, eleventh commandment?
There are only eight, right?"
I said "Ten, God, ten. You gave Moses Ten Commandments."
He said "Excuse me, I oughta know! I only gave him eight!"
I said "Well, I guess he added two more on his own."

And God seethed, and thunder and lightning crashed the heavens,
And God said "At least I hope he didn't change the ones I gave him.
Like the one about the moose?"
I said "The one about the moose?"
He said "Yeah, you know, 'Thou Shalt Not be Mean to a Moose."
And I said "Oh yeah... of course, commandment six, about the moose..."

And I thought, now there's a chutzpah.
I'm here lying to the Lord!
And I thought, yeah whatever, no one's perfect.
Besides, I don't need that lightning jazz
While I'm naked in the desert.
(See how that works?)

So I said "No more specialization, eh?"
He said "Yes, that's right.
Everybody can drive,
And everyone can cook.
Everyone can paint,
And everyone can sing,
And everyone can dance,
And everyone can love."

I said "Whoa, hold on there buddy.
Sounds like a nation of dilettantes you want."
He said "That is correct.
Everybody should do everything."

I shrugged my shoulders and said "Ok, I'll tell 'em."
But he tapped me on the shoulder and said "One more thing."
And I said "Yeah, what is it?"
And he made me stand up,
And he gave me some underwear.

And he whispered in my ear,
"The best, the best, the best, the best is yet to come.
The best, the best, the best is yet to come.
The best, the best, the best is yet to come."

And I said Hey God!
(Hey God! Hey God!)

Thanks a lot, I'll see you in a bit.