

## Why I Don't Believe in God

Everclear

I heard the truth about you  
And it really doesn't read at all  
Like the whipping stick you raised me with  
A scared woman in a private hell  
Hushed voice like electric bell  
Strange talk about Edgar Cayce and the long lame walk of the dark 70's  
I heard the truth about you  
Yeah you  
Mama they woke me up  
I was deep in an idiot sleep  
I was just eight years old  
Heard big words with a horrible sound  
Why'd they have to call my school  
Tell me my mother had a nervous breakdown  
I wish I believed like you do  
Yeah you  
In the myth of a merciful god  
In the myth of a heaven and hell  
I hear the voices you hear sometimes  
Sometimes it gets so much I feel like letting go  
Sometimes it gets so goddamn hard I feel like letting it all go  
Letting it all go  
I ran away, went looking for you  
Back to Culver City and the old neighborhood  
Need to know if you were really gone  
Need to know if you were gone for good  
I ran through the projects at night  
Hide in the dark from my friends in the light  
Hide from my brother-in-law  
Hide from the things he'd say  
Said you weren't losing your mind  
He said you just needed a rest  
He said you'd be coming home soon  
He said the doctors there would know what's best  
Said that maybe I could go live with them for a while  
I know the truth about you  
I know the truth  
Mama they woke me up  
I was just eight years old  
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it go  
Letting it all go