

Nice Things

Hayes Carl

When God came down to Earth
To enjoy what She'd created
Took a fishing trip to Georgia
To see what She could see
Cast out a holy line
And thought She'd hooked a big one
Reeled in an oil barrel
And said, "Oh my me!"

This is why your whole world is on fire
This is why you can't drink from your own springs
This is why
This is why
This is why, why, why
This is why y'all can't have nice things
So She walked back to the highway
Flagged down a passing stranger
An old man with a kind streak
Who offered Her a toke
And just as She was partakin'
The blue lights started flashing
As they slipped the handcuffs on Her
She thought this must be a joke

This is why y'all are all strung out to Christmas
This is why I left you all them seeds
This is why
This is why

This is why, why, why
This is why y'all can't have nice things

So She walked out of the jail
With a rap sheet and no money
Went looking for a coffee
And passed by an angry mob
They were yelling about people
Who should suffer pain eternal
She asked one for a dollar
And they said, "Sinner, get a job"
This is why (This is why) I blessed you with compassion
This is why (This is why) I gave you empathy
This is why (This is why) I said to love your neighbor
This is why (This is why) pills don't grow on trees
This is why (This is why) I gave you all salvation
This is why (This is why) angels lose their wings
This is why
This is why
This is why, why, why
This is why y'all can't have nice things
Oh, this is why y'all can't have nice things