

# God

Head Automatica

I got a question  
Let me ashe you, can you explain your reasoning to me?  
It ain't a matter of my hard luck or bad luck  
When there's no luck in it for me  
I'm not the type of man to hold a gruge against  
Something I can hardly see  
But to say that there's a reason for everything  
Make me doubtful and intrigued to say the least

God you don't want to answer me  
But if you do, you'd better agree  
God you've got the strangest sense of humor  
You're too funny to be so heavenly

I got you number and you own me  
Show me a little common decency  
I kneel before you and you bless me, test me  
And answer with a plague inside of me  
I'm not the type of man to pleas with the sky above  
Or with the demon under me  
But to say that there's a reason for everything  
Makes me doubtful and intrigued to say the least

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But if you do, you'd better agree  
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You're too funny to be so heavenly