

Maybe God is a rich man  
Who saved up his money and moved out the city  
Then settled in the suburbs  
And built up his fences to protect his possessions  
And nobody sees him  
But the church spreads rumors that he's coming back again  
But if God is a rich man, why am I so poor?

If I forsake my family  
If I forsake my blood  
Tell me, what's in it for me?  
What's in it for me?  
If I forsake my demons  
If I forsake my love  
Tell me, what's in it for me?  
What's in it for me?

Maybe God is a hard man  
Who can show you mercy but it won't come free  
And he offers protection  
If you stay on the take and you take what he needs  
And nobody sees him  
But they pray wholehearted when they need forgiven  
But if God is a hard man, why am I still alive?

If I forsake my family  
If I forsake my blood  
Tell me, what's in it for me?  
What's in it for me?  
If I forsake my demons  
If I forsake my love  
Tell me, what's in it for me?  
What's in it for me?