

## God Person

Madi Diaz

Back row of the room, I show up alone  
I come here to watch other people know  
What I can only guess at, 'cause I'm never sure  
And I don't like commitment if there's something more

They sing their songs, closing their eyes  
Seeing the light in a different light  
How does that happen? Why is it beautiful?  
Why is it magic and tragic? I don't know

I'm not a God person  
But I'm never not searching  
Looking at the sky, staring at the ocean  
If there's something to know, then I wanna know it  
I wanna hold it, I wanna feel it  
And maybe I can't say that I'm not a God person

Talking to my dad, talking 'bout my mom  
After twenty years, what the hell went wrong?  
And how can I avoid making the same choices  
And stay on the Carolina coast living in the moment?

We saw a storm 3 miles away  
We lit a fire and watched it rage  
How can that happen? Why is it beautiful?  
Why is it magic and tragic? I don't know

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But I'm never not searching  
Looking at the sky, staring at the ocean  
If there's something to know, then I wanna know it  
I wanna hold it, I wanna feel it  
And maybe I can't say that I'm not a God person

Maybe I can't say that  
I'm not a God person

I'm not a God person  
I'm looking behind every curtain  
And I see the sky, and I see the ocean  
Where it all came from and where it's all going  
I'll never know, but sometimes I can feel it  
And maybe I can't say that I'm not a God person