

God made this glorious day and over arching sky
For rolling in the hay and watching clouds blow by
God made this single day for sinners everywhere
So fill your heart with abandon
And drink in the golden air

We shared signs of bad design
But have we lost the plot
It's not the world we saw for ourselves
But it's the only one we've got
God made this beautiful day for sinners everywhere too
And if your ears are burning, maybe I'm thinking of you

They haven't written the guidebook yet
A set of rules that really fit
We make our own up bit by bit
Seven levels below

Acknowledge if you will this peaceful perfect night
How still the day seems now that its been starved of light
Under the moon and stars the freaks come out to play
Whatever gets you through it, hey brother that's okay

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