Here's to the God of false fresh starts
Who's worshipers can be found wherever you are
With a fresh gym card and a bear claw in each hand
Raise up your glass to the saint of lost causes
He's had His eye on me since I started walking
He gave me my first title which said: I'm free to a good home

But my God and your God they don't get along As miserable apart as they were as one Oh, my God and your God they don't get along Chasing each other like the moon chase the sun

Here's to the lady, I won't say her name
The moment I do, well she won't come again
But a roll of the dice could mean a change in all our stars
Throw a penny in the jar to my old bout with death
Welcomed by some, terrifies all the rest
But a couple of whiskies in, you see, he's a right proper gent

But my God and your God they don't get along
As miserable apart as they were as one
Oh, my God and your God they don't get along
Chasing each other like the moon chase the sun
My God and your God they're one and the same
Just hurting themselves to see if the other feels the pain

My God and your God, oh things will never change Chasing each other to the end of our days

Give a smile and a towel to those wet born-agains
Wash away regret, hold their won'ts in again
I must admit to myself I find the constant quite appealing
Give one day a week to the God of song and drink
If one's not enough then give more if you can
'Cause this world's kinda rough and we could all use a soul vacation

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My God and your God just f*ck everything Bring temples to the ground to see the other not win I said, my God and your God were once in love So disfigured, just look what they've become