

Mammon

Todd Rundgren

O Holy Father
Divine Provider
Grant me my prayer
All I desire

It's been a long, long time since you faced the truth
You haven't heard the voice of god since your wasted youth
Faith of your father, holy faith
In the dollar almighty and the tithing plate

And you'd like to rub my face in it
Your god, your god
And you'd like to rub my face in it
Your god, your god, your god is Mammon

Pew after pew in the house of the lord
Nod their heads at the sermon while they mind the store
And their holiest book is a PDA
It's got god's cell number if you find time to pray

And you'd like to rub their face in it
Your god, your god
Even though you have no faith in it
Your god is Mammon, your god is dead

And you rage and fume at the godless ones
Cause they don't understand how the company runs
And they think it's the money that you care about
You pretend to be offended when they figure it out
Tell me what kind of heaven do you think awaits
When your ass is too fat to fit the pearly gates?
It's like the eye of a needle and a limosine
Paradise is set aside for the less obscene
You only care for the power that the lucre brings
And you have no love for any living thing, save Mammon

And you'd like to rub our face in it