

Whose God Is This?

Will Hoge

John started tending bar here
Two hundred thousand years ago
When this joint first opened
Things were pretty slow
The business picked up quite a bit
The last two thousand years
It's a hell of a way to spend eternity
Slinging ice cold beers

The clientele keeps changing
Some are funny and some are odd
He did a Jäger bomb with Gandhi
Served all the major gods
They all get along just dandy
Even the lesser ones
And the truth is they're all just looking
To have a little bit of fun

Buddha's here on Tuesdays
For the all you can eat buffet
Allah just drinks water
But he tips big so that's ok
Zeus and Wakan Tanka
Drink Coors and watch ESPN
And they all act just like school boys
When Aphrodite saunters in

Jesus drinks red wine
In a booth with Chiang Kai Shek
Sometimes he gets a little rowdy
Tells em all to go to heck
Everybody laughs and Mozart
Plays a Robert Johnson song
But this one asshole God in the corner
Just screams Freebird all night long

Whose God is this?
Won't somebody take him home?
Whose God is this?
He's down there all alone
Drunk as hell all by hisself
Saying he's the only one that could exist
Whose God is this?

He showed up not long ago
Bout 1952
All dressed up in some kind of flag
Painted red white and blue
Tried to come in with a pistol
But John said no guns allowed
So he just threw his in the dumpster
Said there's more back home anyhow

John asked, "Where you from my friend?"
He said "The greatest place on earth"
And then he started showing photographs
And talking bout his net worth

Said he didn't have to pay for nothing
He made the black folks work for free
And then he said he jewed down all the Indians
John said, "I think it's time you leave"

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He said, "I'm here with Jesus"
But Jesus just shook his head, no
So John walked back behind the bar
And picked up the phone
Called downstairs to Satan
Satan said, "Let me be clear
There's no way in hell
That mother-fucker's getting in down here"

John turned around and that god
Was groping all the girls
He said "you can do that kinda thing
When you rule the whole world"
But then he put his hands on Lillith
And just like Muhammed Ali
She knocked that red ball cap off his head
And dropped him to his knees

And she said, Whose God is this?
Won't somebody take him home?
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Drunk as hell all by hisself
Saying he's the only one that could exist
Whose God is this?

He picked himself up off the floor
And said, "I want to talk to your boss"
The gods all laughed
And he just yelled "To hell with all y'all"
And then he stumbled towards the doorway
That's when they heard him say
"I'm going back where they still worship me
In the good 'ole USA"