

Make Me Pure (Edit)

Robbie Williams

Some will sing a song
To reel 'em in
It's a song I sung before
And a song I'm gonna sing again
I mean every word
I don't mean a single one of them
Oh Lord, make me pure
But not yet Tell a joke
Tell it twice
If no one else is laughing there why am I
I split myself both times and laugh till I cry
Oh Lord, please make me pure
But not yet I don't have to try
I just dial it in
I've never found a job that for me was worth bothering
I got a ton of selfish genes and lazy bones
Beneath this skin
Oh Lord, make me pure
But not yet Smoking kills
Sex sells
I've got one hand in my pocket but the other one looks cool as hell
I know I'm gonna die so my revenge is living well
Oh Lord, make me pure
But not yet I stopped praying
So I hope this song will do
I wrote it all for you
I'm not perfect but you don't mind that, do you?
I know you're there to pull me through, aren't you? So I look for love
I like the search
And I'll be standing for election all across the known universe
Let every president get the country she deserves
Oh Lord, make me pure
But not yet And I've been seeing
Somebody's wife
She said she'd leave him for me and I said that wasn't wise
You can't lie to a liar because of all lies
Oh Lord, please make me pure
Not yet

Songwriters

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