

Who?

Tommy Dorsey & His Orchestra

How you gonna reckon with a God like this?
When you gonna face what you can't dismiss?
What you gonna say to the, soul kiss that is my God?
 Fearsome like the sag in a fat man's chair
 Sweeter than a patch of romaine hair
How do you define what you can't compare?
 This is, my GodAnd there's no use explaining
What can't be containedI'm not following a God I can lead around
 I can't tame this Deity
 And that's why Jesus is the final answer
 To who I want my God to be
He's who I want my God to be, yeahHow you gonna reckon with a God this great?
 Why you wanna measure what you can't equate?
What you gonna say to the checkmate that is my God?
 Stronger than the burn of an aftershave
 Tender as a burger in the microwave
 Rarer than the air in an empty grave
This is, my GodAnd there's no use explaining
What can't be containedI'm not following a God I can lead around
 I can't tame this Deity
 And that's why Jesus is the final answer
 To who I want my God to be
He's who I want my God to be, yeahHow we gonna work this out?
 To fabricate a God like this? No doubt
 We'd end up worshiping a Christ of our own design
 But Jesus doesn't fit that profile
His ways aren't mineI'm not following a God that's imagined
 Can't invent his Deity
 And that's why Jesus is the final answer
 To who I want my God to be
He's who I want my God to beI'm not following a God I can lead around
 I can't tame this Deity
 And that's why Jesus is the final answer
To who I want my God to be, yeahI'm not following a God I can lead around
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He's who I want my God to be, yeahHe's who I want my God to be
 He's who I want my God to be

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