

# Sin For a Season

Steve Taylor

There's a sweaty hand handling his cocktail napkin  
"Come on up and see me", is scribbled with a gold pen  
But you'd better ring twiceSeven months after his little indiscretion  
He sits with his wife at a therapy session  
For a little adviceIf the healing happens as the time goes by  
Tell me why I still can't look her in the eyeGod I'm only human, got no other reason  
Sin for a seasonThere's a shaky hand shaking with the hand of her hostess  
Drank a little much, but she'll drive herself home  
If she can make it to her careShe never saw the sign or the boy with his daddy  
Driving home late from their very first ballgame  
And they don't get farNow the years run together as her guilt goes wild  
She still sees the body of an only childGod I'm only human, got no other reason  
Sin for a season, sin for a season  
Sin for a season, sin for a seasonWealthy lips say, "Keep us from the evil one"  
While the praying hands prey with deliberate cunning  
On the carcass of the coldGonna get the Good Lord to forgive a little sin  
Get the slate cleaned so he can dirty it again  
And no one else will ever knowBut he reaps his harvest as his heart grows hard  
No man's gonna make a mockery of GodI'm only human, got no other reason  
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