

God Made Me

The Sundays

Looking for an insult
There's a trickle in my head
Seeing it's worth
The effort I forgive myself Talks that we had
Talks that we had
Are becoming a blur
If only I could love my neighbor Waiting here for the next time
With a bottle in my hand
Doing it for the exercise
I forget myself And the face that you had
Face that you had
Is becoming a blur
But how was I supposed to know that? Because God made me
That's all they told me before
And how about you? And it's off to work we go
Now you can forget
About a labor of love
It just won't wash anymore And we'd love to be good
Love to be good
But we'd rather be bad
But how was I supposed to know that? Because God made me
That's all they told me before
And how about you? Because God made people
That was the luck of the draw
We do what we want God made me
That's what they told me before
Who knows what they'll say today? Because God made me for his sins
Imagine my eyes when I first saw
We can do what we want How could I know?
How could I know about it?

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