

# Who?

## Gene Krupa and 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 God And there's no use explaining  
What can't be contained I'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, yeah How 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 God And there's no use explaining  
What can't be contained I'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, yeah How 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 mine I'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 be I'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, yeah I'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, yeah He's who I want my God to be  
He's who I want my God to be

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