

# Blasphemy

Robbie Williams

The Egyptians built their pyramids  
The Romans did what they did  
Now everything's come down to this  
It's just you and I, our kin!!! We could send a million to the moon  
But why can't I get on with you?  
Cellophane around my mouth  
Stops the anger sipping out Our deaf and dumb dinners  
Gravy in the mud  
No singles, just fillers  
Sometimes I wish I could  
But I can't behave I know it's not the heathen in me  
It's just that I've been bleeding lately,  
Internally  
Don't turn to me,  
Bite your tongue, the torrid weapon  
You could learn a useful lesson What's so great about the Great Depression  
Is it a blast for you?  
Blasphemy Words cut like a knife through Vaseline  
You can't really mean what you mean  
When you say what you say  
So tics make them come out that way,  
Wish I was here well I wish you weren't  
Your gift of anger's better burnt  
If nothing's said then nothing's learnt  
I thought I wasn't but I'm really hurting Our deaf and dumb dinners,  
There's gravy in the mud  
And I can't behave  
No, it's not the heathen in me  
It's just that I've been bleeding lately,  
Internally Don't turn to me  
Bite my tongue, the torrid weapon  
We could learn a useful lesson  
What's so great about the Great Depression  
Was it a blast for you,  
Blasphemy A great adventure Christmas in the snow  
Senile Dementia maybe, what a way to go  
I can't behave  
I know it's not the heathen in me  
It's just that I've been bleeding lately,

Internally  
So turn to me  
Bite your tongue, your torrid weapon  
We could learn a useful lesson  
In a greatness great depression  
Its not a blast for me,  
Its blasphemy

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