

If God Smokes Cheap Cigars

Envy on the Coast

I will meet you on the stairs, meet you just below the steeple
you can bring all of the people whom you think you can change.
We'll take the elevator down and thought your flesh is unaffected
you'll tell me just how scared you are to watch the others burn.
Watch the others burn.

And if the alter came to us, I don't believe our eyes would shutter
tongues knotted as we stutter
over prayers we'd swore we'd say.
If it was written in that book,
all the answers to the questions
maybe we'd find the time to read it before we die,
someday before we die.

I'll start to worry when I'm dead
I'll start to worry when I'm dead

'Cause we might as well be blind
If seeing is believing
This parable's misleading
you've got your shotgun loaded with excuses
that you'll fire in vain.
But those 12 rounds just won't do,
There's barely time for pity and all the girls are just too pretty.
I'll start to worry when I'm dead.

We know all there is to know, a carpenter and a magician
bread and wine, and sins from which we must abstain.
That's what the stories said, they said that sins shall be forgiven.
So count your blessings and wait and take this name in vain.
We've got this all wrong
We must have made a mistake...
If there were holes in our hands, I don't believe,
I don't believe that anything would change.

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I've never coveted nor killed and I was taught to say Amen.
I've read of bloody hands and incorruptibles.
I'm just hoping for the best...
I can't believe that you could say,
"The answers unlock this gate..."
'Cause if you knew his name, not a thing would change
you'd still be wishing you were blessed.

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