

# Cause

## C.C. Catch

Cause I lost my job two weeks before Christmas  
And I talked to Jesus at the sewer  
And the Pope said it was none of his God-damned business  
While the rain drank champagne My Estonian Archangel came and got me wasted  
Cause the sweetest kiss I ever got is the one I've never tasted  
Oh but they'll take their bonus pay to Molly McDonald,  
Neon ladies, beauty is that which obeys, is bought or borrowed Cause my heart's become a crooked hotel full of  
rumours  
But it's I who pays the rent for these fingered-face out-of-tuners  
and I make 16 solid half hour friendships every evening Cause your queen of hearts who is half a stone  
And likes to laugh alone is always threatening you with leaving  
Oh but they play those token games on Willy Thompson  
And give a medal to replace the son of Mrs. Annie Johnson Cause they told me everybody's got to pay their dues  
And I explained that I had overpaid them  
So overdued I went to the company store  
and the clerk there said that they had just been invaded  
So I set sail in a teardrop and escaped beneath the doorsill Cause the smell of her perfume echoes in my head still  
Cause I see my people trying to drown the sun  
In weekends of whiskey sours  
Cause how many times can you wake up in this comic book and plant flowers?

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