# Bukowski

## BDP&T

Woke up this morning and it seemed to me
That every night turns out to be
A little more like Bukowski
And yeah, I know he's a pretty good readBut God who'd wanna be?
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?
God who'd wanna be?
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?Well we sat on the edge of the river
The crowd screamed, 'Sacrifice the liver'
If God takes life, he's an Indian giver
So tell me now why, you'll tell me neverWho would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?
Well who would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?Well see what you wanna see, you should see it all
Well take what you want from me, you deserve it all
Nine times out of ten, our hearts just get dissolved
Well I want a better place or just a better way to fall
But one time out of ten, everything is perfect for us all
Well I want a better place or just a better way to fall
Here we goIf God controls the land and disease
Keeps a watchful eye on me
If He's really so damn Mighty
My problem is I can't seeWell who would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?
Well who would wanna be?
Who would wanna be such a control freak?Evil home stereo
What good songs do you know?
Evil me, oh yeah, I know
What good curves can you throw?Well all that icing and all that cake
I can't make it to your wedding
But I'm sure I'll be at your wake
You were talk, talk, talk, talkin' in circles that day
When you get to the point
Make sure that I'm still awake, ok?Went to bed and didn't see
Why every day turns out to be
A little bit more like Bukowski
And yeah, I know he's a pretty good readBut God who'd wanna be?
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?

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