

Sin for a Season

Steve Taylor

There's a sweaty hand handling his cocktail napkin
"Come on up and see me", is scribbled with a gold pen
But you'd better ring twiceSeven months after his little indiscretion
He sits with his wife at a therapy session
For a little adviceIf the healing happens as the time goes by
Tell me why I still can't look her in the eyeGod I'm only human, got no other reason
Sin for a seasonThere's a shaky hand shaking with the hand of her hostess
Drank a little much, but she'll drive herself home
If she can make it to her careShe never saw the sign or the boy with his daddy
Driving home late from their very first ballgame
And they don't get farNow the years run together as her guilt goes wild
She still sees the body of an only childGod I'm only human, got no other reason
Sin for a season, sin for a season
Sin for a season, sin for a seasonWealthy lips say, "Keep us from the evil one"
While the praying hands prey with deliberate cunning
On the carcass of the coldGonna get the Good Lord to forgive a little sin
Get the slate cleaned so he can dirty it again
And no one else will ever knowBut he reaps his harvest as his heart grows hard
No man's gonna make a mockery of GodI'm only human, got no other reason
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