

Topeka

Jon Gomm

I found God
In a Cadallidic converter
In Topeka
On a Monday night I taste blood
Every time I think of summer
If that's true
I'm in for quite a treat 'Cause I'm begging for the sun
In a mid-Missouri winter
Waiting desperately to get outta town
No you can't keep a good man down You've been known
To obsess over the future
Do you think
You'll get away from the past As you stone yourself
Just to make it through 'til midnight
Consider what you might have found
You think you've got a good thing now I found God
In a Cadallidic converter
In Topeka
On a Monday night Every saint has a past
Every sinner has a future
So you know what keeps me hanging around
No you can't keep a good man down From here on
You can count on all things going
The way they must've from the start
All you feel is the current flowing through you
And seizing your infected heart I found God
In a Cadallidic converter
In Topeka
On a Monday night I found God
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On a Monday night Every saint has a past
Every sinner has a future
Saint has a past
Every sinner has a future Saint has a past
Every sinner has a future
Saint has a past
Every sinner has a future
Sinner has a future

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