

# Build God, Then We'll Talk

Jeff Watley/Tom Tally

It's these substandard motels on the corner of 4th and Fremont Street  
Appealing only because they are just that  
unappealing  
Any practiced catholic would cross themselves upon entering  
The rooms have a hint of asbestos  
And maybe just a dash of formaldehyde  
And the habit of decomposing  
Right before your very (La, la, la, la) eyes  
Along with the people inside  
What a wonderful caricature of intimacy  
Inside, what a wonderful caricature of intimacy  
Tonight tenants range from a lawyer and a virgin  
Accessorizing with a rosary tucked inside her lingerie  
She's getting a job at the firm come Monday  
The Mrs. will stay with the cheating attorney  
Moonlighting aside, she really needs his money  
Oh, wonderful caricature of intimacy  
Yeah  
(Yeah)  
And not to mention, the constable  
And his proposition, for that virgin  
Yes, the one the lawyer met with on strictly business  
As he said to the Mrs. Well, only hours before  
After he had left, she was fixing her face in a compact  
There was a terrible crash, between her and the badge  
(There was a terrible crash)  
She spilled her purse and her bag  
And held a purse of a different kind  
Along with the people inside  
What a wonderful caricature of intimacy  
Inside, what a wonderful caricature of intimacy  
There are no raindrops on roses and girls in white dresses  
It's sleeping with roaches and taking best guesses  
At the shade of the sheets and before all the stains  
And a few more of your least favorite things  
Raindrops on roses and girls in white dresses  
It's sleeping with roaches and taking best guesses  
At the shade of the sheets and before all the stains  
And a few more of your least favorite things  
Inside, what a wonderful caricature of intimacy  
Inside, what a wonderful caricature of intimacy  
Raindrops on roses and girls in white dresses  
It's sleeping with roaches and taking best guesses  
At the shade of the sheets and before all the stains  
And a few more of your least favorite things  
Raindrops on roses and the girls in white dresses  
And the sleeping with the roaches and the taking best guesses  
At the shade of the sheets and before all the stains  
And a few more of your least favorite things (x2)

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