God's Comic

Elvis Costello

I wish you'd known me when I was alive, I was a funny fellow
The crowd would hoot and holler for more
I wore a drunks red nose for applause, oh yes I was a comical priest
With a joke for the flock and a hand up your fleece
Drooling the drink and the lipstick and greasepaint
Down the cardboard front of my dirty dog collarNow I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead
And I'm goin' on to meet my reward
I was scared, I was scared, I was scared, I was scared
He might have never heard God's comicSo there he was on a water-bed, drinking a cola of a mystery brand
Readin' an airport novelette
Listening to Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Requiem"
He said, before it had really begun, "I prefer the one about my son
I've been wading through all this unbelievable junk
And wondering if I should have given the world to the monkeys"Now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead
And I'm goin' on to meet my reward
I was scared, I was scared, I was scared, I was scared
He might have never heard God's comicI'm goin' to take a little trip, down paradise's endless shores
They say that travel broadens the mind
Till you can't get your head out of doorsI'm sittin' here on the top of the world, I hang around in the longest night
Until each beast has gone to bed
And then I say, "God bless" and put out the lightWhile you lie in the dark, afraid to breathe
And you beg and you promise, you bargain and you plead
Sometimes you confuse me with Santa Claus
It's the big white beard I suppose
I'm going up to the pole, where you folks die of cold
I might be gone for a while if you need meNow I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead
You're all going on to meet your reward
Are you scared? Are you scared? Are you scared? Are you scared?
You might have never heard, but God's comic

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