Deus

The Sugarcubes

Deus does not exit.
But if he does, he lives in the sky above me,
In the fattest largest cloud up there.
He's whiter than white and cleaner then clean.
He wants to reach me.

Deus does not exist.
But if he does I always notice him.
Getting ready in his airy room.
He's picking his gloves so gently off.
He wants to touch me.

I'm walking humbly down a tiny street
Pulling my collar it gets bigger, woooh

I once met him,
It really surprised me,
He put me in a bath tub,
Made me squeeky clean,
Really clean.

To create a universe
You must taste
The forbidden fruit.

He said hi. I said hi,
I was still clean.

Deus does not exist,
But if he does he'd want to get down from that cloud,
First marzipan fingers then marble hands,
More silent than silence and slower than slow,
Diving towards me.

My collar is huge room for two hands,
They start at the chest and move slowly down.

I thought I had seen everything,

He wasn't white and fluffy,
He just had side burns,
He just had side burns,
And a quiff,
He said hi.
I said hi. I was still clean,
I was squeeky clean.
I was surprised.
Just as you would be.

Deus, Deus, Deus, Deus

He does not exist
He does not exist
He does not exist
He does not exist

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