

We Don't Go To God's House Anymore

Chumbawamba

Driving on the bypass to Damascus
I saw a preacher trying to hitch a ride
With a pair of broken wings
And a suitcase full of sins
He gathered up his dreams and jumped inside
Pulling Malatesta from his suitcase
He lifted up his voice and began to sing
'My songs of desperation lead to action...
And this is where the serious fun begins.'
We don't go to God's house anymore
Saw the light and walked right out the door
We don't go to God's house
It's more fun in the dog house
We don't go to God's house anymore

Well driving on, I tasted sweet salvation
As we sung away the pulpit and the past
The preacherman and me
We sang such harmonies
The highway of my life went by so fast
The preacher, he got off at the crossroads
He said, 'This is where I end, and you begin'
He left behind the wings and the Malatesta
And the memory of the songs we both did sing
We don't go to God's house anymore
Saw the light and walked right out the door
We don't go to God's house
It's more fun in the doghouse
We don't go to God's house anymore

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