

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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