

My God

Kevin Drew

My God
I think I threw up
I've got a river filled with dollars
Who connect to the words in my gut And the poet is hanging out in the back
He's doing things that he can never take back
It's a condition
I tried, it's not us It's not us My God
Did you really give up?
Do you live inside the people
The people with all that stuff You got a motorcar crash in the sea
You got idols making lists where they've been
I speak about it in dreams
It's not a holding pattern baby, just wait and see Are you dreaming?
What are you dreaming about now?
Do you believe me?
Who are you going to believe now? Are you dreaming?
What are you dreaming about now?
Don't believe me?
Who's going to believe me now? Dreaming
What are you dreaming about now? 'Cause I forgot My God
I think I threw up
I got a river filled with dollars
Who connect to the words in my gut It's not us
It's not us
It's not us
No, it's not us

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