

Mess (Live in Boston with Neil Hannon)

Ben Folds

Was a time when I had nothing to explain
Oh, this mess I had made
But then things got complicated my innocence has all but faded
Oh, this mess I have made And I don't believe in God
So I can't be saved
All alone as I've learned to be
In this mess, I have made All the untested virtue
The things I said I'd never do least of all to you
I know he's kind and true, I know that he is good to you
He'll never care for you more than I do But I don't believe in love
And I can't be changed
All alone as I've learned to be
In this mess, I have made
The same mistakes over and over again There are rooms in this house that I don't open any more
Dusty books and pictures on the floor
That she will never see, she'll never see that part of me
I want to be for her what I could never be for you And I don't believe in God
So I can't be saved
All alone as I've learned to be
In this mess, I have made

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