

# Bukowski

## Charles Bukowski

Woke up this morning and it seemed to me  
That every night turns out to be  
A little more like Bukowski  
And yeah, I know he's a pretty good read But God who'd wanna be?  
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?  
God who'd wanna be?  
God who'd wanna be such an asshole? Well we sat on the edge of the river  
The crowd screamed, 'Sacrifice the liver'  
If God takes life, he's an Indian giver  
So tell me now why, you'll tell me never Who would wanna be?  
Who would wanna be such a control freak?  
Well who would wanna be?  
Who would wanna be such a control freak? Well see what you wanna see, you should see it all  
Well take what you want from me, you deserve it all  
Nine times out of ten, our hearts just get dissolved  
Well I want a better place or just a better way to fall  
But one time out of ten, everything is perfect for us all  
Well I want a better place or just a better way to fall  
Here we go If God controls the land and disease  
Keeps a watchful eye on me  
If He's really so damn Mighty  
My problem is I can't see Well who would wanna be?  
Who would wanna be such a control freak?  
Well who would wanna be?  
Who would wanna be such a control freak? Evil home stereo  
What good songs do you know?  
Evil me, oh yeah, I know  
What good curves can you throw? Well all that icing and all that cake  
I can't make it to your wedding  
But I'm sure I'll be at your wake  
You were talk, talk, talk, talkin' in circles that day  
When you get to the point  
Make sure that I'm still awake, ok? Went to bed and didn't see  
Why every day turns out to be  
A little bit more like Bukowski  
And yeah, I know he's a pretty good read But God who'd wanna be?  
God who'd wanna be such an asshole?

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>