

7 Days

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If there's a God
Do you think he's looking down, curled up on his couch right now?
As we fail to figure it out, does he turn down the sound?
Is he proud? Are we proud?
Guess we forgot how to live a life with no filter
Making boring people famous
Let's pretend they're fascinating
Let's tell little girls that pretty girls are better
Or that pigment or religion really matters

We're in some trouble
Mr. Maker, don't turn away from your screen
At least the bubble that we've created could make for some good TV

Oh, Mr. Man Upstairs
I know you're tuning in up there, way up there
Would you care to answer my question?
Oh, the land of poor taste
The spectacle of cut and paste that we've made
Would you say, please say it was worth the seven days

Does he hang his head at all the greed that we possess?
As the anti-social media perpetuates the mess
Maybe it's a test, maybe he's upset by the loose ends
Stressed like the rest of us, it happens to the best of us
God, or is it Mr. G to me?
I hope that through the static, you'll show us the clarity
'Cause it's hard to find the silver lining in the bittersweet
Wonder if you're praying for us 'fore you go to sleep
Do you sleep in peace?

'Cause we're in some trouble
Mr. Maker, but don't turn away from your screen
At least the bubble that we've created has made for damn good TV

Oh, Mr. Man Upstairs
I know you're tuning in up there, way up there
Would you care to answer my question?
Oh, the land of poor taste
The spectacle of cut and paste that we've made
Would you say, please say it was worth the seven days

Don't touch the remote, we'll be back in a moment
We are not hopeless, we are just coping
The mayhem is rolling, but it ain't showbiz
Reality's potent, chaotic, I know it
But we're growing, have some hope in us
And were we worth all the time you gave up?

Oh, Mr. Man Upstairs
I know you're tuning in up there, way up there
Would you care to answer my question?
Oh, the land of poor taste
The spectacle of cut and paste that we've made
Would you say, please say it was worth the seven days
Yeah, oh, oh
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