

## Where It Starts

Cloud Cult

I found god at the stroke of midnight with your tongue in  
my mouth, on New Year's Eve  
I found god when I was twelve with my cousin, trying to  
get a buzz from shots of listerine  
I found god in a Dr.Suess book  
I found god in a dirty magazine  
I found god in the words of Steve Miller: I really like  
your peaches, wanna shake your tree

I found god on a Wednesday afternoon, drinking boxed wine  
and wishing you would call me  
I found god in the middle of the woods, spitting at the  
stars and making love to a tree  
I found god when I quit smoking cigarettes  
I found god in a bag of weed  
I found god in the back of my head: Too scared to even  
talk to you, but dreaming you would marry me

I could find god if I could taste you  
I could find god if you'd lay down next to me  
I could find god in your secret places  
I could find god if you'd only talk to me  
I found god in the back of my head: too scared to even  
talk to you, but dreaming you would marry me  
I found god in the words of Steve Miller: I really like  
your peaches, wanna shake your tree