

## God's Comic

Elvis Costello

I wish you'd known me when I was alive, I was  
a funny feller  
The crowd would hoot and holler for more  
I wore a drunk's red nose for applause  
Oh yes I was a comical priest  
"With a joke for the flock and a hand up your  
fleece"  
Drooling the drink and the lipstick and  
greasepaint  
Down the cardboard front of my dirty dog-collar

Now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead,  
now I'm dead, now I'm dead  
And I'm going on to meet my reward  
I was scared, I was scared, I was scared, I was  
scared  
He might of never heard God's Comic

So there he was on a water-bed  
Drinking a cola of a mystery brand  
Reading an airport novelette, listening to  
Andrew Lloyd-Webber's "Requiem"  
He said, before it had really begun, "I prefer  
the one about my son"  
"I've been wading through all this unbelievable  
junk and wondering if I should have given  
the world to the monkeys"

Now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead,  
now I'm dead, now I'm dead  
And I'm going on to meet my reward  
I was scared, I was scared, I was scared, I was  
scared  
He might of never heard God's Comic

I'm going to take a little trip down Paradise's  
endless shores  
They say that travel broadens the mind, till you  
can't get your head out of doors

I'm sitting here on the top of the world  
I hang around in the longest night  
Until each beast has gone bed and then I say  
"God bless" and turn out the light  
While you lie in the dark, afraid to breathe and  
you beg and you promise  
And you bargain and you plead  
Sometimes you confuse me with Santa Claus  
It's the big white beard I suppose  
I'm going up to the pole, where you folks die of cold  
I might be gone for a while if you need me

Now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead,  
now I'm dead, now I'm dead and you're all  
going on to meet your reward

Are you scared? Are you scared? Are you scared?

Are you scared?  
You might have never heard, but God's comic