

Listening to Freddie Mercury

Emery

Every once in a while I think I'm lying.
Take it to the bank. I believe every word I say.
(This just isn't how, this just isn't how)
Then again this is when you start your prying.
(This just isn't how, this just isn't how)
But there's a thought it could be true.
But this just isn't how I imagined it would be.
With these random people just asking the most personal things.
And to think that somehow I could always come clean.
And you shake your head just like you know what I mean.

You're a Christian tell the sinner
find repentance it's your last chance.
You believer, where's your patience?
Answer questions, put on faces.

(What about God?) To see if it's right or wrong
(What about God?) to listen to this song.
(What about God?) I don't want you too.
(What does it mean?) And see if you're okay
(What does it mean?) with all the words I say.
(For you, for me.) It can't be this way.
(All have fallen short)

Somehow, someone's more equal than others.
Depending on the words we choose to say.
A glance at her too long tonight.
But everything I am saying's right in your ears.

We are all the sisters and the brothers.
Until we find we don't believe the same, like...

Gary is getting drunk to forget Sarah.
Sarah is stealing money from her parents.
Aaron is lying straight to Jon.
About Megan and the things that went on.
Jessica is a gossip, Laura is a slut.
Derrick hits Bridget and Ben deals drugs.
Seth spends all his money gambling.
Joey stopped praying.

It's all the same.
We are all the same people.
With sinning hearts that make us equal.

Here is my hand, not words said desperately.
It's not our job to make anyone believe.