

Why I Don't Believe in God

Everclear

I heard the truth about you
And it really doesn't read at all
Like the whipping stick you raised me with
A scared woman in a private hell
Hushed voice like electric bell
Strange talk about Edgar Cayce and the long lame walk of the dark 70's
I heard the truth about you
Yeah you
Mama they woke me up
I was deep in an idiot sleep
I was just eight years old
Heard big words with a horrible sound
Why'd they have to call my school
Tell me my mother had a nervous breakdown
I wish I believed like you do
Yeah you
In the myth of a merciful god
In the myth of a heaven and hell
I hear the voices you hear sometimes
Sometimes it gets so much I feel like letting go
Sometimes it gets so goddamn hard I feel like letting it all go
Letting it all go
I ran away, went looking for you
Back to Culver City and the old neighborhood
Need to know if you were really gone
Need to know if you were gone for good
I ran through the projects at night
Hide in the dark from my friends in the light
Hide from my brother-in-law
Hide from the things he'd say
Said you weren't losing your mind
He said you just needed a rest
He said you'd be coming home soon
He said the doctors there would know what's best
Said that maybe I could go live with them for a while
I know the truth about you
I know the truth
Mama they woke me up
I was just eight years old
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it go
Letting it all go