

God

Head Automatica

I got a question
Let me ashe you, can you explain your reasoning to me?
It ain't a matter of my hard luck or bad luck
When there's no luck in it for me
I'm not the type of man to hold a gruge against
Something I can hardly see
But to say that there's a reason for everything
Make me doubtful and intrigued to say the least

God you don't want to answer me
But if you do, you'd better agree
God you've got the strangest sense of humor
You're too funny to be so heavenly

I got you number and you own me
Show me a little common decency
I kneel before you and you bless me, test me
And answer with a plague inside of me
I'm not the type of man to pleas with the sky above
Or with the demon under me
But to say that there's a reason for everything
Makes me doubtful and intrigued to say the least

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