

The Most Unoriginal Sin

John Hiatt

What there was left of us
Was all covered in dust and thick skin
A half eaten apple
The whole Sistine chapel
Painted on the head of a pin

A life long love's work
Gone up in a smirk
And you didn't even see her waltz in

Now this love is a ghost, for having played host
To the most unoriginal sin

At the wedding we smiled
While some devil played wild violin
Soon after the chapel
She offered me that apple
One bite and i was gone with the wind

And you needed no proof
Cause the whole naked truth
Was wearing only an infidels grin

And a proud school boys boast
For havin' left his post
For the most unoriginal sin

Now the juke box is hummin'
Al the venial short comings of men
But i found me this drink
That can finally sink
All this guilt i been wallowing in

Buddy once you get started
Once true love's departed
You do it over and over again

So tonight i will toast
Just who ever comes close
To the most unoriginal sin

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Just who ever comes close
To the most unoriginal sin