

## 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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