

# Godhead

John Waite

No Krishna, Buddha, Jesus in my soul  
'Til the sun breaks through again  
Down into nothing as I lose myself  
In the perfections of Zen  
She said: I got the answer  
I said: I'm curious, can you write that down my friend  
It said there's nothing in the real world  
So why should we pretend zero?

Godhead  
We got nothing  
We got everything

I took a page out of Unpunished  
And I flew a paper plane  
But there is nothing in the real world  
But the cool, cool, cool of soul  
And I've got nothing in my pockets  
But lose change and gold zero!

And I'm trying to get somewhere  
In a room with glow  
The church mice are singing now  
What John Lee Hooker knows

Godhead  
We got nothing  
We got everything

I'm falling backwards in her mirrored room  
In her mirrored room tonight  
She looks so good  
And I feel fine  
As she says we might make it to Godhead