

Blasphemy

Robbie Williams

The Egyptians built their pyramids
The Romans did what they did
Now everything's come down to this
It's just you and I, our kid!!!

We could send a million to the moon
But why can't I get on with you?
Cellophane around my mouth
Stops the anger sipping out

Our deaf and dumb dinners
Gravy in the mud
No singles, just fillers
Sometimes I wish I could
But I can't behave

I know it's not the heathen in me
It's just that I've been bleeding lately,
Internally
Don't turn to me,
Bite your tongue, the torrid weapon
You could learn a useful lesson

What's so great about the Great Depression
Is it a blast for you?
'Cause it's blasphemy

Words cut like a knife through Vaseline
You can't really mean what you mean
When you say what you say
So tourettes make them come out that way,
Wish I was here well I wish you weren't
Your gift of anger's better burnt
If nothing's said then nothing's learnt
I though I wasn't but I'm really hurting

Our deaf and dumb dinners,
There's gravy in the mud
And I can't behave
No, it's not the heathen in me
It's just that I've been bleeding lately,
Internally

Don't turn to me
Bite my tongue, the torrid weapon
We could learn a useful lesson
What's so great about the Great Depression
Was it a blast for you,

A great adventure Christmas in the snow
Senile Dementia maybe, what a way to go
I can't behave
I know it's not the heathen in me
It's just that I've been bleeding lately,
Internally
So turn to me
Bite your tongue, your torrid weapon

We could learn a useful lesson
In a greatness great depression
It's not a blast for me,
It's blasphemy