

# 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