

Judgement Day

Steve Kilbey

I never intended to be kind of sane
I cannot remember their glass or their pain
I never expected to come here and stay
And be waiting with you for the judgment day
If I beat the odds you change the dice
If I forget you memorize
You're one of the special and you don't have to pay
Your dividends are coming on the judgment day

Hey some people got a lot to answer for
But you keep on going

Poor matilda hoarding her stash
Shivered on top of a bed stuffed with cash
I told her she should think about giving it away
Her option comes up on the judgment day
Who knows who's going, who knows who's left
Who knows why we keep on wasting our breath
Where was the shepherd when the flock went astray
He'd seen the forecast for the judgment day