

## Sin For A Season

Steve Taylor

There's a sweaty hand handling his cocktail napkin  
'Come on up and see me' scribbled with a gold pen  
'But you'd better ring twice'  
Seven months after his little indiscretion  
He sits with his wife at a therapy session  
For a little advice  
'If the healing happens as the time goes by  
Tell me why I still can't look her in the eye'

'God, I'm only human, got no other reason...'  
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There's a shaky hand shaking with the hand of her hostess  
Drank a little much, but she'll drive herself home  
If she can make it to her car  
She never saw the sign or the boy with his daddy  
Driving home late from their very first ballgame  
And they don't get far  
Now the years run together as her guilt goes wild  
She still sees the body of an only child

'God, I'm only human, got no other reason...'  
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Wealthy lips say 'keep us from the Evil One'  
While the paying hands prey with deliberate cunning  
On the carcass of the cold  
Gonna get the Good Lord to forgive a little sin  
Get the slate cleaned so he can dirty it again  
And no one else will ever know  
But he reaps his harvest as his heart grows hard  
No man's gonna make a mockery of God

'God, I'm only human, got no other reason...'  
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