

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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