

# Mammon

Todd Rundgren

O Holy Father  
Divine Provider  
Grant me my prayer  
All I desire

It's been a long, long time since you faced the truth  
You haven't heard the voice of god since your wasted youth  
Faith of your father, holy faith  
In the dollar almighty and the tithing plate

And you'd like to rub my face in it  
Your god, your god  
And you'd like to rub my face in it  
Your god, your god, your god is Mammon

Pew after pew in the house of the lord  
Nod their heads at the sermon while they mind the store  
And their holiest book is a PDA  
It's got god's cell number if you find time to pray

And you'd like to rub their face in it  
Your god, your god  
Even though you have no faith in it  
Your god is Mammon, your god is dead

And you rage and fume at the godless ones  
Cause they don't understand how the company runs  
And they think it's the money that you care about  
You pretend to be offended when they figure it out  
Tell me what kind of heaven do you think awaits  
When your ass is too fat to fit the pearly gates?  
It's like the eye of a needle and a limosine  
Paradise is set aside for the less obscene  
You only care for the power that the lucre brings  
And you have no love for any living thing, save Mammon

And you'd like to rub our face in it