

Ween

"God In My Bed"

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I don't know, maybe it was the rain,
Another gray day, of fault making.
The real test was finding a bucket with enough holes to
let it out.
One of those days when the corn dries up,
And your nose turns red, and the crystals break.
Late day, the sun sets back up,
Back up to the warm room.
God is lying on your bed talking backwards.
Here take my legs,
Take my eyes,
Take my brain, take my brain, take my brain, my brain.
Home, home without the window again,
I got some blood on the floor,
The window won't close, it's getting cold
The weak marches flags with eyes of fire.
No, no not this again,
It's like a stone that smokes instead of burns,
Like wet wood that's green and fresh.
You want my chicken?!
...my potato salad?!
... you want to know how my day was?!
Well, God Was on My Bed When I Got Home!!!
... that's how my day was

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