Beautiful Grey "One God"

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Like the toupee on a fading fame
The final whistle in a losing game
Thick lipstick on a five year old girl
It makes you think it's a plastic world
A plastic world and we're all plastic too
Just a couple of different faces in a dead man's queue
The world is turning Disney and there's nothing you can
do

You're trying to walk like giants, but you're wearing Pluto's shoes

And the answers fall easier from the barrel of a gun Than it does from the lips of the beautiful and the dumb

The world won't end in darkness, it'll end in family fun With Coca Cola clouds behind a Big Mac sun

A howling scream in a church asleep

Rusty bicycle in an ocean deep

Like an ear-ring on the newly born

Strong perfume on a winter's morn

The world is perfumed and we're perfumed as well

Petals from a flower that blossomed in hell

And you can't breathe the air through the thickness of the smell

And you can't see the hair through the grease of the gel

And the answers fall easier from the barrel of a gun Than it does from the lips of the beautiful and the dumb

The world won't end in darkness, it'll end in family fun With Coca Cola clouds behind a Big Mac sun

You say there's only one God, you could do with two or three

Your Jesus Christ is hired out, like the slag of Galilee Well if Peter is a prostitute, then what does that make me

There's only one God

There should be two or three

One God

There should be two or three

One God

There should be two or three

Two or three

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