

Beloved

"If Pennies Came From Heaven..."

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Oh my darlings Jean and Rita
Life couldn't be much sweeter
Swinging all around you see
What this country's made of me
Until yesterday I'd thought
The best things in life are bought
Strange when you're led by the nose
Through restaurants in evening clothes
Through restaurants in evening clothes

But I'm tired of these contradictions
Council roads to revolution
Waves part, on they go
Walking fast, thinking slow
Days don't pass so calmly
Invaded by Salvation's Army
If this is all God's given
Well, he could keep the rest
I said he could keep the, keep the rest

But all these pennies
If they came from heaven
Would this mean that all's forgiven?

I've seen these men and all the women
In love with everyday living
Stack furniture against the door
Landmine the kitchen floor
Opening windows, pulling strings
The smell of napalm in the morning
But if angels came, saved us all
I doubt he would make housecalls
Somehow I doubt that he would make housecalls

But if all these pennies
If they came from heaven
Could Karl Marx have been mistaken?

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