

Beautiful South "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 that 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
And 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
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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

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