

## **Bell X1**

### **"Godsong"**

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Everybody finished their honey tipped cigar  
Our after dinner speaker tonight is God  
A warm round of applause  
And then silence

Tell us of love, we said  
Tell us of love  
Great one above  
Won't ya tell us of love

And he said, well  
I've never tasted your flavour before  
So maybe love is your whore  
Maybe just a figment of emotion

Hear my  
Hear my song  
What if I'm  
What if I'm wrong  
Hear my  
Hear my song  
I'm always right  
But what if I'm wrong

The crowd went wild  
Man, woman and child  
Fuelled by brandy and cherry wine  
And the apple in the mouth of the head of John the Baptist  
Tell us of hate, we said  
Tell us of hate  
Don't spare the bait  
Won't ya tell us of hate  
And he said, well  
I've never tasted your flavour before  
So maybe hate is your whore  
But I remember when we were lovers

Hear my  
Hear my song  
What if I'm  
What if I'm wrong

Hear my  
Hear my song  
I'm always right  
But what if I'm wrong

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