

Cloud Cult

"Where It Starts"

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I found god at the stroke of midnight with your tongue
in my mouth, on New Year's Eve
I found god when I was twelve with my cousin, trying to
get a buzz from shots of Lysterine.
I found god in a Dr.Suess book
I found god in a dirty magazine
I found god in the words of Steve Miller: I really your
peaches, wanna shake your tree

I found god on a Wednesday afternoon, drinking
boxed one and wishing you would call me
I found god in the middle of the woods, spitting at the
stars and making love to a tree
I found god when I quit smoking cigarettes
I found god in a bag of weed
I found god in the back of my head: Too scared to even
talk to you, but dreaming you would marry me

I could find god if I could taste you
I could find god if you'd lay down next to me
I could find god in your secret places
I could find god if you'd only talk to me
I found god in the back of my head: too scared to even
talk to you, but dreaming you would marry me
I found god in the words of Steve Miller: I really your
peaches, wanna shake your tree

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