

Marti

"Don't Mess With God's Thick Gold Wrist Watch"

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He was a grown man
You'd believe his eyes
To get what he wanted from you
Made you buy as gold
His cold steel lies

He just don't care
He wants your soul
Believe me now
He's out of control

But a messenger came to town
In a second he found his house
And gently whispered in his hear
Goodbye
And he said

Don't mess with god's thick gold wristwatch
Oh no

He's a man who likes to collect
Everything alive and dead
He stores his stuff in big rooms
He has a million boxes
Even some under his bed

They say it's bigger than a lake
They say it's wider than a state

But a messenger came to town
In a second he found his house
And gently whispered in his ear
Goodbye
But a messenger came to town
In a blink he found the right room
And found a box with many clocks
But one was shining more
And he said

Don't mess with god's thick gold wristwatch
Don't mess with god's thick gold wristwatch
Don't you mess with god's thick gold wristwatch

Oh no

But a messenger came to town
In a second he found his house
And gently whispered in his ear
aurevoir

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