

## **Public Image Ltd. "God"**

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I can only feel and think in the language of  
Clinches others have concocted for you  
Pre-fabricated, pre-conception  
Worn like the walls all around you, all around you

How good to walk with the caprice of God?  
How good to talk with the caprice of God?  
Build your ivory tower so you can scratch the sky

How now could I forget to that, you're not finished yet  
tonight  
All that you have done, still adding up for the sum  
This totem has some use, this total of abuse  
Real life is never used as truth

Angry artillery on your tongue  
Bows and arrows highly strung  
Same shadows I can see right through  
Whenever I, I picture you

How good to walk with the caprice of God?  
How good to talk with the caprice of God?  
An ordinary human, an ordinary mortal, an ordinary  
model  
Build your ivory tower so you can touch the sky

Build your ivory tower so you can touch the sky  
The sky, touch the sky

Build your ivory tower so you can scratch the sky

And don't hide inside the sentiment  
The real test is never finished yet  
Face up, collect the interest  
Of all the idiots you should detest

How good to walk with the caprice of God?  
How good to talk with the caprice of God?  
An ordinary human, an ordinary mortal, an ordinary  
model

Build your ivory tower so you can screw up the sky

No ordinary mortal, no ordinary model

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