The Roches "Looking For God"

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i'm looking for god go to a book read the words of a story but the lover dies and the woman is left in the bedroom with a shadow of herself on the wall

she falls from the bottom, o no but her arms grow like pipe cleaners with rubber bands inside only prettier she taps the sky and the guy who died taps back

that is quite a fairy tale gimme something real go back re read the very last page cracking there to feel

a fall from the bottom, o no how far down do you have to go like the red balloon with a pink elephant inside getting heavier...can't reach the sky please everything that died come back

in this dream of daily life i cannot describe i recognize the words i read in the wrinkles around your eyes

we all fall down to the bottom...but then get lifted up again like a soap bubble flying past a weeping willow tree only prettier to tap the sky and burst once more to try

i'm looking for god...

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