

Bowie David

"God Knows I'm Good"

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I was walking through the counters of a national
concern
And a cash machine was spitting by my shoulder
And I saw the multitude of faces, honest, rich and
clean
As the merchandise exchanged and money roared
And a woman hot with worry slyly slipped a tin of
stewing steak
Into the paper bag at her side
And her face was white with fear in case her actions
were observed
So she closed her eyes to keep her conscience blind

Crying
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God may look the other way today

God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God may look the other way today

Then she moved toward the exit clutching tightly at her
paper bag
Perspiration trickled down her forehead
And her heart it leapt inside her as the hand laid on her
shoulder
She was led away bewildered and amazed
Through her deafened ears the cash machines were
shrieking on the counter
As her escort asked her softly for her name
And a crowd of honest people rushed to help a tired
old lady
Who had fainted to the whirling wooden floor

Crying
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good

Surely God won't look the other way

God knows I'm good

God knows I'm good

God knows I'm good

Surely God won't look the other way Hey

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