

# The Sundays

## "God Made Me"

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Looking for an insult  
There's a trickle in my head  
Seeing it's worth  
The effort I forgive myself

Talks that we had  
Talks that we had  
Are becoming a blur  
If only I could love my neighbor

Waiting here for the next time  
With a bottle in my hand  
Doing it for the exercise  
I forget myself

And the face that you had  
Face that you had  
Is becoming a blur  
But how was I supposed to know that?

Because God made me  
That's all they told me before  
And how about you?

And it's off to work we go  
Now you can forget  
About a labor of love  
It just won't wash anymore

And we'd love to be good  
Love to be good  
But we'd rather be bad  
But how was I supposed to know that?

Because God made me  
That's all they told me before  
And how about you?

Because God made people  
That was the luck of the draw  
We do what we want

God made me  
That's what they told me before  
Who knows what they'll say today?

Because God made me for his sins  
Imagine my eyes when I first saw  
We can do what we want

How could I know?  
How could I know about it?

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