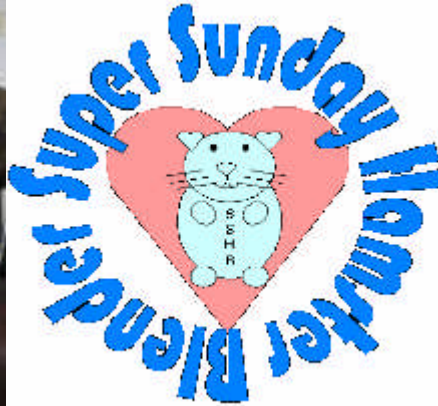


God Hates the Blues

(9.17.2005 - J. Dassatti/D. Lamoureux)



They used to play the blues and all the ugly, old white men would show up
The place was a lot smaller; I had more friends, I had more time
Now, I guess, I'm a greater man, and uglier, and older; still white
Even though I feel a whole lot smarter, I just can't go back

God hates the blues
I'm not scared (I'm not scared)
God hates the blues
I can't go there (I'm not scared)
Again

Gave up God long, long ago; long before he gave up the blues
Now he's a lot smaller, but never really was a friend
A temple, yeah, a temple, I suppose, would bring me in
Playing on a Wednesday night, singing the Ramones and Britney Spears that he so courageously
played
Now he's gone, now it doesn't mean the same anymore

God hates the blues
I'm not scared (I'm not scared)
God hates the blues
I can't go there (I'm not scared)
Again

Now I drive by, but I had dinner there a while ago with a friend, and this chick from Texas
The walls were painted, the tables were new, but it still smelled of ugly, old white men
But it didn't feel the same;

I don't believe in God, I don't believe in any resurrection
I just can't fucking go back there again