

Robbie Williams, Make Me Pure

So I sing a song
To reel 'em in
It's a song I sung before
And a song I'm gonna sing again
I mean every word
I don't mean a single one of them
Oh Lord, make me pure
- but not yet

Tell a joke
Tell it twice
If no-one else is laughing then why am I
I split my sides both times and laugh till I cry
Oh Lord, please make me pure
- but not yet

I don't have to try
I just dial it in
I've never found a job that for me was worth bothering
I got a ton of selfish genes and lazy bones
Beneath this skin
Oh Lord, make me pure
- but not yet

Smoking kills
Sex sells
I've got one hand in my pocket but the other one looks cool as hell
I know I'm gonna die so my revenge is living well
Oh Lord, make me pure
- but not yet

I stopped praying
So I hope this song will do
I wrote it all for you
I'm not perfect but you don't mind that, do you?
I know you're there to pull me through, aren't you?

So I look for love
I like the search
And I'll be standing for election all across the known universe
Every president gets the country she deserves
Oh Lord, make me pure
- but not yet

And I've been seeing
Somebody's wife
She said she'd leave him for me and I said that wasn't wise
You can't lie to a liar because of all lies
Oh Lord, please make me pure
- not yet