

# Tim Minchin, God

I never had sex inside a church  
And never had to pray on Sundays  
Never gave minties to the poor  
And when I'm six foot under some day  
I'll be feeling rotten  
Worms eat from the outside in  
Should I take the wager?  
Maybe faking it will get me in  
But faking it has always been a sin

And if you're gonna be a cynic, bear and grin it  
Cos you'll never have the drugs these cats are taking  
If you wanna learn more from the strangers at the door  
Then I hope they are scones you're baking  
If you're only the beginnings of a sinner, tell me  
Who is gonna teach you to keep your eyes dilated  
If you're trying to go to hell, girl, you're doing pretty well  
If you count all the times you masturbated

I know it's a breeze to just believe  
And dress him up the way you like him  
Personally I think he plays the drums  
And goes about in purple lycra  
With burgundy leg-warmers  
Fashion never worried him  
There's another option  
Maybe disco threads will get you in  
But disco threads have always been a sin

Far be it from me to ask you  
Questions you can't answer  
But tell me why you have to be  
An arsehole all the time  
And far be it from me to throw  
A spanner at my maker  
I'll just sit back and drink your bloody wine  
And leave you to things existential

I never had sex inside a church  
But I love the thought of nuns in g-strings  
And I never touched my neighbour's wife  
But I spilled my share of sacred seedlings  
I would be a psycho  
If I tried to keep my seedlings in  
I've not got a hope in hell  
If wasting sperm stops you getting in  
But who the hell made wasting sperm a sin?