

Blasphemy

Robbie Williams

The Egyptians built their pyramids,
The Romans did what they did,
Now everything's come down to this,
It's just you and I our kid, We could send a million to the Moon,
But why can't I get on with you?
The cellophane around my mouth
Stops the anger seeping out Our deaf and dumb dinners,
Gravy in the mud,
No singles just fillers,
Sometimes I wish I could, but...
I can't behave
I know it's not the heathen in me
It's just that I've been bleeding lately
Internally, don't turn to me,
Bite your tongue, the torrid weapon
You could learn a useful lesson
What's so great about the great depression?
Was it a blast for you?
'Cause it's blasphemy Words cut like a knife through vaseline
You can't really mean what you mean
When you say what you say
Tourettes make them come out that way. "Wish I was here", well I wish you weren't
Your gift of anger's better burnt
If nothing's said, and nothing's learnt,
I thought I wasn't but I'm really hurting
Our deaf and dumb dinners,
There's gravy in the mud and... I can't behave
No it's not the heathen in me
It's just that I've been bleeding lately
Internally, don't turn to me,
Bite my tongue, the torrid weapon
I could learn a useful lesson
What's so great about the great depression?
Was it a blast for you?
Blasphemy Our great adventure,
Christmas in the snow,
Senile dementia maybe,
What way to go I can't behave
I know it's not the heathen in me
It's just that I've been bleeding lately
Internally, so turn to me,
Bite your tongue, your torrid weapon

We could learn a useful lesson
Ain't it great this great depression?
It's not a blast for me
It's blasphemy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>