

Bukowski

Modest Mouse

Woke up this morning, it seemed to me that every night turns out to be
A little bit more like Bukowski and yeah, I know he's a pretty good read
But God who'd wanna be, God who'd wanna be such an asshole?
God who'd wanna be, God who'd wanna be such an asshole? Well we sat on the edge of the
river, the crowd screamed, "Sacrifice the liver"
If God takes life, he's an Indian giver, so tell me now why, you'll tell me never
Who would wanna be, who would wanna be such a control freak?
Well who would wanna be, who would wanna be such a control freak? Well see what you
wanna see, you should see it all
Well take what you want from me, you deserve it all
Nine times out of ten our hearts just get dissolved
Well I want a better place or just a better way to fall
But one time out of ten everything goes perfect for us all
Well I want a better place or just a better way to fall
Here we go
If God controls the land and the seas, and keeps a watchful eye on me
If he's really so damn mighty, well my problem is I can't see
Well who would wanna be, Who would wanna be such a control freak?
Well who would wanna be, Who would wanna be such a control freak? Evil home stereo, what
good songs do you know?
Evil me, oh yeah, I know, what good curves can you throw?
Well all that icing and all that cake
I can't make it to your wedding but I'm sure I'm gonna be at your wake
You were talk, talk, talk, talkin' in circles that day
When you get to the point make sure that I'm still awake, OK? I went to bed and didn't see why
every day turns out to be
A little bit more like Bukowski and yeah, I know he's a pretty good read
But God who'd wanna be, God who'd wanna be such an asshole?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>