

God Shuffled His Feet

Brad Roberts

D Bm G D// A//
After seven days, he was quite tired, so God said
D Bm G Bm// G//
Let there be a day just for picnics, with wine and bread
A// D// G// Em// A// D// G// Em//
Gathered up some people he had made. Created blankets and laid back in the shade

A E A D
God shuffled his feet and glanced around at them
A E A D// G//
The people cleared their throats and stared right back at him

D Bm G D// A//
The people sipped their wine, and what with God there, asked him questions
D Bm G Bm// G//
Like, Do you have to eat, or get your hair cut in hea - ven
A// D// G// Em// A// D// G// Em//
And if your eye got poked out in this life, would it be waiting up in heaven with your wife

<Chorus>

D Bm G D// A//
So he said once there was a boy, who woke up with blue hair
D Bm G Bm// G//
To him it was a joy, until he ran out into the warm air
A// D// G// Em//
He thought of how his friends would come to see
A// D// G// Em//
And would they laugh or had he got some strange disease

<Chorus>

D Bm G D// A//
The people sat waiting out on their blankets in the garden.
D Bm G Bm// G//
But God said nothing, so someone asked him, beg your par - don
A// D// G// Em//
I'm not quite clear about what you just spoke
A// D// G// Em//
Was that a parable or a very subtle joke

<Chorus>

