

Well, I guess by now y'all must know
Bout a guy named Noah and his big boat
 And what all happened to those who missed the bus.
So you might be wondering how a God of love
Could desert His creation when push comes to shove
 But the fact is, We didn't leave them, they left Us.

Y'see, all through history My Son and I
Have looked for a folk we might set aside
 That would love Us as much as We love them.
But despite second chances and thirds, fourths and fifths
We got treated like a couple of stiffs
 Right up to the moment of sink or swim.

Does God sing the blues?
Children I'm telling you,
 B.B. ain't the king
 Of getting blamed for everything.
God is the King of the Blues

You call me a judge and a God of wrath
And when you do I just have to laugh
 Cuz if Jacob had been your kid you'd have nailed him to a tree.
And second chances for those living in sin,
Pharaoh got not two but ten
 And I still had to drown one kid to save another at the Red Sea.

Does God sing the blues?
Children I'm telling you,
 Albert ain't the king
 Of pain and suffering
God is the King of the Blues

And those kids I saved, well, you'd have wondered why
After the Bessie of Gold they built at Mount Sinai
 And I'm here to tell you that was only the start.
For instance I went and made David a king
And then he went and done that whole Bathsheba thing
 And that was a guy after My Own Heart.

Yep, judges, prophets, preachers, liars
I'd be shoveling them all into the fire,
 If I wasn't blessed with the patience of a saint.
Still pretty soon the day will come
With a blast of trumpets and the roll of a drum
 When I open up the sky and say, "Hi! I'm God and you ain't!"

Does God sing the blues?
Children I'm telling you,
 Elvis ain't the king,
 Of youngin's off and wandering.
God is the King of the Blues.

God is the King of the Blues.
 Instead of being loved and adored, I'm lucky just to be ignored.
God is the King of the Blues.
 Second chances? I think your math is off.
God is the King of the Blues.
 By a googolplex or two.
God is the King of the Blues.
 And by the by, it wasn't devil that taught Robert Johnson to play guitar.
God is the King of the Blues.