

Credo

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I don't believe in God
But I remember when I did
I used to pray to him a lot
When I was just a kid
We were pretty much on speaking terms
So when I went to bed
I'd ask him to protect me
From the things I used to dread—
“Dear God, please God, protect my kin
“Wherever they may be
“Keep them safe from every harm
“Bless them – bless us – bless me.”
 I know I'd say the same prayer now
 If I could still believe
 There was a god –
 How comforting
 How precious
 How naïve
 Who sees the little sparrow fall
 And holds us in his hand
 Salvation's rock –
 A pretty Disney castle
 Made of sand.
I don't believe in God
But when I see Evil vanquish Good –
Or my kid says, “Dad, can I take the car?”
God, I really wish I could.