

Publicerad 2007-11-18 13:12 av Overs

Jesus wear tights

I saw Jesus sitting on the bus
You know I see him everywhere
In the shopping rush
And I said:

Jesus, Jesus, what will you do?
Don't you have a job to do?
There are a lot of people out there
Waiting for clues
But he said:

"Oh, no don't make me sad, don't make me mad
I came here; you know that's all I had to do
I know you know it to
What can I do, I am just like you
I have no place to sleep but out on the streets
Sometimes I think it sweet, but I need my batteries
Oh, and some money, please?
Don't blame me
Can I borrow a dime?
I swear you'll get it back
Right on time
When I know what it's all about
All those people
Running up my face
It's such a shame
They have nothing to gain
And did you know that I'm gay?
What would they say?
Give me no rest
But I can not protest
I must pretend all to the end
They say a man got to make his living day by day
So that's what I'll do, you know it to
It's nothing I can prove
People don't believe in things they cannot see
Even though they won't see
What's really real
So I'm not being long
Without this song, I have no meaning to stay

I'm leaving right away\"

Oh Jesus, Oh Jesus

It was Jesus night out

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Overs med Poeter.se id #18190 innehar upphovsrätten