

# Jesus Christ

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Jesus Christ, that's a pretty face  
The kind you'd find on someone that could save  
If they don't put me away  
Well, it'll be a miracle  
Do you believe you're missing out?  
That everything good is happening somewhere else  
With nobody in your bed  
The night is hard to get through  
And I will die all alone  
And when I arrive I won't know anyone  
Jesus Christ, I'm alone again  
So what did you do those three days you were dead?  
Because this problem is gonna last  
More than the weekend  
Jesus Christ, I'm not scared to die  
But I'm a little bit scared of what comes after  
Do I get the gold chariot  
Do I float through the ceiling  
Or do I divide and pull apart  
Cause my bright is too slight to hold back all my dark  
This ship went down in sight of land  
And at the gates does Thomas ask to see my hands?  
I know you're coming in the night like a thief  
But I've had some time, O Lord, to hone my lying technique  
I know you think that I'm someone you can trust  
But I'm scared I'll get scared and I swear I'll try to nail you  
back up  
So do you think that we could work out a sign  
So I'll know it's you and that it's over so I won't even try  
I know you're coming for the people like me  
But we all got wood and nails  
And we turn out hate in factories  
We all got wood and nails  
And we turn out hate in factories  
We all got wood and nails  
And we sleep inside of this machine