

# Jesus of the Moon

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I stepped out of the St. James Hotel, I'd left you behind curled up like a child  
A change is gonna come, and as the door whispered shut  
I walked on down the high-windowed hall  
You lay sleeping on the unmade bed, the weatherman on the television  
In the St. James Hotel said that the rains are gonna come  
And I stepped out on the streets all sparkling clean with the early morning dew

Maybe it was you or maybe it was me?  
You came on like a punch in the heart  
You lying there with the light on your hair  
like a Jesus on the moon  
A Jesus of the planets and the stars

Well, I kept thinking about what the weatherman said  
And if the voices of the living can be heard by the dead  
Well, the day is gonna come when we find out  
And in some kinda way I take a little comfort from that now and then  
Cause people often talk about being scared of change  
But for me I'm more afraid of things staying the same  
Cause the game is never won by standing in any one place for too long

Maybe it was you or maybe it was me?  
But there was a chord in you I could not find to strike  
You lying there with all the light in your hair like a Jesus of the moon  
A Jesus of the planets and the stars

I see the many girls walking down the empty streets  
And maybe once or twice one of them smiles at me  
You can't blame anyone for saying hello  
I say hey, I say hello, I say hello

Will it be me or will it be you?  
One must stay and one depart  
You lying there in a St. James Hotel bed  
Like a Jesus of the moon  
A Jesus of the planets and the stars

I say hello, hello, hello