

Property of Jesus

Bob Dylan

Go ahead and talk about him because he makes you doubt
Because he has denied himself the things that you can't live without
Laugh at him behind his back just like the others do
Remind him of what he used to be when he comes walking through.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone.

Stop your conversation when he passes on the street
Hope he falls upon himself, oh, won't that be sweet
Because he can't be exploited by superstition anymore
Because he can't be bribed or bought by the things that you adore.

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You've got a heart of stone.

When the whip that's keeping you in line doesn't make him jump
Say he's hard-of-hearing, say that he's a chump
Say he's out of step with reality as you try to test his nerve
Because he doesn't pay tribute to the king that you serve.

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Say that he's a looser 'cause he got no common sense
Because he don't increase his worth at someone else's expense
Because he's not afraid of trying, say he's got no style
'Cause he doesn't tell you jokes or fairy tales, say things that make
you smile.

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You've got a heart of stone.
You can laugh at salvation, you can play Olympic games
You think that when you rest at last you'll go back from where you came
But you're picked up quite a story and you've changed since the womb
What happened to the real you, you've been captured but by whom ?

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