

Come On Home

Jesus Jones

You can save me just come on home
You can save me just come on home

I have a catalogue of woe nothing to sell but lots to show
Mail-order misery free of charge, delivery
Who's there to impress when you have gone and I've regressed
To the kind of simple soul that needs some praise just to behold

Well I didn't cut my hair so now I'm looking like a bear
Dressed in mis-matched clothes from furry head to tail and toe
There is much that I could say that would end up as a cliché
Since these tried and trusted tools wasted in the hands of fools

You can save me just come on home
You can save me just come on home

Well I may exaggerate this laughable state
When this time is guaranteed to seem biblical to me
Christ without the cross my significance seems lost
In my wilderness phase for forty nights and forty days

You can save me just come on home
You can save me just come on home

You can save me just come on home
You can save me just come on home

You can save me just come on home
You can save me just come on home