

Who Will Save Your Soul

Jewel

People living their lives for you on TV
They say they're better than you and you agree
He says "Hold my calls from behind those cold brick walls"
Says "Come here boys, there ain't nothing for free"
Another doctor's bill, a lawyer's bill
Another cute cheap thrill
You know you love him if you put in your will

Who will save your soul when it comes to the flower?
Who will save your soul after all the lies that you told, boy?
Who will save your soul if you won't save your own?

We try to hustle them, try to bustle them, try to cuss them
The cops want someone to bust down on Orleans Avenue
Another day, another dollar, another war,
Another tower went up, where the homeless had their homes
So we pray to as many different Gods as there are flowers
But we call religion our friend
We're so worried about saving our souls
Afraid that God will take His toll
That we forget to begin

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Some are walking, some are talking, some are stalking their kill
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You got social security, but that doesn't pay your bills
There are addictions to feed and there are mouths to pay
So you bargain with the Devil, say you're OK for today,
You say that you love them, take their money and run
Say it's been swell, sweetheart, but it was just one of those things
Those flings, those strings you've got to cut,
So get out on the streets, girls, and bust you butts.

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Who will save your soul after all the lies that you told, boy?
Who will save your soul if you won't save your own?