

Crown Of Thorns

Johnny Hates Jazz

You were yesterday's hero
An ordinary man of flesh and blood
Took the World on your shoulders
A hopeless crusade, and act of love

But it's a world obsessed with religion
And now you wear the face of a god
Like the words you said, you're as good as dead
Just a work of art on the wall

And that's why nobody wears a crown of thorns
Nobody cares
Nobody wears a crown of thorns anymore

Holy men talk of hunger
While standing beneath a cross of gold
And there are preachers on the TV
In their thousand dollar suits, who sell your soul

To think you died for what you believed in
Only to be exploited and used
Now you're supermen from the promised land
Just a vision of Hollywood

...anymore

You showed me that there's hope for humanity
But once more you're being betrayed

So many countries torn by their idols
Too many prophets screaming for blood
And they only hear what they want to hear
When it comes to God up above