

Limping like a prodigal son;
Someone's got my head in the slums
And everything I do makes it worse
Human nature, call it a curse
Tired of collecting the scars
And stories and the parties and bars
Trying to find a reason to fight
But someone's got my head in a ziptie

Oh Good God
When're you gonna call it off
Climb down off the cross
And change your mind?

Catch me on the enemy line
Hocking all the gold in my teeth
Oh I was disappointed to find out how
Much everybody
Looks like me

Oh Good God
When're you gonna call it off
Climb down off the cross
And change your mind?
Good God
When're you gonna call it off
Climb down off the cross
And change your mind?