

Jesus, Jesus

Noah Gundersen

Jesus, Jesus, could you tell me what the problem is
With the world and all the people in it?
Because I've been hearing stories about the end of the world
But I'm in love with a girl and I don't wanna leave her
And the television screams such hideous things
They're talking about the war on the radio
They say the whole thing's gonna blow
And we will all be left alone
No we'll be dead and we won't know what hit us

Jesus, Jesus, if you're up there won't you hear me
'Cause I've been wondering if you're listening for quite a while
And Jesus, Jesus, it's such a pretty place we live in
And I know we fucked it up, please be kind
Don't let us go out like the dinosaurs
Or blown to bits in a third world war
There are a hundred different things I'd still like to do
I'd like to climb to the top of the Eiffel Tower
Look up from the ground at a meteor shower
And maybe even raise a family

Jesus, Jesus, there are those that say they love you
But they have treated me so goddamn mean
And I know you said 'forgive them for they know not what they do'
But sometimes I think they do
And I think about you
If all the heathens burn in hell, do all their children burn as well?
What about the Muslims and the gays and the unwed mothers?
What about me and all my friends?
Are we all sinners if we sin?
Does it even matter in the end if we're unhappy?

Jesus, Jesus, I'm still looking for answers
Though I know that I won't find them here tonight
But Jesus, Jesus, could you call me if you have the time?
And maybe we could meet for coffee and work it out
And maybe then I'll understand what it's all about