

Hey citrus, hey liquor  
I love it when you touch each other  
Hey whiskey, hey ginger  
I come to you with rigid fingers

I see Judas in the hard eyes of the boys working the corners  
I feel Jesus in the clumsiness of young and awkward lovers

Hey barroom, hey tavern  
I find hope in all the souls you gather  
Hey citrus, hey liquor  
I love it when we come together

I feel Jesus in the clumsiness of young and awkward lovers  
I feel Judas in the long odds of the rackets on the corners  
I feel Jesus in the tenderness of honest, nervous lovers  
I feel Judas in the pistols and the pagers that come with all the powders

Lost in fog and love and faithless fear  
I've had kisses that make Judas seem sincere  
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