

Selling Jesus - 1/1

Interprété par Skunk Anansie.

You kill me with your smelly fingers
Your smelly fingers from the sex you had on christmas day
And now you say you're feeling guilty
You're feeling guilty 'cos your god was shining on your face
You go to church and light a candle
And then you're blinded by the light from the golden pews
The devil's snapping your toes now
Because the angels can't be bothered to live to you
They're selling jesus again
They're selling jesus again
They want your soul and your money your blood and your votes
They're selling jesus again
Selling love to you - selling love
You're buying this you're buying that now
You're wishing all the money in the world belonged to you
You're crucified upon your own cross now
You're givin' money to the white men in the white limo
That kind of god is always man-made
They made him up then wrote a book to keep you on your knees
They get their theories from the same place
Then build a church if there's some money left
From lying on the beach