

All About Eve, Touched By Jesus

Have you ever wondered much at all
About your behaviour,
Or worried about the role you play,
Grey against the scenery ?
Black cloud calls by,
Black cloud, blue sky
Black birds, your words,
Too dark to fly.
When reason starts to fade and fall away
I want to take a gun to you.
Rain another day...
While we move as angels,
Gather up your blues and clear the way.
I hate the games you play
While we're touched by Jesus,
Gather up your blues
And get out of the way.
Sand invades your shoes like a desert
It's nothing to die about.
And our heels are high enough
To crush the lizard
Take 'em off and shake it out.
The sting in the tail
Is destined to fail
Our skin, takes in no poison.
"So the next time you're out stumbling across
my little piece of sky, and we know we're
in a state of grace and we know we're in
a state of mind; and we know we're part
of the state of art and all we really want
to be, is free... you've got to receive, you've
got to receive what the spirit says... you've
got to believe what the spirit says...
and she says..."
Rain another day
While we move as angels
Gather up your views and clear the way
I hate the games you play.
While we're touched by Jesus
Gather up your blues and get out of the way