

American Music Club, Jesus' Hands

American Music Club

Everclear

Jesus' Hands

Well i'd like to hang out

But i can tell that you're not a drinking crowd

I got places to go, people to see

I got a thirst that would make the ocean proud

Hey brother, hey sister

Don't you see a crack form in the dam

For a loser, no one can touch him

He's out slipping through jesus' hands

I'm walking in circles in a waiting room

For a welcome i don't feel in my soul

I watch the time pass, it pours in my glass

I drink it down, blood from a stone

Hey brother, hey sister

Don't you see a crack form in the dam

For a loser, no one can touch him

He's out slipping through jesus' hands

Looking for love in all the wrong places

The sidewalks and the sky

Looking for something that no one can give me

And no one can help me buy

Oh brother, oh sister

Don't you see a crack form in the dam

For a loser, no one can touch him

He's out slipping through jesus' hands

Well i'd like to hang out

But i can tell that you're not a drinking crowd

I got nowhere to go, no one to see

I got a thirst that would make the ocean proud