

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Sweet Jesus

You kneel by the graveside
With songs for lost souls
I heard you were digging
A deep, black hole
While in contemplation
Inside, you shivered and groaned
Your knees turned to water
Your face was the colour of bones
Jesus Loves Jesus Saves
But where is your Sweet Jesus today?
Jesus Loves Jesus Saves
But where is your Sweet Jesus today?
Stretched out on your altar
As cold as church stone
The crimson robe of your passion
Worn out and looking old
Forgotten cups of tea and orange skins
Eaten-words and screwed up days
You hide in your bed
Waiting to be saved
Jesus Loves etc
On this long road, on this long road
Amazed that Grace didnt touch you
Burn your heart, inflame your soul
No blue light, no angels
No key to that magic door
Ah, you were such a crazy cunt
You overdosed on your desire
Have you come to haunt me
And tell me Im a liar