Babybird, Jesus Is My Girlfriend

Look at my hands
Theyre all over you
My rusty nails stuck to you like glue
My arms around you
Like audio tape
Got a little red horn hidden underneath this cape

It's not dirty
It's not rude
I'll go to Kuwait if I wanna get wanna get crude
It's not filthy
It's not lewd
I wanna be famous just so I can get sued

Guess who's my girlfriend Yeah, it's jesus, she's my girlfriend Wanna know who my boyfriend is No, nought out of ten jesus ain't a man, she's my girlfriend

jesus is my girlfriend, Jesus is my girlfriend

It's not drink
It's not food
It's a man in a shuttle with a tube
I can't fly, so what, I can't cook
Can't even catch a tune with a hook

I've been to Hong Kong And South Dakota In a little wood plane Without a motor Got a girl in bed When I took it further Where, Jamaica? No, I coaxed her, ha, ha!

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I love her My girlfriend I love her My girlfriend

jesus is my girlfriend jesus is my girlfriend jesus is my girlfriend jesus is my girlfriend jesus is my girlfriend