

# Catie Curtis, Larry

No one comes down our road  
So how would they know  
If we had a saint here?  
My mother said  
&quot;Well, they could just tell&quot;  
But I would not stop there  
I said, &quot;Larry, he could be one  
He just sits out front  
He has time to pray&quot;  
My mother said  
&quot;No, I don't think so&quot;  
But I believed anyway  
'Cause I thought  
That he looked like  
Jesus, Savior of our neighborhood  
If everyone could just see us  
They'd know he was misunderstood  
No one who lives in this town  
Could get past the sound  
Of Larry on Sundays  
That's when he talks to himself  
And hears the angels  
He says that they say  
&quot;Larry, you are the one  
Our chosen son  
We're talking to you&quot;  
My mother said  
&quot;Please don't be deceived&quot;  
But I said, &quot;It could be true&quot;  
'Cause I thought  
That he looked like  
Jesus  
Not that I thought that he was  
When he shot at  
One of our neighbors  
And went away in handcuffs  
No one came down our road  
'Til Larry came home  
'Til Larry made bail  
Then he had the crews  
From all the T.V. News  
And he had hate mail  
And Larry stopped sitting out  
Stopped talking about  
The voices he knew  
My mother said  
&quot;Shame, how he's so afraid now  
Even of you&quot;  
And I thought  
That he looked like  
Jesus  
Like maybe  
He could still make us well  
But he looked out and saw strangers  
And turned the gun on himself  
Ho Sanna, hey Sanna  
Ho Sanna, hey Sanna  
Ho Sanna, hey