

Catie Curtis, Larry

No one comes down our road
So how would they know
If we had a saint here?
My mother said
"Well, they could just tell"
But I would not stop there
I said, "Larry, he could be one
He just sits out front
He has time to pray"
My mother said
"No, I don't think so"
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
"Larry, you are the one
Our chosen son
We're talking to you"
My mother said
"Please don't be deceived"
But I said, "It could be true"
'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
"Shame, how he's so afraid now
Even of you"
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