

Chris Rea, When The Good Lord Talked To Jesus

See me moving without warning.
Fast as mt legs can run
and I'm hanging by a thin wire,
been that way since I was young
Only the good Lord got his reasons,
for turning on his own son.

And he beat up on me real bad.
Bad as a dog can be
He took every smile that I had
And he threw it all back at me
Only the good Lord got his reasons,
Make yo cry until your eyes can't see
Well he burned down all that I had
And he left me beat and blind
Oh he dealt me pain and sorrow
And every fear that he could find
When the good Lord talked to Jesus
Guess I ain't what he had in mind
Oh when the good Lord talked to Jesus
I guess I ain't what he had in mind