

The Fratellis, Jesus Stole My Baby

Jesus stole my baby
Jesus stole my girl
He took her away for an hour every sunday
And cut all of her beautiful curls
She was always easy seven days of the week
Now she's a bore and I've seen it before
She hinks it gives her some kind of mystique
Said that she just want's to save me
Said you cant go on the way that you are
She chased all my friends, hurts my brain till it bends
Hides my cigarettes and steals my guitar

And it's a long time since she was mine, Pretending I am fine
Another simple boy on the telephone line
And though she is living here with me
I'm aching to be free
She takes it all so god damn seriously

Well I've always been in love with her treasure
But she might as well be locked up in chains
When I ask she says no and I'm feeling so low
I'm bursting from my feet to my brains

Now if I could only talk to this Jesus
I'd tell him just how lonely I've been
I'd ask him to send home my baby again
So she can see what kinda state I've been in

Jesus stole my baby
So maybe I should steal his
She used to be mine
Now she's so dull and divine
May not be nice but thats the way that it
is
And I'm lost here among the clowns
Jesus men in gowns
All sandals and out of tune guitars
And she talks in terrified tones
Of skeleton bones
Screaming through a mangled microphone

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