

Tin Machine, Bus Stop

There's a cry that is heard in the city
From Vivian at Pentecost Lane
A shriekin' and dancing till 4 a.m.
Another night of muscles and pain
I love you despite your convictions
That God never laughs at my jokes

I'm a young man at odds with the Bible
But I don't pretend faith never works
When we're down on our knees
Prayin' at the bus stop

Now Jesus he came in a vision
And offered you redemption from sin
I'm not sayin' that I don't believe you
But are you sure that it really was him
I've been told that it couldn've been blue cheese
Or the meal that we ate down the road
Hallelujah

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