

Violent Femmes, I Held Her In My Arms

Where were you
When Judas needed a band
Sitting in the backseat
With another woman in your hand
Don't look this way
With your changing point of view
Just sit on a fence
And pretend to be you
Christ is crying
Outside your church door
Don't let him in
He'll get mud on your floor
Just put on your apron
And count up all the money
Don't you smell the burning
And you just think it's funny
You love yourself
You love yourself
Have we become what we wanted?
You go ahead, I'll love myself more
You're a man
Who works for the Lord
Polishing the statues
When their faces look worn
The best of times
And the worst of men
Don't seem to affect you
You're asleep again
You love yourself
You love yourself
Have we become what we wanted?
You go ahead, I'll love myself more