

# Ben Folds, Jesusland

Take a walk  
out the gate you go and never stop  
past dollar stores and wig shops  
quarter in a cup for every block  
and watch the buildings grow  
smaller as you go

Down the tracks  
beautiful McMansions on a hill  
that overlook a highway  
with riverboat casinos and you still  
have yet to see a soul

Jesusland  
Jesusland

Town to town  
broadcast to each house, they drop your name  
but no one knows your face  
Billboards quoting things you'd never say  
you hang your head and pray

for Jesusland  
Jesusland

Miles and miles  
and the sun's goin' down  
Pulses glow  
from their homes  
You're not alone  
Lights come on  
as you lay your weary head on their lawn

Parking lots  
cracked and growing grass you see it all  
from offices to farms  
crosses flying high above the malls  
A longer walk

through Jesusland  
Jesusland