

Dallas Crane, Wrong Party

I said to father hold onto your beads man
I got a belly of sin to confess and
I wanna know if your Lord can save me
From the fires of hell that made me

It isn't me on your crucifixion
Cause I was driving the nails and the thorns in
It isn't me that you know as the good son
I shot Lennon down with a warm gun

I wasn't born in the nativity scene
I wasn't born in the nativity scene

And one beautiful sunrise
I put a jet in your high rise
I'm not the guy that you pray for

So bless me father for I have sinned
I put your holy book in the dustbin
I've been a travelling show for a long time
And now I'm coming to your town tonight

I wasn't born in the nativity scene
I wasn't born in the nativity scene

And when you call me I'll come round
I'll put a fire in your compound
It ain't me on your cross

See you in hell!
See you in hell!

I put a jet in your high rise
I put a jet in your high rise