

Epic Hero, Jesus Wouldn't Like It

City lights shining down on me
I'm feeling something good
I wrote her into another song
She said, I knew you would
She's a bohemian, living in a paper bag world
In this lunchbox town,
She thinks I write too many songs about girls

She's always dreaming wide awake
When she's lost she leads the way

She throws rocks at the stars
Dreams of living in cars
But she won't love me
Jesus wouldn't like it that way
She forgets how to breathe
Never knows when to leave
But she won't call me
Jesus wouldn't like it that way

Every weekend we both go to an uptown show
Actors make her feel a little more at home
And at midnight she gives thanks for another day through
She tells me she lies, then she tells me her lies are all true

I can't believe a word she says
But what if words are meaningless

She throws rocks at the stars
Dreams of living in cars
But she won't love me
Jesus wouldn't like it that way
She forgets how to breathe
Never knows when to leave
But she won't call me
Jesus wouldn't like it

Something here is telling me she's holding out for more
She's holding out her hands while her feet have left the floor
There's nothing left to say so she'll scream away