

Life Sex And Death, Telephone Call

Woke up Christmas morning
Angel said to me "pack your bags tonight"
Just a child of five I used to lie awake and think about the silent life
I made a telephone call to Jesus
Is it true you'll never leave us
Is it true you'll throw them all out the door
I made a telephone call to Jesus
Is it true you'll never leave us
Is it true you'll throw them all out the door
Out the door
You see I'm just a little man
I can do a little dance
I can sing a little song
Have I done so wrong
Lord I know you've got a gun I can't outrun
I'm still that little boy haunted by thoughts in the middle of the night
Is it true?
Out the door
Out the door
Lord help me now
Lord help me now
Am I going, going down...