

# They Might Be Giants, Kiss Me, Son Of God (Alternate Version)

I built a little empire out of some crazy garbage  
Called the blood of the exploited working class  
But they've overcome their shyness  
Now they're calling me Your Highness  
And a world screams, "Kiss me, Son of God"

I destroyed a bond of friendship and respect  
Between the only people left who'd even look me in the eye  
Now I laugh and make a fortune  
Off the same ones that I tortured  
And a world screams, "Kiss me, Son of God"

I look like Jesus, so they say  
But Mr. Jesus is very far away  
Now you're the only one here who can tell me if it's true  
That you love me and I love me

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Now they're calling me Your Highness  
And a world screams, "Kiss me, Son of God"  
Yes a world screams, "Kiss me, Son of God"