

# Crown of Thorns

## Teenage Jesus and the Jerks

You ever heard the story  
Of Mr. Faded Glory?  
Say he who rides a pony must someday fall  
I been talkin' to my alter  
Says life is what you make it  
And if you make it death well then rest  
Your soul away  
Away away yeah

It's a broken kind of feeling  
She'd have to tie me to the ceiling  
A bad moon's a comin'  
Better say your prayers  
I wanna tell you that I love you  
But does it really matter?  
I just can't stand to see you dragging down.  
Again, again, again.

So I'm singing  
This is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that leaves you alone  
This is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind and leaves me alone

I used to treat you like a lady  
Now you're a substitute teacher  
This bottle's not a prayer, not a prayer in sight  
I owe the man some money  
So I'm turnin over honey  
Oh Mr. Faded Glory is once again doin' time.

This is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that leaves me alone  
This is my kinda love  
It's a crown of thorns  
It's the kind that  
It's the kind that leaves me alone

Like a crown of thorns  
It's all who you know.  
So don't burn your bridges cause  
Someday, yeah

Start singing  
This is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that leaves me alone  
This is my kinda love  
It's a crown of thorns  
It's the kind that leaves me alone

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