

Jesus, Jesus

Noah Gundersen

Jesus, Jesus, could you tell me what the problem is,
with the world and all the people in it
Because I've been hearing stories of the end of the world,
but I'm in love with a girl and I don't wanna leave her
And the television screen such hideous things,
they're talking about the war on the radio
They say the whole thing's gonna blow and we will all be left alone, no, we'll be dead and we won't know what
hit us
Jesus, Jesus, if you're up there, won't you hear me,
Cause I've been wondering if you're listening for quite a while
And Jesus, Jesus, it's such a pretty place we live
in,
And I know we fucked it up, please be kind
Don't let us go out like the dinosaurs, or blown to bits in the third world war
There are a hundred different things I'd still like to do,
I'd like to climb to the top of the Eiffel tower,
look up from the ground at a meteor shower,
And maybe even raise a family
Jesus, Jesus, there are those who say they love you,
but they have treated me so goddamned mean,
And I know you said forgive them for they know not what they do,
but sometimes I think they do, and I think about you
And if all the heathens burn in hell, do all their children
burn as well?
What about the muslims and the gays and the unwed mothers?
And what about me and all my friends, are we all sinners if we sin?
Does it even matter in the end, if we're unhappy?
Jesus, Jesus, I'm still looking for answers,
Though I know that I won't find them here tonight
But Jesus, Jesus, could you call me if you have the time,
Maybe we could meet for coffee and work it out
And maybe then I'll understand what it's all about

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