

Move Mountains

Jesus Jones

Mary hangs from the rearview mirror
On the dash her son's come off worse
We've got a carload of faith here
And we're saved from the world by some verse
Nothing I can do or say
Will ever move people this way
I want it, if it moves mountains
I want it, move mountains for me
You can twist and turn and bend it
'Til it's the cruellest shape in the world
But I still need it
The last free thing in the world

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