

(You've Got the) Hots for Christ

Ausgang

Think back to knee-length socks
Ear-drummed in Sunday silence best
White whisker, whiskey men, red slap thigh
Keep it under your skirts
You've got the hots for Christ
Hots for Christ

Hide-away priests in white marble sheets
Eyes tight, hands clasped, down on your knees
Alone in prayer, in holy vice
Christ is coming now!
Hot it up for Christ
Hots for Christ

Here, crutch-support your wounded self
Robbed of robes, oh yeah, reveal yourself
Shudder, need something, a cross to bit
Who you fooling?
You got the hots for Christ
Hots for Christ

Lyrics submitted by Jacobb Sackett.

Lyrics provided by

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