

# Prophet

## Jude

I guess I make my way okay, I guess I do  
I guess I get by just like you  
I'm keeping to myself though, if you don't mind  
I don't want to leave any fingerprintsMoving down the boulevard, the walk of fame  
The Japanese they're up against it  
Trying to match their hand sizes with the household names  
And I just try to bob and weave  
And keep from bumping into furry fairy prostitutes  
And, and make it to the corner gonna lose myself inside outside newsAnd I remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested, I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then to me  
And you, you're nothing to meNobody wants to help when you start with a please  
To supplicate is not the way  
You've got to put the other man down on his knees  
But that's not why I arrived, no that was not the reason  
Don't mind if I retire from a town without one just like a seasonI remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then to me  
And you, you're nothing to meWaltzing slowly in  
Counter time to your piercing cameras before me  
Moving closer I've  
Come to know that there's nothing in there to show mePretty good show she said  
I kinda like your style  
Well, maybe we could go to bed  
And I could help you run the three-minute mile  
But first you gotta take the drinks you gotta learn to fake the smiles  
She was a piece of past her prime real estate a late great tit turnstileI remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then, to me  
And you, you're nothing to meI remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then