

# Jesus, The Missing Years

John Prine

Jesus the missing years It was raining, it was cold  
West Bethlehem was  
No place for a twelve year old So he packed his bags and he headed out  
To find out what the world's about  
He went to France, he went to Spain  
He found love, he found pain He found stores so he started to shop  
He had no money  
So he got in trouble with a cop Kids in trouble with the cops  
From Israel didn't have no home  
So he cut his hair and moved to Rome  
It was there, he met his Irish bride And they rented a flat  
On the lower east side of Rome, Italy that is  
Music publishers, book binders, Bible belters, Money Changers  
Spoon Benders and lots of pretty Italian chicks Charley bought some popcorn, Billy bought a car  
Someone almost bought the farm but they didn't go that far  
And things shut down at midnight, at least 'round here they do  
'Cause we all reside down the block inside 23 Skidoo Wine was flowing so were beers so Jesus found his  
missing years  
He went to a dance and said "This don't move me"  
So he hiked up his pants and he went to a movie On his thirteenth birthday, he saw 'Rebel Without A Cause'  
He went straight on home and invented Santa Claus  
Who gave him a gift and he responded in kind  
He gave the gift of love, went out of his mind You see, him and the wife wasn't getting along  
So he took out his guitar and he wrote a song  
Called 'The Dove Of Love Fell Off The Perch'  
But he couldn't get divorced in the Catholic Church At least not back then, anyhow  
Jesus was a good guy, he didn't need this shit  
So he took a pill with a bag of peanuts and  
A Coca-Cola and he swallowed it He discovered the Beatles, he recorded with the Stones  
Once he even opened up a three-way package  
In Southern California for old George Jones And Charley bought some popcorn, Billy bought a car  
Someone almost bought the farm but they didn't go that far  
And things shut down at midnight, at least 'round here they do  
'Cause we all reside down the block inside 23 Skidoo The years went by like sweet little days  
With babies crying pork chops and Beaujolais  
When he woke up, he was seventeen  
The world was angry, the world was mean Why the man down the street, the kid on the stoop  
All agreed that life's stank, all the world smelled like poop?  
Baby poop that is, the worst kind So he grew his hair long, threw away his comb

Headed back to Jerusalem to find Mom, Dad and home  
But when he got there the cupboard was bare  
Except for an old black man with a fishing rodHe said "What you gonna be when you grow up?"  
Jesus said, "God"  
Oh my God, what have I gotten myself into?  
I'm a human corkscrew, all my wine is blood  
They're gonna kill me, Mama, they don't like me, BudSo Jesus went to Heaven, he went there awful quick  
All them people killed him, they weren't even sick  
So, come and gather around me, my contemporary peers  
And I'll tell you all the story of Jesus the missing yearsCharley bought some popcorn and Billy bought a car  
Someone almost bought the farm but they didn't go that far  
And things shut down at midnight, at least 'round here they do  
'Cause we all reside down the block inside at 23 Skidoo  
We all reside down the block inside at 23 Skidoo

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