

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>