

# Jesus of the Moon

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I stepped out of the St. James Hotel  
I left you behind curled up like a child  
A change is gonna come as the door whispered shut  
I walked on down the high windowed hall You lay sleeping on the unmade bed  
The weatherman on the television in the St. James Hotel said  
That the rains are gonna come and I stepped out on the streets  
All sparkling clean with the early morning dew Maybe it was you or maybe it was me?  
You came on like a punch in the heart  
Lying there with the light on your hair  
Like a Jesus of the moon, a Jesus of the planets and the stars Well, I kept thinking about what the weatherman  
said  
And if the voices of the living can be heard by the dead  
Well, the day is gonna come when we find out  
In some kind of way I take a little comfort from that now and then 'Cause people often talk about being scared of  
change  
But for me I'm more afraid of things staying the same  
'Cause the game is never won  
By standing in any one place for too long Maybe it was you or maybe it was me?  
There's a chord in you that I could not find to strike  
You lying there with all the light in your hair  
Like a Jesus of the moon, a Jesus of the planets and the stars I see the many girls walking down the empty streets  
Maybe once or twice one of them smiles at me  
You can't blame anyone for saying hello  
I say hey, I say hello, I say hello Will it be me or will it be you?  
One must stay and one depart  
You lying there in the St. James Hotel bed  
Like a Jesus of the moon, a Jesus of the planets and the stars I say hello, hello, hello

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