

Street Jesus

Aerosmith

Hey have you heard the news?
Somebody stole my shoes
And I could smell the booze
How indiscreet
And though I had a plan
After that thief outran
Into another man
Who had no feet I swear to God that day
That guy with no feet say
"You got to walk my way"
"That's how it's planned"
That's when I thought, "good grief"
J-Just ain't my belief
Until I saw the holes
Inside his hand Street Jesus
Street Jesus Come on, come on, what you think about life?
Demon in heaven gotta carry a knife
You said to me, "no, that ain't the plan"
With a smile on his face and the holes in his hand Wise man tell ya what they're reading from a scroll
But things kinda change when the story gets told
They tell it like it is to everybody they meet
Just to sing it in the church what they're preaching in the street Placate and vacate your mind
Too late to make hate you'll find Streeeeeeet Jeesuuuus
Streeeeeeet Jeesuuuus Good God Almighty, s'posed to be about love
You must've wished upon me by kissing the glove
I'm a high-stepping lover, sharp as a knife
I'm a pink flamingo on a great long life A wise man, poor man, beggar man too
You bet your bottom dollar but whatcha gonna do?
I can make up daylight jealous of the night
I try to play the game but I never get it right! Placate and vacate your mind
Too late to make hate you'll find When you wonder what's up
With your half empty cup
Say tell him "don't give up,
"Reach for the stars" You think you're so street wise
Just pray and close your eyes
Until we colonize
The moon and stars But wouldn't it be great
If we could wipe the slate
When we all live in hate

And all this fear So please don't call me "sir"
If you're whole life's a blur
And Mr. Bartender
Another beer Sometimes it's hard trying to keep up the pace
The train kept a rollin' when you're trying to win the race
If you don't believe me, wanna stay in the game
You gotta know who from the heavens came They tell it like it is to everybody they meet
'Cause they're singing in the church what they're preaching in the street
If you wanna give 'em hell then you tell it from the steeple
But I'd rather be a priest so I can scream it to the people Placate and vacate your mind
Too late to make hate you'll find
You won't get too many tries
Love is the love of my life Streeeeeeeeet Jeesuuuus
Streeeeeeeeet Jeesuuuus Streeeeeeeeet Jeesuuuus
Streeeeeeeeet Jeesuuuus Streeeeeeeeet Jeesuuuus
Streeeeeeeeet Jeesuuuus

Songwriters

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