

# Christlike

## The Roches

He wants to be Christlike and never be jealous  
So he lets her go on about all the other fellas  
But the animal in 'em awakes with a growl  
And a skin 'em cannibal scowl  
Skin 'em cannibal scowl And a swing from the trees with his teeth like a chainsaw  
Come near me, I'll rake off your face with one paw  
Watch me now, I'm beating my chest like a robber  
Who steals from my meat as I rend and slobber He sits in the plaza in tunic and sandals  
Watching her bent over buying the candles  
And he thinks he'd like to take her from behind  
Would the Scribes and the Pharisees mind?  
Scribes and the Pharisees mind A woman approached me all bent and repentant  
I blessed her and sent her wherever she went  
Will these followers ever stop doggin' me now  
That I've thrown off this stone and got loose somehow? A life that you try to put into a grave  
Comes back every Easter to haunt you and save  
But my nature is wounded and bloodied and hung  
From a cross for my sins and the sins of everyone  
Oh those sins of everyone I'm jealous goddamnit, I'm Christ and I'm jealous  
And angry and sad and oh Father please tell us  
I'm human and God and I'm animal too  
As I listen to her going on about you

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