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 scowlAnd 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 slobberHe 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 mindA 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 everyoneI'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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