

Ballad of Jim Jones

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

I walked from New York and back from L.A.
I lived on a mountain and once by the bay
I bought an apartment and slept in the hay
But there's no place that's softer than (your arms)

Living today is just getting so bad
There's a look on your face
And it says "you've been had!"
You can take all my money
But don't make me mad
Cause there's nobody meaner than (me)

I prayed to Buddha, to Allah, and Jim.
I turned to Jesus and stayed there with him
I fell in deep but I learned how to swim
Now there's no one who's cleaner than me or than him

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