

Gloria (Live-Jules Holland) 2007

Patti Smith

Jesus died for somebody's sins but not mine
Meltin' in a pot of thieves
Wild card up my sleeve
Thick heart of stone
My sins my own
They belong to me, mePeople say 'beware!'
But I don't care
The words are just
Rules and regulations to me, meI walk in a room, you know I look so proud
I'm movin' in this here atmosphere, well, anything's allowed
And I go to this here party and I just get bored
Until I look out the window, see a sweet young thing
Humpin' on the parking meter, leanin' on the parking meter
Oh, she looks so good, oh, she looks so fine
And I got this crazy feeling and then I'm gonna ah-ah make her mine
Ooh I'll put my spell on herHere she comes
Walkin' down the street
Here she comes
Comin' through my door
Here she comes
Crawlin' up my stair
Here she comes
Waltzin' through the hall
In a pretty red dress
And oh, she looks so good, oh, she looks so fine
And I got this crazy feeling that I'm gonna ah-ah make her mineAnd then I hear this knock on my door
Hear this knockin' on my door
And I look up into the big tower clock
And say, 'oh my God here's midnight!'
And my baby is walkin' through the door
Leanin' on my couch she whispers to me and I take the big plunge
And oh, she was so good and oh, she was so fine
And I'm gonna tell the world that I just ah-ah made her mineAnd I said darling, tell me your name, she told me
her name
She whispered to me, she told me her name
And her name is, and her name is, and her name is, and her name is G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a
G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria
G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, GloriaI was at the stadium
There were twenty thousand girls called their names out to me

Marie and Ruth but to tell you the truth
I didn't hear them I didn't see
I let my eyes rise to the big tower clock
And I heard those bells chimin' in my heart
Going ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong
Counting the time, then you came to my room
And you whispered to me and we took the big plunge
And oh you were so good, oh, you were so fine
And I gotta tell the world that I make her mine, make her mine
Make her mine, make her mine, make her mine, make her mine G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-
a-r-e-i-a, Gloria,
G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria And the tower bells chime, 'ding dong' they chime
They're singing, 'Jesus died for somebody's sins but not mine.' Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a,
Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a,
Gloria, g-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria
G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria,
G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria, G-l-o-a-r-e-i-a, Gloria

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