Citrus

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Hey citrus, hey liquor
I love it when you touch each other
Hey whiskey, hey ginger
I come to you with rigid fingers
I see Judas in the hard eyes of the boys working the corners
I feel Jesus in the clumsiness of young and awkward lovers
Hey barroom, hey tavern
I find hope in all the souls you gather
Hey citrus, hey liquor
I love it when we come together
I feel Jesus in the clumsiness of young and awkward lovers

I feel Judas in the long odds of the rackets on the corners
I feel Jesus in the tenderness of honest nervous lovers
I feel Judas in the pistols and the pagers that come with all the powders
Lost in fog and love and faithless fear
I've had kisses that make Judas seem sincere
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