

# look! No Strings!

## Chumbawamba

Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card

Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'

That was the Armley tabernacle choir. Next we'll be hearing the true story of an American housewife who claims to have taken mid-air photographs of Jesus Christ in the skies of Indiana.

High above the streets and houses

Misses Meta Battle, with one hand on the Valium and one hand on the bottle

Somewhere over Indiana, eight miles high

Meta Battle sees the good Lord wandering 'cross the sky

(Chorus)

Have your fun whilst your alive

You won't get nothing when you die

Have a good time all the time because you won't get nothing when you die

Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card

Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'

Gobsmacked, William Shatnered

Meta does a double take

Come on baby, do the camera shake

Half expecting from the aisle a certain Mister Beadle

Watching you, watching us, watching Misses Meta Battle

(Repeat chorus)

Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card

Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'

Meta Battle shot her Lord

And watched him tumble down

And now there's people out with Polaroids all around town

And who knows, that Jesus on the church near your house may well be the original

Kiss it as you pass

(Repeat chorus)

Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card

Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'

(Repeat)

Susej em kcu f ho

(Repeat)

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