

# Jesus Stole My Baby

The Fratellis

Jesus stole my baby  
Jesus stole my girl  
He took her away for an hour every sunday  
And cut all of her beautiful curls

She was always easy seven days of the week  
Now she's a bore and I've seen it before  
She thinks it gives her some kind of mystique

Said that she just want's to save me  
Said you can't go on the way that you are  
She chased all my friends, hurts my brain till it bends  
Hides my cigarettes and steals my guitar

And it's a long time since she was mine, Pretending I am fine  
Another simple boy on the telephone line  
And though she is living here with me  
I'm aching to be free  
She takes it all so god damn seriously

Well I've always been in love with her treasure  
But she might as well be locked up in chains  
When I ask she says no and I'm feeling so low  
I'm bursting from my feet to my brains

Now if I could only talk to this Jesus  
I'd tell him just how lonely I've been  
I'd ask him to send home my baby again  
So she can see what kinda state I've been in

Jesus stole my baby  
So maybe I should steal his  
She used to be mine  
Now she's so dull and divine  
May not be nice but thats the way that it  
is

And I'm lost here among the clowns  
Jesus men in gowns  
All sandals and out of tune guitars  
And she talks in terrified tones  
Of skeleton bones  
Screaming through a mangled microphone

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