

Jesus Christ, that's a pretty face  
The kind you'd find on someone I could save  
If they don't put me away  
Well, it'll be a miracle

Do you believe you're missing out  
That everything good is happening somewhere else?  
But with nobody in your bed  
The night's hard to get through

And I will die all alone  
And when I arrive I won't know anyone

Well Jesus Christ, I'm alone again  
So what did you do those three days you were dead?  
Cause this problem's gonna last more than the weekend.

Well Jesus Christ, I'm not scared to die,  
I'm a little bit scared of what comes after  
Do I get the gold chariot?  
Do I float through the ceiling?

Do I divide and pull apart?  
Cause my bright is too slight to hold back all my dark  
And this ship went down in sight of land  
And at the gates does Thomas ask to see my hands?

I know you're coming in the night like a thief  
(So throw your tongue in mine)  
But I've had some time, oh Lord, to hone my lying technique  
(I know it's so hard breathing in alone)  
I know you think that I'm someone you can trust  
(And you were right, I know I said you were wrong)  
But I'm scared I'll get scared and I swear I'll try to nail you back  
up  
(I always said you were wrong)  
So do you think that we could work out a sign  
So I'll know it's you and that it's over so I won't even try

I know you're coming for the people like me  
But we all got wood and nails  
And we turn out hate in factories  
Yeah, we all got wood and nails  
And we turn out hate in factories  
Yeah, we all got wood and nails  
And we sleep inside of this machine