

When the Good Lord Talked to Jesus

Chris Rea

See me moving without warning.
Fast as mt legs can run
And I'm hanging by a thin wire,
Been that way since I was young

Only the good Lord got his reasons,
For turning on his own son.

And he beat up on me real bad.
Bad as a dog can be
He took every smile that I had
And he threw it all back at me

Only the good Lord got his reasons,
Make yo cry until your eyes can't see
Well he burned down all that I had
And he left me beat and blind

Oh he dealt me pain and sorrow
And every fear that he could find
When the good Lord talked to Jesus
Guess I ain't what he had in mind

Oh when the good Lord talked to Jesus
I guess I ain't what he had in mind