

## Jesus Is My Ride Home

Crime In Stereo

Sin first through the madness, Glass and Ash. Rooftop  
Perched staggering captains over the backyard captive.  
And it's not what's so attractive is in the madness  
And sin. it's in waiting for the kids to ignite so we  
Can see what happens watch the place divide into  
Private bathrooms, arising wide-eyed scissored  
Straws, looking surprised. we can watch the commerce  
Rise across the cobblestone, selling everything from  
Getting stoned to being less alone. and if you want to  
Be left alone endanger gutters on your own. what's the  
Use of those solitary's rooftop blues when there's  
Smoke to stain your fingers? chasing rafters, raining  
Sulfur and English on every pretty face in the room.  
Oh the gravity of the spinning ground slows the  
Growing legend in this house surrounds the night,  
Closing in like a crowd in gossip, traffic and sound  
Oh the soul of this dying town, it's come alive when  
You come around in every muscle twitch that shakes the  
Dust right off your skin. every backseats niche. the  
Younger kid that run to tell their friends all the  
Things our private roof can bring. much of madness,  
Much of sin.