

New Christ Cardiac Hero

Janis Ian

Yesterday's preacher, today's bikini beacher,
They've stolen your clerical robes and your bible's been thrown
Your virgin red crown of thorns has turned to ivory horns
and your corner throne, it has become a coroner's stone.
The crucifix you prayed on turned to jail-house bars
Its silver chain you left out in the rain to glow with dust
has turned to seaweed tangled in your heart.
Now how does it feel to pull out the nails and find you still can walk?

Oh, you can't feel it all from your self imposed rack on the wall.

The tighter you drive the nails, oh, the harder you'll fall.
So come on down, come off it, sir, your gonna get hurt.
The holy water you bathe in mingles with the sewer
All your disciples have reclaimed their rifles and taken the cure

Your lectures of ways are only today's pool room jokes
sprawled on the walls of tenement halls and bathroom bowls
As jingle bells cry -- Pay us well or you'll go to hell,
freedom's chains bind your pain and tie you well,
but how could you know the gallows you hold weighs you down?
Now isn't it boss you don't need a cross to get around.
Oh, you can't feel it all from your self imposed rack on the wall.

The tighter you drive the nails, oh, the harder you'll fall.
So come on down, come off it, sir, your gonna get hurt.
The eyes that cried for mankind's pride are covered with shades
,
as the children of God trample unshod past your mindly grave
New Christ, hipster, cardiac hero of 2000 years past your mind,

Spits at your feet crying "We have no need of a god, each of us is his own."

Yesterday's preacher, today's bikini beacher
They've stolen your clerical robes, your bible's been thrown.
You must have a cross but they've taken yours, God,
and shot you filled with dead
So following new Christ, pick up on a cycle instead.
Oh, you can't feel it all from your self imposed rack on the wall.
The tighter you drive the nails, oh, the harder you'll fall.
So, come on down, come off it, sir, your gonna get hurt.