

Prophet

Jude.

I guess I make my way okay, I guess I do
I guess I get by just like you
I'm keeping to myself though, if you don't mind
I don't want to leave any fingerprints

Moving down the boulevard, the walk of fame
The Japanese they're up against it
Trying to match their hand sizes with the household names
And I just try to bob and weave
And keep from bumping into furry fairy prostitutes
And, and make it to the corner gonna lose myself inside outside news

And I remember when I first had come to town
And you suggested, I kneel and kiss the ground
You were such a prophet then to me
And you, you're nothing to me

Nobody wants to help when you start with a please
To supplicate is not the way
You've got to put the other man down on his knees
But that's not why I arrived, no that was not the reason
Don't mind if I retire from a town without one just like a season

I remember when I first had come to town
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground
You were such a prophet then to me
And you, you're nothing to me

Waltzing slowly in
Counter time to your piercing cameras before me
Moving closer I've
Come to know that there's nothing in there to show me

Pretty good show she said
I kinda like your style
Well, maybe we could go to bed
And I could help you run the three-minute mile
But first you gotta take the drinks you gotta learn to fake the smile
s
She was a piece of past her prime real estate a late great tit turnst
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I remember when I first had come to town
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground
You were such a prophet then