

## Jesus, Jesus

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Jesus, Jesus, could you tell me what the problem is  
With the world and all the people in it?  
Because I've been hearing stories about the end of the world  
But I'm in love with a girl and I don't wanna leave her  
And the television screams such hideous things  
They're talking about the war on the radio  
They say the whole thing's gonna blow  
And we will all be left alone  
No we'll be dead and we won't know what hit us

Jesus, Jesus, if you're up there won't you hear me  
'Cause I've been wondering if you're listening for quite a while  
And Jesus, Jesus, it's such a pretty place we live in  
And I know we fucked it up, please be kind  
Don't let us go out like the dinosaurs  
Or blown to bits in a third world war  
There are a hundred different things I'd still like to do  
I'd like to climb to the top of the Eiffel Tower  
Look up from the ground at a meteor shower  
And maybe even raise a family

Jesus, Jesus, there are those that say they love you  
But they have treated me so goddamn mean  
And I know you said 'forgive them for they know not what they do'  
But sometimes I think they do  
And I think about you  
If all the heathens burn in hell, do all their children burn as well?  
What about the Muslims and the gays and the unwed mothers?  
What about me and all my friends?  
Are we all sinners if we sin?  
Does it even matter in the end if we're unhappy?

Jesus, Jesus, I'm still looking for answers  
Though I know that I won't find them here tonight  
But Jesus, Jesus, could you call me if you have the time?  
And maybe we could meet for coffee and work it out  
And maybe then I'll understand what it's all about