

Jesus In New Orleans

Over the Rhine

The last time I saw Jesus
I was drinking bloody mary's in the South
In a barroom in New Orleans
Rinsin' out the bad taste in my mouth

She wore a dark and faded blazer
With a little of the lining hanging out
When the jukebox played Miss Dorothy Moore
I knew that it was him without a doubt

I said, "The road's been my redeemer
I never know just what on earth I'll find
In the faces of a stranger
In the dark and weary corners of a mind"

She said, "The last highway is only
As far away as you are from yourself
No matter just how bad it gets
It does no good to blame somebody else"

Oh, ain't it crazy
What's revealed when you're not looking all that close?
Oh, ain't it crazy
How we put to death the one's we need the most?

I know I'm not a martyr
I've never died for anyone but me
The last frontier is only
The stranger in the mirror that I see

But when I least expect it
Here and there I see my savior's face
He's still my favorite loser
Falling for the entire human race

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Oh, ain't it crazy
How we put to death the one's we need the most?

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How we put to death the one's we need the most?
Oh hey, yeah