

Jerusalem On The Jukebox

Richard Thompson

Jerusalem on the Jukebox, they talk in tongues on Coronation Street

Heaven help the Pharisee whose halo has slipped down to his feet
A thousand satellite comedians have died for your sins
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

At poolside picnics they chant for Ferraris and furs
Their muscle-tone sharpens but their hold on reality blurs
You can have your cake and eat it, and never have to puke up at
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Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

In the bathroom mirror they try that Joan of Arc look again
Two parts Ingrid Bergman to one part Shirley MacLaine
The wounds of time kill you but the surgeon's knife only stings
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

In video-suburbia the blue light flickers and flames
Ecstasy and holy blackmail are the favorite games
And God has the sharpest suit and the cleanest chin
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

The bride checks her hair and her make-up, and here comes the groom
What one-eyed monster comes slouching into your front room
Rudolph Valentino or the curse of the two-legged things
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings