

## Selling Jesus

Skunk Anansie

You kill me with your smelly fingers  
Your smelly fingers from the sex you had on Christmas Day  
And now you say you're feeling guilty  
You're feeling guilty 'cos your God was shining on your face

You go to church and light a candle  
And then you're blinded by the light from all the golden pews  
The devil's snapping at your toes now  
Because the angels can't be bothered to live up to you

They're selling Jesus again  
They're selling Jesus again  
They want your soul and your money  
Blood and your bones  
They're selling Jesus again  
Selling love to you, selling love

You're buying this, you're buying that now  
You're wishing all the money in the world belonged to you  
You're crucified upon your own cross now  
You're givin' money to the white men in the white limo

That kind of God is always man-made  
They made him up then wrote a book to keep you on your knees  
They get their theories from the same place  
And build a church if there's some money left  
From lying on the beach

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Selling love to you, selling love  
Love, love, love, love

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