

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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