

So I picked a fight with Jesus Christ  
Now I'm thinkin' I was wrong  
When you pick a fight with the Prince of Peace  
You won't last for long

It's a one-lane highway straight to Hell  
And I've driven it so many times  
You can bet I know it well

He said, "Trust in me, I'm the King of kings  
And you, my friend, are in a rut"  
But what I was looking for was the king of beers  
So I said, "Won't you be my bud"

It's a back-slide spiral, I'm drownin' fast  
But if this is my last drownin' chance  
You can bet, I'll make it last, can't you see?

I once called you my friend, now I'm stumblin' once again  
I'm slurrin' words and I'm bustin' bottles over the heads of saints  
And I know it's been so long, but I still see you when you're gone  
I still feel the weight of that look upon your face almost every day

Now I'm stumblin' like some drunken preacher  
Drooling on his vest  
I'm mumblin' like some old proud bum  
Who swears he knew him best

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God knows it's true and so do you  
That something's got to change  
But if change is really all around me  
I think I'll stay the same

What's the point in change when nothing lasts?  
I once could keep myself afloat  
But now I'm sinkin' fast, can't you see?

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