

I Prefer Your Love

St. Vincent

I, I prefer your love
To Jesus

Little baby on your knees
Cause the world has got you down

Name-tagged tourists, sick at the sight of them
Tight-walking the sidewalk in spite of them
As my headache moves from east to west
Mother, won't you open your arms and
Forgive me of all these bad thoughts
I'm blinded to the faces in the fog

But all the good in me is because of you
It's true

I, I prefer your love
To Jesus
I, I prefer your love
To Jesus

Little baby on your knees
Cause the world has got you down

King-sized country wearing your worries out
Headless heroes heaped by the pylons
As a careless sun sets on the West
Sure as mother licking her finger to
Wipe the blush and smudge from my cheek and
Wonder what will become of your little one

But all the good in me is because of you
It's true

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To Jesus
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