

58**"Shopping Cart Jesus"**

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He walks with angels in his picket
They tell him what to do
His shopping cart's filled with newspapers
And thirty-six discarded shoes
He's met with heavy skepticism
Messiahs don't come everyday

Shopping cart Jesus
He wants to talk to you

One hundred blessings on his fingers
He can't give away
He feels so frustrated
Wasn't supposed to go down this way
He really wants to talk to you right now
Messiahs don't come everyday
He wears a bag on his head for a hat
He's got sores on his feet
And shit in his pants, he wonders why when he speaks

The word - the people walk away

Shopping cart Jesus
He wants to talk to you
He wants to talk to me

So Jesus stands on this corner
And his gospel falls to the ground
He's cold and he's hungry
And he needs a drink
And he knows nobody believes
He walks to the alley and finds salvation
In the form of a forty-five
And on his way home he'll swallow that bullet
To comfort him on his ride

Shopping cart Jesus
He wants to talk to you

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