

Aerosmith

"Street Jesus"

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Hey have you heard the news?
Somebody stole my shoes
And I can smell the booze
How indiscreet

And though I had a plan
After that thief outran
Into another man
Who had no feet

I swear to god that day
That guy with no feet say
"You got to walk my way"
"That's how it's planned"

That's when I thought, "good grief"
J-Just ain't my belief
Until I saw the holes
Inside his hand

Street Jesus
Street Jesus

Come on, come on, what you think about life?
Demon in heaven gotta carry a knife
You said to me, "no, that ain't the plan"
With a smile on his face and the holes in his hand

Wise man tell ya what they're reading from a scroll
But things kinda change when the story gets told
They tell it like it is to everybody they meet
Just to sing it in the church what they're preaching in
the street

Placate and vacate your mind
Too late to make hate you'll find

Streeeeeeet Jeesuuuus
Streeeeeeet Jeesuuuus

Good God Almighty, s'posed to be about love
You must've wished upon me by kissing the glove

Iâ€™m a high-stepping lover, sharp as a knife
Iâ€™m a pink flamingo on a great long life
A wise man, poor man, beggar man too
You bet your bottom dollar but whatcha gonna do?
I can make up daylight jealous of the night
I try to play the game but I never get it right!

Placate and vacate your mind
Too late to make hate youâ€™ll find

When you wonder whatâ€™s up
With your half empty cup
Say tell him â€œdonâ€™t give up,
â€œReach for the starsâ€œ

You think youâ€™re so street wise
Just pray and close your eyes
Until we colonize
The moon and stars

But wouldnâ€™t it be great
If we could wipe the slate
When we all live in hate
And all this fear

So please donâ€™t call me â€œsirâ€œ
If youâ€™re whole lifeâ€™s a blur
And Mr. Bartender
Another beer

Sometimes itâ€™s hard trying to keep up the pace
The train kept a rollinâ€™ when youâ€™re trying to win the
race
If you donâ€™t believe me, wanna stay in the game
You gotta know who from the heavens came

They tell it like it is to everybody they meet
Cause theyâ€™re singing in the church what theyâ€™re
preaching in the street
If you wanna give â€™em hell then you tell it from the
steeple
But Iâ€™d rather be a priest so I can scream it to the
people

Placate and vacate your mind
Too late to make hate youâ€™ll find
You wonâ€™t get too many tries
Love is the love of my life

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