

411

"Jerusalem On The Jukebox"

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Jerusalem on the jukebox, they talk in tongues on
Coronation Street
Heaven help the Pharisee whose halo has slipped down
to his feet
A thousand satellite comedians have died for your sins
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

At poolside picnics they chant for Ferraris and furs
Their muscle-tone sharpens but their hold on reality
blurs
You can have your cake and eat it, and never have to
puke up a thing
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

In the bathroom mirror they try that Joan of Arc look
again
Two parts Ingrid Bergman to one part Shirley MacLaine
The wounds of time kill you but the surgeon's knife only
stings
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

In video-suburbia the blue light flickers and flames
Ecstasy and holy blackmail are the favorite games
And God has the sharpest suit and the cleanest chin
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

The bride checks her hair and her make-up, and here
comes the groom
What one-eyed monster comes slouching into your
front room
Rudolph Valentino or the curse of the two-legged
things
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

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