Christian Ingebrigtsen "Jesus to jeopardy"

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It's the same everyday.

With some tea and an oreo.

She can watch her favorite tv show.

In a pink dressing gown.

What she dreams, I can't say.

As they cut to commercial.

When she swallows her turmoil.

As the minutes count down.

It's a small and simple room.

But it's full of such treasures.

She pays three hundred dollars.

For the simplest of pleasures.

From Jesus to jeopardy.

But they can't stop the madness for you and me.

If today is your day, then how can it be.

Always the same as yesterday? ohhh.

From Jesus to jeopardy.

And there's no place like home.

If you can't be free.

When the one who could hold you so tenderly.

Just isn't there, to care..

Anymore, anymore.

They said she wouldn't cope.

Though the photographs have faded.

Her memories are what she makes it.

They will always be a part.

And then he hands out hope.

Like it was candy in his pocket.

But the picture in her locket Holds the pieces of her heart. .

All the cut glass and china.

Standing guard by the window.

They will cast a pretty shadow.

To protect this little girl.

From Jesus to jeopardy.

But they can't stop the madness for you and me.

If today is your day, then how can it be .

Always the same as yesterday? ohhh. .

From Jesus to jeopardy .
And there's no place like home .
If you can't be free .
When the one who could hold you so tenderly .
Just isn't there, to care.

But she can't forget .
And she just can'tsee the sunshine .
A crusade that has lasted a lifetime .
All tattered and torn, now a century's gone .
Oh yeah, Ooohh Yeahhhh.

From Jesus to jeopardy.

And the show will go on for eternity.

And the one who could hold you so tenderly.

Just isn't there, to care.

Anymore, anymore.

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