

Ben Folds "Jesusland"

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Take a walk
Out the gate you go and never stop
Past all the stores and wig shops
Quarter in a cup for every block
And watch the buildings grow
Smaller as you go

Down the tracks
Beautiful McMansions on a hill
That overlook a highway
With riverboat casinos and you still
Have yet to see a soul

Jesusland
Jesusland

Town to town
Broadcast to each house, they drop your name
But no one knows your face
Billboards quoting things you'd never say
You hang your head and pray

For Jesusland
Jesusland

Miles and miles
And the sun goin' down
Pulses glow
From their homes
You're not alone
Lights come on
As you lay your weary head on their lawn

Parking lots
Cracked and growing grass you see it all
From offices to farms
Crosses flying high above the malls
A longer walk

Through Jesusland
Jesusland

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