

Douchka

"Good Christian Man"

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I'm a patchwork quilt of a man, babe
Think I've got too many side
It's the tormented struggle of each da
Keeping all these fears locked inside

Did you dance with me for a joke, babe?
And did your friends all laugh and sneer?
I never seen that kind of dance before
The way you moved filled my head with fear
Yeah, you filled my head with fear

Well I didn't mean to tear your dress, babe
Or to break your fine red nails
Your priest, he will not forgive me
So I rot in the hell of this jail.

Now I knowed it was Satan there dancing
But why was it me Lord, I don't understand
To be the weapon of such vengeance
When I'm a humble, a good Christian man

She offered me her hand and I took it
Yeah, I took her sweet laced hand
Was it the hand of evil she was offering
I may never understand
I may never understand

Well I swear she sits on my bed, Lord
Though the guard says there's nobody there
And she's always offering her hand, Lord
But I won't take it, I'm a good Christian man
But I won't take it, I'm a good Christian man

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