

## **Fruta Deliciosa**

### **"Down From Above"**

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Your mother made you cry when she told you about the  
womb  
And how people die  
Watching over you when you were young  
Smiling when you learned to crawl  
You don't know her at all

It's a dirty job, but they're very suave  
Jesus high on wine weeping turpentine

Daddy's voice like an intercom connected to a hidden  
room  
Where yellow roses bloom  
A sacred mountain near Peterborough where clouds  
paint a picture so calm  
That they swallowed Mom

It's a dirty job but they're very suave  
Jesus high on wine, weeping turpentine

What are they doing in there?  
Have they got guns?  
Make you run up and down the same hill  
And they'll break your will

Was it Christmas or Groundhog Day when your friends  
turned to shadows  
And they dragged you away  
Tell nobody that you've been here, don't breathe a  
word that's been said  
(whispered) (Now there's a scar)  
upon your forehead

It's a dirty job but they're very suave  
Jesus high on wine, weeping turpentine

What are they doing in there?  
Have they got guns?  
Whether Mount Pinatubo  
Or the threat of God's love  
There'll always be something that's raining

Down from above.  
Down from above.  
Down from above.  
Down from above...

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