

Jenny Lewis "The Next Messiah"

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Living in the meadow,
The mighty mighty meadow.
With too many people,
Sucking all the water.
Yeah my daddy was a farmer.
He was a race car driver.
He is a four leaf clover.
He is the next messiah.

Now he's living in the woods,
The dark and dank woods.
With a cocktail waitress,
Who thinks she's an artist.
Take her down to the river,
Split her right up the middle.
Now there's gonna be trouble,
For a pregnant lamb and a convent.

I sit in the clink,
Dye his hair in the sink.
And the tumor gonna make a
Man out of him.
Now my daddy was a chancer.
He was a bad check bouncer.
But if he had cancer,
He's a survivor.
He's the next messiah. (x4)

Covering it up,
Squeezing it out,
Watching it bleed.
You're watching it all,
Taking it back.
She's down on her knees.
When did she come to detest you?
Giving it back,
Backing you up,
Nothing's for free.
You're giving it back,
For locking you up,
Those terrible deeds.
When will they come to arrest you?

When did she come to detest you?

When will they come to arrest you?

When did she come to detest you?

I'm gonna give my love to you on a day you gotta bring
it back. (x4)

I want to tell you I love you. (x4)

I want to tell you I love you. (x5)

I'm gonna go out walking baby, better be here when I
get back.(x2)

I'm gonna give my love to you on a day you gotta bring
it back. (x2)

I want to tell you I love you. (x2)

He's the next messiah. (x4)

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