

# Jude "Prophet"

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I guess I make my way okay, I guess I do  
I guess I get by just like you  
I'm keeping to myself though, if you don't mind  
I don't want to leave any fingerprints

Moving down the boulevard, the walk of fame  
The Japanese they're up against it  
Trying to match their hand sizes with the household  
names  
And I just try to bob and weave  
And keep from bumping into furry fairy prostitutes  
And, and make it to the corner gonna lose myself  
inside outside news

And I remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested, I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then to me  
And you, you're nothing to me

Nobody wants to help when you start with a please  
To supplicate is not the way  
You've got to put the other man down on his knees  
But that's not why I arrived, no that was not the reason  
Don't mind if I retire from a town without one just like a  
season

I remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then to me  
And you, you're nothing to me

Waltzing slowly in  
Counter time to your piercing cameras before me  
Moving closer I've  
Come to know that there's nothing in there to show me

Pretty good show she said  
I kinda like your style  
Well, maybe we could go to bed  
And I could help you run the three-minute mile  
But first you gotta take the drinks you gotta learn to  
fake the smiles

She was a piece of past her prime real estate a late  
great tit turnstile

I remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then, to me  
And you, you're nothing to me

I remember when I first had come to town  
And you suggested I kneel and kiss the ground  
You were such a prophet then

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