

Living Things "No New Jesus"

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I live knowing that we're slaves to be sold
And my paranoia is a joke, so I'm told
And where's the new Jesus? Well, he's off praising the
Lord
The Yankee clinches the commie with his tight umbilical
cord

And they train you to never, ever grow old

So wake up and uncuff your hands
Now wake up, your future has been planned
To play God you must round up your lambs
Now wake up and uncuff your hands
Wake up

All those people will grow gold in their gut
Patronizing weasels they don't like themselves that
much
And this can't last forever 'cause it's killing us all
I lost an angel while I was digging in her dust

And they train you to never, ever grow old

So wake up and uncuff your hands
Now wake up, your future has been planned
To play God you must round up your lambs
Now wake up and uncuff your hands
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up

And they train you to never, ever grow old

So wake up and uncuff your hands
Now wake up, your future has been planned
To play God you must round up your lambs
Now wake up and uncuff your hands
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up

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