

Liz Durrett

"Bc"

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Jesus is coming and I'm in a crib
Gainesville is ugly, the landscape is grim
Everything I say won't leave my mouth
Everything I say comes crawling out
Jesus is coming and I'm in a pinch
He takes the back road, the natives are thick
Everything I do sits on my lap
Every time I move I fall right back
Jesus is coming and I'm under wraps
Martyr for dinner, but I want a snack
Everything I need is on my plate
Everything I want is getting strange

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