

Chris Rea

"When the Good Lord Talked to Jesus"

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See me moving without warning
Fast as my legs can run
And I'm hanging by thin wire
Been that way since I was young
Only the good Lord got his reasons
For turning on his own son

And he beat up on me real bad
Bad as a dog can be
He took every smile that I had
And he threw it all back at me
Only the good Lord got his reasons
Make you cry until your eyes can't see
Well he burned down all that I had
And left me beat and blind
Oh he dealt me pain and sorrow
And every fear that he could find
When a good Lord talked to Jesus
Guess I ain't what he had in mind
Oh when the good Lord talked to Jesus
I guess I ain't what he had in mind

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