

Chumbawamba "Look! No Strings!"

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Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card
Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'
That was the Armley tabernacle choir. Next we'll be
hearing the true story of an American housewife who
claims to have taken mid-air photographs of Jesus
Christ in the skies of Indiana.
High above the streets and houses
Misses Meta Battle, with one hand on the Valium and
one hand on the bottle
Somewhere over Indiana, eight miles high
Meta Battle sees the good Lord wandering 'cross the
sky
(Chorus)
Have your fun whilst your alive
You won't get nothing when you die
Have a good time all the time because you won't get
nothing when you die
Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card
Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'
Gobsmacked, William Shatnered
Meta does a double take
Come on baby, do the camera shake
Half expecting from the aisle a certain Mister Beadle
Watching you, watching us, watching Misses Meta
Battle
(Repeat chorus)
Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card
Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'
Meta Battle shot her Lord
And watched him tumble down
And now there's people out with Polaroids all around
town
And who knows, that Jesus on the church near your
house may well be the original
Kiss it as you pass
(Repeat chorus)
Look, no strings--just paper, glue, and card
Hark, the angels sing 'Paste the Lord'
(Repeat)
Susej em kcufo
(Repeat)

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