

They Might Be Giants "Kiss Me, Son Of God"

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I built a little empire out of some crazy garbage
Called the blood of the exploited working class
But they've overcome their shyness
Now they're calling me "Your Highness"
And the world screams, "Kiss me, son of God"

I destroyed the bond of friendship and respect
Between the lonely people left who'd even look me in
the eye
Now I laugh and make a fortune
Off the same ones that I tortured
And the world screams, "Kiss me, son of God"

I look like Jesus, so they say
But Mr. Jesus is very far away
Now you're the only one here who, who can tell me if
it's true
That you love me and I love me

I built a little empire out of some crazy garbage
Called the blood of the exploited working class
But they've overcome their shyness
Now they're calling me, "Your Highness"
And the world screams, "Kiss me, Son of God"
Yes so world screams, "Kiss me, Son of God"

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