

Walter Eugenes "Judas' Kiss"

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Well, I wonder how it makes you feel when the prodigal
won't come home,
And I wonder how it makes you feel when he'd rather
be on his own,
And I wonder how it makes you feel when a lamb has
gone astray,
And I wonder how it makes you feel when your children
disobey.

It must be like another thorn right through your brow,
It must be like another close friend's broken vow,
It must be like another nail right through your wrist,
It must be...it must be like...like Judas, like Judas.

And I wonder how it makes you feel when they never
seeks your face,
And I wonder how it makes you feel when they give up
in the race,
And I wonder how it makes you feel when they willingly
disobey,
And I wonder how it makes you feel when your children
walk away.

It must be like another thorn right through your brow,
It must be like another close friend's broken vow,
It must be like another nail right through your wrist,
It must be...it must be like...like Judas...like Judas'...

Kiss,
Kiss,
Kiss,
Kiss.

It must be like another thorn right through your brow,
It must be like another close friend's broken vow,
It must be like another nail right through your wrist,
It must be...it must be like...like Judas...like...

Kiss,
Kiss,
Kiss,
Kiss.

Just like Judas,
Just like Judas,
Just like Judas' kiss.

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