

Kruger "Turpitudes"

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Is there anyone out there, who can help me out with a
couple dollars
I badly need a drink, I'm losing track of Jesus Christ.
I can't let him out of my sight
Need to sit at his right hand until I die
Share his famous bottomless wine,
Which slakes all thirsts, so will it slake mine?
I hardly see you in this fuzziness
Are you still there, my pal Jesus?
Or is that you, my old Bacchus?
I need to stick with my Holy Fellow
Take the same cab than him back home
Cause he may well walk on water
But no way he can on this much beer
I think I can feel his warmness inside again
But in fact I just have once more wet my pants
I can't let him out of my sight
Need to sit at his right hand until I die
Share his vintage bottomless wine,
Which quenches all souls, so will it quench mine?
Help me out I can't stand up
Please reach out for my hand, my Savior?
I'm sorry I used up all my forgiveness vouchers.

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