

Josh T. Pearson "Sweetheart I Ain't Your Christ"

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I ain't your Saviour or your Christ,
or your goddamn sacrifice
And when I said I'd give my life,
I weren't talking suicide
And I'm so tired of tryin' to make it right
for a girl who just won't come to the light
night after night after night after Christ haunted night
And how you bring your gifts to me,
tied up and bound in their bows of pink,
and gently place them at my feet
like I'm some dying Christmas tree
And fall down to your sexy knees,
gently fold your hands and plead
for me to suck out some disease I can't even begin
to see
You don't need a lover or a friend
You need a God and not a mortal man
Woman you need born again, again
You need a Saviour and i just am not him.
Sweetheart, I ain't your Christ (x3)

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