

Robyn Hitchcock

"Judas Sings"

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You're so degraded, you're so alone
Nothing can save you, not even the phone
This is the capital of
Bad luck and dope
Breaking a piece of you is
Your only hope

Nobody loves you but Jesus and me
I've got my reasons...

You're so corrupted, you're so extreme
God and the angels are out of your dream
This is the century of
You don't believe
In anything but what's up your sleeve
So what's up your sleeve?

Nobody loves you but Jesus and me
I've got my reasons so does he
I want your money but he wants your soul
This is the world
If you want the world

I said I loved you, and it was true
Nobody knows that better than you
I'm not political, I do what I should
I don't mean any harm but
I mean no good

Nobody loves you but Jesus and me
I've got my reasons
He wants your mystery but I want control
This is the world
If you want the world

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