

Anansie Skunk

"Selling Jesus"

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You kill me with your smelly fingers

Your smelly fingers from the sex you had on Christmas
Day

And now you say you're feeling guilty

You're feeling guilty 'cos your god was shining on your
face

You go to church and light a candle

And then you're blinded by the light from the golden
pews

The devil's snapping at your toes now

Because the angels can't be bothered to give to you

They're selling jesus again

They're selling jesus again

They want your soul and your money your blood and
your votes

They're selling jesus again

Selling love to you - selling love

You're buying this you're buying that now

You're wishing all the money in the world belonged to
you

You're crucified upon you're own cross now

You're givin' money to the white men in the white limo

That kind of god is always man-made

They made him up then wrote a book to keep you on
your kness

They get their theories from the same place

Then build a church if there's some money left

From lying on the beach

They're selling jesus again

They're selling jesus again

They want your soul and your money your blood and
your votes

They're selling jesus again

Selling love to you - selling love

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