

Constantines, The "Justice"

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When your words won't do no justice
And you've been led by the tusk
To the aid of a friend who's down a busted
To a sister who's lost the lust

This is the Easter of your skin, son
This is the making of your tongue

You shock me
You shock me
You shock me

That eucharistic beatbox
Can take some shots
Darling, you delinquent
Oh, I'm shocked

When your words won't do no justice
And your time ain't enough
And somebody's calling on the same truth
That you've been long afraid of

These are the errands of mercy
These are the politics of love

You shock me
You shock me
You shock me

That eucharistic beatbox
Can take some shots
Darling, you delinquent
Oh, I'm shocked

These islands of flesh
Can take some shots
Darling, you're reckless
Oh, I'm shocked

I'm shocked

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