

Dylan Bob

"Property of Jesus"

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by Bob Dylan

Go ahead and talk about him because he makes you
doubt,
Because he has denied himself the things that you
can't live without.
Laugh at him behind his back just like the others do,
Remind him of what he used to be when he comes
walkin' through.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

Stop your conversation when he passes on the street,
Hope he falls upon himself, oh, won't that be sweet
Because he can't be exploited by superstition anymore
Because he can't be bribed or bought by the things that
you adore.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

When the whip that's keeping you in line doesn't make
him jump,
Say he's hard-of-hearin', say that he's a chump.
Say he's out of step with reality as you try to test his
nerve
Because he doesn't pay no tribute to the king that you
serve.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

Say that he's a loser 'cause he got no common sense
Because he don't increase his worth at someone else's

expense.

Because he's not afraid of trying, 'cause he don't look
at you and smile,
'Cause he doesn't tell you jokes or fairy tales, say he's
got no style.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

You can laugh at salvation, you can play Olympic
games,
You think that when you rest at last you'll go back from
where you came.
But you've picked up quite a story and you've changed
since the womb.
What happened to the real you, you've been captured
but by whom?

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