

## The Dead 60s

### "Neon Jesus"

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Preacher, Preacher, on the black box upon this stage,  
Before these misguided kids,  
Filling up their heads with nonsense,  
Of something greater after all of this.  
How much more bullshit must we be fed?  
Hands up, reach for your money-made god,  
And let the money rain down upon your pretty little  
head.  
We're all laughing at you, we're all laughing at you.  
I may be a fool, but I'm well aware  
I am meant more for this world than you,  
I don't wear a cross,  
I sin and I'm lost in denial.  
But what is faith, if we don't lose it once in a while?  
Oh what a blessing naivety is.  
Oh what a blessing naivety is.  
I've fallen in love with harlots,  
I've danced before the devil and dined with wolves.  
If cleanliness, and godliness be the case,  
You haven't looked at the world lately.  
I may be a fool, but I'm well aware  
I am meant more for this world than you,  
I don't wear a cross,  
I sin and I'm lost in denial.  
But what is faith, if we don't lose it once in a while?  
Oh what a blessing naivety is.  
Oh what a blessing naivety is.  
Preacher, Preacher.

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