

Thompson Richard

"Jerusalem on the Jukebox"

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Jerusalem on the jukebox they talk in tongues on
Coronation Street

Heaven help the Pharisee whose halo has slipped down
to his feet

A thousand satellite comedians have died for your sins

Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

At poolside picnics they chant for Ferraris and furs

Their muscle-tone sharpens but their hold on reality
blurs

You can have your cake and eat it, and never have to
puke up a thing

Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

In the bathroom mirror they try that Joan of Arc look
again

Two parts Ingrid Bergman to one part Shirley MacLaine

The wounds of time kill you but the surgeon's knife only
stings

Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

In video-suburbia the blue light flickers and flames

Ecstasy and holy blackmail are the favorite games

And God has the sharpest suit and the cleanest chin

Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

The bride checks her hair and her make-up, and here
comes the groom

What one-eyed monster comes slouching into your
front room

Rudolph Valentino or the curse of the two-legged
things

Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels, beat your wings

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