

## John Wesley

### "Our Hero"

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Our hero lives in a box at the bottom of a Coca-Cola sign

Like some great altar to God flashing messages all the time

Here doesn't come here to worship, no, he comes here to live

At night he crawls through the city to take whatever we don't give

He used to have a little baby, but a fragile thing can soon be gone

A little cold never hurt you and me, but her she didn't last long

Our hero stares at the stars, watches them turn red and white

Says these are men who made this, and this is not God's light

Hear me, Hear me I'm at the bottom of the red and the white sign

Hear me, Hear me Cause I'm coming for you

Our hero can't read so he don't know what that sign says

And you can be damed sure the taste of a coke never passed his lips

He knows these are men who have made this and their day soon must come

All the people at the bottom prayin' Lord thy will be done

And they're shoutin'

Hear me, Hear me I'm at the bottom of the red and the white sign

Hear me, Hear me Cause I'm coming for you

Like Don Quixote chasing some dragon into the night

Our hero dreams of the battle that he topples that red knight

Topples that red light

Our hero lays in the grass dreaming of  
his little sweet child  
He remembers holding her hands and  
touching her little sweet smile  
If a man can create this neon tower into the sky  
Where the hell was the God of the Coca-Cola sign  
the night she died

Hear me, Hear me I'm at the bottom of  
the red and the white sign  
Hear me, Hear me Cause I'm coming for you

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