

# When the Good Lord Talked to Jesus

Chris Rea

See me moving without warning.  
Fast as mt legs can run  
And I'm hanging by a thin wire,  
Been that way since I was young

Only the good Lord got his reasons,  
For turning on his own son.

And he beat up on me real bad.  
Bad as a dog can be  
He took every smile that I had  
And he threw it all back at me

Only the good Lord got his reasons,  
Make yo cry until your eyes can't see  
Well he burned down all that I had  
And he left me beat and blind

Oh he dealt me pain and sorrow  
And every fear that he could find  
When the good Lord talked to Jesus  
Guess I ain't what he had in mind

Oh when the good Lord talked to Jesus  
I guess I ain't what he had in mind