

# Jesus Christ

Hobo Johnson

Jesus Christ seems super nice  
I wonder if he'd save me  
I've been on the wrong side of a bunch of arguments lately  
Momma, I may never come home again  
Momma said, "There's nothing wrong with being happy"  
Happy trails, but momma, I've been feeling so alone  
Mommy said she's busy working, spending time with that other guy  
But momma, I just wanna come home  
"But home is where your heart is, boy, at least you've got a phone"

And Jesus Christ seems super nice  
I wonder if he'd love me  
How come I only wonder when I'm sad or really hungry?  
Jesus Christ, you're super nice  
But don't expect much from me, I  
Would kneel down, but I'm afraid that I would just feel nothing  
Praise God  
And other things that don't make sense to puny minds  
Like ours designing roller coasters that almost always seem to fall a part  
Ain't it fun, ain't it fun, ain't it fun  
Knowing that  
That one day, you know, I fly to the sky, to the sun?  
And Jesus Christ, you're super nice  
So I'll write a song about it  
Or that no one ever knowing for always claiming they're about it  
Press "ignore"  
On both sides that always claim to know that they're so sure  
Or just not be a giant fucking prick and enjoy the show  
I'll enjoy the show

And, and, and, and  
And father, I just don't know what to make, you know  
Of all these tiny specks with so much shit to fucking say  
And father, I just hope that we don't fall apart and break  
It'd be great if we didn't relive 1938 to '45  
Man, there's just nothing we could change  
If I'm not a giant prick, does that just mean that I am saved?  
Jesus Christ, you're super nice  
I'm sure that you could love me  
Even if I don't go to church every Sunday  
Jesus Christ, you're super nice  
How could you let me burn?  
If I'm not murdering people, then smashing their fucking urn  
But Jesus Christ, you're super nice  
How could you let me burn?  
But if I go to hell, I'll grit my teeth and get to work